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I REMEMBER



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE W. A. GRIESBACH,
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D.
Inspector-General (Army) Western Canada, 1940-1943.

I REMEMBER

BY
W. A. GRIESBACH



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Published, June, 1946

A rectangular stamp with a decorative, wavy border. The text inside is in a bold, sans-serif font, arranged in two lines.

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I REMEMBER

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ILLUSTRATIONS

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HONOURABLE W. A. GRIESBACH
Frontispiece

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Chapter I

I REMEMBER one day, when I was a very small boy, I asked my father to tell me something about his family. He said we were descended from a gang of "fiddlers" who came over from Germany a good many years ago. Sometimes he referred to this group as a "German Band."

In 1911, when I was in England, the German Band could still be seen in the streets of London. They were usually elderly men with heavy moustaches. Four or five constituted a band. They generally wore peaked caps and played on large brass instruments. Some of them played very well, but others seem to have had no more than a nuisance value since it was not unusual for a householder to go out and give them money to go and play somewhere else. My father used to say his relatives were no good and never to lend them any money if I ever met any of them. My allowance at that time was twenty-five cents a week so I found myself in no immediate danger of financial entanglements. As time went on, however, I began to be quite interested in this very subject of family lineage and the like, and there began to flow in upon me family trees, articles and letters from persons of my name. To quote from one of these:

I am very anxious to find out if you belong to the ancient family of Griesbach, of noble birth, which dates back to 1225 A.D., in Bavaria. From here the following branch off:

- | | | |
|-----------|----------------|--------------|
| (1) Tyrol | (2) Bohemia | (3) Elsasez |
| (4) Baden | (5) Thueringen | (6) Hanover, |
- and in connection with this line, England.

The immigration to England, from which you are descended, took place about the middle of the 18th century from Coppenbruegge, in Hanover. The progenitor of the Hanoverian lineage was the Kurburg Major Stephanus Bernhardus Ingatius Von Griesbach, who fought in the army of Charles V against Italy.

The Kurburg Major seems to have left the ancestral home in a bit of a hurry, in 1546, having killed a man in a duel. There appears to have been nothing shady about the duel itself, but the deceased belonged to an influential family and my distant ancestor seems to have thought that the time had come to move.

One of the Major's descendants was Johann Daniel, 1696-1761. He was married in 1719, and of this marriage there was one daughter and four sons. One of these sons was Joachim Heinrich, 1730-73, who married Sophia Elizabeth Herschel, sister of Sir William Herschel who subsequently became Astronomer Royal in England, or Astronomer to King George III. Through the influence of Herschel, the four Griesbach brothers above mentioned, were employed as musicians at the Court of George III. Miss Herschel, sister of the astronomer, has written a book. She apparently did not approve of the marriage of her sister to Joachim Heinrich and complains that, whenever there was a war on, it was his practice to go to the war and park his wife and growing family upon the Herschels. However, apparently this family orchestra, or band, was well thought of and attracted a good deal of attention in musical circles. Herschel's letters to his sister bear this out. At all events, these four musicians remained in England and all raised families of some size.

My grandfather was William Robert Griesbach, an Anglican clergyman. In his younger days he had been domestic chaplain to the Earl of Westmoreland. When he retired from this job he was able to introduce his brother or a cousin in his place. This latter gentleman must have been quite colourful. He was inhibited by two bishops on different occasions for his horse racing proclivities. He apparently made friends with the owners and jockeys and his betting was far too profitable for a clergyman. In each case he was reinstated through the influence of the Earl of Westmoreland and finally died as rector of a parish and probably in an odour of sanctity.

In my grandfather's family there were ten children. The oldest son Henry Joseph Herschel, who served in the Tenth Madras Regiment Indian Army as a Medical Officer and died of Yellow Fever in the Red Sea area. The second son William Robert was an officer in the Royal Marines,

and was badly wounded in an attack upon a Moari pah in New Zealand. He subsequently died of his wounds at Brisbane, Australia, in 1867.

My father was the third son, born 22nd of October, 1839. His first commission as ensign, at the age of eighteen, is dated October, 1857, in the Fifth Regiment of Militia, to be raised in the West Riding of the County of Yorkshire, "whereof George Lester Lister Kaye is Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant." It was about this time that he married Julia Ann Mayberry, who died in Natal a few years later leaving one son, Arthur Singleton Griesbach, who subsequently came to the United States, where the "melting pot" was functioning at high speed. He changed his name to Arthur Griesbach Singleton. He died a few years ago leaving two sons, both of whom served in the United States Army in the First Great War.

It was about the time that my father received his commission that he joined the Fifteenth Hussars then stationed in England as a private soldier. Finding it difficult to maintain himself and wife he arranged a transfer from the Fifteenth Hussars to the Cape Mounted Rifles, then an Imperial Unit. The C.M.R. was not really in existence at that time, but it was proposed to form the regiment in Cape Colony using as a nucleus several existing police forces and other colonial military organizations. My father proceeded to Cape Town and upon arrival there received his commission and shortly afterwards was appointed Adjutant and Master of the Hunt. What was hunted I never found out. When I was in South Africa I did not see any huntable animals of the fox type although I believe there is such an animal there. The Cape Mounted Rifles duly took shape and was to have a strength of three thousand all ranks. Whether this strength was actually reached at this time I do not know, but during Gladstone's régime in England it was decided to reduce public expenditure. A certain type of politician everywhere, throughout the English-speaking world, never fails in such periods to begin reducing expenditure by cutting down military organizations. It was decided to cut the C.M.R. from three thousand to three hundred. Sooner or later, these very same politicians find themselves confronted with war and then begins an unholy scramble to build up military strength. Curiously enough, the public never seek to punish

these politicians for their lack of knowledge or vision and, again and again throughout our history, these emaciated military forces make a rampart of their dead bodies, behind which the countries in question build up their military forces to the point where they can make headway against the enemy. Thus, one is able to foretell that after the present war history will repeat itself and again we will be found unprepared.

Disgusted with this state of affairs my father resigned his commission, having seen some active service against the Kaffirs and acquired a farm in Natal where his first wife died. All soldiers seem to have an idea that farming is a logical job for a soldier. Nine soldiers out of ten when in the service wherever they may be, having a hard time, will opt for a farm job when asked to express a preference. Most of them, I regret to say, blow up on farms.

At that time the island of St. Helena was an important port of call for ships sailing from England to India and a military garrison was maintained there. With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, all shipping traffic went through the Mediterranean as the canal shortened the voyage to India by many days. St. Helena then ceased to be of any great importance. However, before this had happened, my father succeeded in getting a staff job in St. Helena which he held for a year or more. He then returned to England.

One of the first military jobs offering there was a filibustering expedition in Spain. The men were recruited in England by Spaniards engaged in starting a revolution or rebellion. A number of young men joined up to the number of some seven hundred and were landed on the beach on the coast of Spain. My father had probably pictured himself dressed in a gaudy Spanish uniform and riding a spirited horse. But in point of fact, he found himself dressed in an old and worn Spanish uniform which did not fit him, and carrying a flintlock musket with a three-cornered bayonet, in the infantry. My father had no great sense of humour and in telling the story did not realize, I think, just how funny his story was. At all events they marched labouriously under the hot sun for four days inland when they met a superior force of the regular Spanish Army. My father used to tell how this wretched contingent did the return journey to the coast in one day, got on board the ships and sailed for England. There must have been quite a row raised about this at the

time and probably punishment was dished out to the more conspicuous members of the expedition. My father appears to have been too obscure to attract very much attention.

Orators, poets and such like, for many generations have discussed as a fact the idea of young Britons who tear themselves from the joys and pleasures of their English homes and go out into the colonial wilderness, suffering severe hardships, merely for the purpose of building up the British Empire. It is quite true that young men have gone from England to the colonial wilderness and have built up what we now call the British Commonwealth, but I am willing to bet a fairly substantial amount that in nine cases out of ten the young Briton did not go very willingly. He may have been guilty of some minor offence or his father, who was probably a very firm individual with Dundreary whiskers, decided that the proper place for his distinctly surplus son was in one of our colonies where he might grow up with the country. In Canada, the agitation for confederation was under way, and Queen Victoria had about this time been advised to select Ottawa as the capital of the new dominion. My grandfather then had before him what he probably never had before, namely, the name of a place in Canada. So my father was packed off to Canada with a ticket as far as Ottawa and a little spending money. He probably arrived about 1867 or thereabouts. What he did there I really do not know. I fancy he found it pretty hard sledding. In 1901, on my return from South Africa, about a dozen or so of us decided to stay in Ottawa and blow in a year's pay, which we had received in one lump—something like \$400.00 per man. I went out one day to buy some winter underwear and dropped into a little shop between two large buildings. Two old men with white beards appeared to be the proprietors of this shop. I selected, in a very lordly fashion, two suits of underwear, paid for them and ordered them to be delivered to my hotel. When these old boys heard my name, they asked me if I was any relation to Captain Griesbach who joined the Mounted Police. When I replied in the affirmative, they appeared to be very glad to see me and informed me that many years before, when my father lived in Ottawa, he had kept their books for them. This surprised me somewhat since none of us has ever been able to "keep books."

I have in my possession a gold locket which bears this

inscription, "Presented to A. Griesbach by the members of the Ottawa Troop Cavalry, 16th September, 1873." The Ottawa Troop of Cavalry are the military progenitors of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. I have always had in my mind a picture of this soldierly young man observing a number of men on horseback drilling in a field. He probably leaned over the fence for a while, then climbed the fence and rendered some small service in the matter of fitting bridles and saddlery and, in subsequent conversations, admitted his previous military service. At any rate he became instructor to this Troop.

In or about 1870, all British garrisons were withdrawn from the interior of Canada. The British Artillery at Kingston were among the formations so removed. The Canadian Government then decided to establish their own permanent organizations in the interior. A Canadian Battery of Artillery was therefore authorized at Kingston and my father became almost immediately Battery Sergeant-Major. When the British garrison finally marched out, the senior N.C.O. hauled down the Union Jack. My father had previously been detailed that upon the happening of this event he would hoist the Canadian Flag to indicate that the relief was complete. I fancy that the flag which he hoisted on this occasion was the newly authorized Canadian Mercantile Marine Red Ensign. It is, I think, unfortunate that we have never been able to agree upon a suitable flag for Canada. What is required in the premises is a clear idea of what we ought to have and a little intestinal fortitude on the part of our leaders. In 1922 or thereabouts, I found myself a member of the Board of Governors of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Macdonnell, K.C.B., then being the Commandant. Sir Archibald decided to clean out old Fort Frederick, restore it to some extent, make a museum of it and build a lofty flag pole in the immediate neighbourhood. Remembering the incident of the march out of the Imperial Troops in 1870 and my father's part in it, he invited me to take part in the ceremonies, on this occasion asking me to hoist the Union Jack. It was a colourful ceremony, well carried out. As I drew the flag to the masthead, the cadets presented arms and the band played the National Anthem. There were then a

number of speeches by various dignitaries and the ceremony was over.

In 1870, the Red River Rebellion broke out and my father was appointed a Captain and Quartermaster in the force raised to suppress the Rebellion. He was stationed at Port Arthur and had to do with the forwarding of supplies to the theatre of operations. When the Rebellion was over, he returned to his battery at Kingston as Battery Sergeant-Major and was thereafter employed as an instructor to militia cavalry in Ontario.

Chapter II

FOLLOWING the Red River Rebellion it was obvious that some sort of police or military organization would be required for the Prairie West. Some military organization, something like the Cape Mounted Rifles, was at first suggested but certain timid politicians, who always seem to be somewhere around when important decisions are to be made, contended that the establishment of a military force in the Prairie West would annoy the Americans. Curiously enough this argument prevailed, so it was decided that what would be established would be a police force. The matter hung fire for a year or so and was finally proceeded with in 1873.

Some months before the formal authorization of this force a list was opened in Ottawa to be signed by those willing to serve. My father's name heads this list, so in due course he became regimental number "One" of what is now the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Among others signing this list at that time was J. H. McIllree, who retired as Assistant Commissioner about 1901 or 1902. Another signature was that of S. B. Steele, who died as Major-General Sir Sam Steele in about 1916 or 1917. Someone in authority assured my father that he would be appointed Chief Constable of this force, and so he was. For a time he had thought he would be the top dog; later he discovered that a whole hierarchy of commissioned officers would be senior to him. The Chief Constable appointment finally boiled down to his becoming Regimental Sergeant-Major.

In the discussion which had taken place and in Parliament, the government, it appeared, thought that a force of one hundred and fifty men would be sufficient. That number of officers and men were secured in 1873 and proceeded to the West by the Dawson Route, so-called, from Port Arthur, the route followed by Wolseley and his expedition in 1870. It consisted of water and land travel, being upstream to the

height of land and thereafter downstream to Lake Winnipeg. It was a heartbreaking prospect since the Police were burdened with their stores and equipment carried in flat boats. These had to be tracked, or towed, or pulled upstream. Of course, the going was easier downstream. At frequent intervals, rapids and falls had to be negotiated by portages, some short, some very long. These portages were overcome by the men carrying the goods on their backs. The heavy boats were moved over the portages by cutting trees to make rollers or skids. In this way, boats and goods were got around obstructions and re-launched on the far side and the journey resumed. The navigable water then might only last for a matter of ten miles or less, when the whole process would have to be repeated. It was back-breaking work. Finally, the expedition reached Lake Winnipeg. Heading north, they entered the Red River and finally reached their destination, which was Lower Fort Garry. This was a Hudson's Bay Fort, surrounded by a stone wall six or seven feet high with one or two bastions. Here they spent the winter of 1873-4. My father, then Regimental Sergeant-Major, was given the job of training and instructing, assisted by Sam Steele and J. H. McIlfree, who had by that time received their sergeant's stripes.

This force had been divided into three troops or divisions, A, B and C, each about fifty strong. In the fall of 1873, Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. French, who was Senior Inspector of Artillery and Commander of the Permanent Force Battery at Kingston, was offered and accepted the commissioner-ship of the force. He was an Imperial officer who subsequently rose to the rank of Major-General and was created a K.C.M.G.

On appointment Colonel French proceeded by way of Sarnia, Chicago and Fargo, and thence down the Red River to Winnipeg. He got in touch with the leading people of the Red River settlement, looked over the three troops at the Lower Fort and returned to eastern Canada, convinced that the force of one hundred and fifty men would not be strong enough for the task set by the government. During his absence, the government of Sir John Macdonald was defeated and a Liberal Government under Mr. Mackenzie was now in power. Much to French's surprise he found Mr. Mackenzie entirely agreeable that the force should be increased and that

it should be generously treated by the government. Thus, Colonel French learned that what politicians say when they are in opposition is seldom what they do when in power.

The increase of the force to three hundred, all ranks was agreed to, and French was authorized to proceed with recruitment. New men of the second contingent were assembled at the New Fort at Toronto. A certain percentage of these men had previous experience in the British Army, the Royal Irish Constabulary, schools of instruction in Canada at Kingston and Quebec and, in the active militia. Arms and saddlery were ordered in England and there was much talk about the uniform. Old-Timers in the West had expressed the opinion that there was a tradition amongst the Indians that the Queen's Warriors were clothed in scarlet and that idea was accepted.

The second contingent proceeded to the West by way of Sarnia, Chicago and Fargo. This journey could be done by rail and the hardships of the Dawson Road eliminated. The United States, however, insisted that the men must proceed in civilian clothes and their arms must be in unopened cases.

I have already said the Government's policy was to call this body a Police Force. The officers selected, however, believed that while legally it might be a Police Force it must be a military force. Consequently, from the beginning the discipline was a military discipline and military ideals prevailed. In fact, the early discipline was almost ferocious and punishments were very severe. Officers were given large powers. Indeed, a Commanding-Officer in the rank of Superintendent could impose penalties and punishments which amongst soldiers could only be imposed by a general Court Martial. Thus, the foundation of Mounted Police discipline and organization was laid.

I remember the case of Cracker-Box and Gallagher. Both were "bad men" from the United States. They held up the Calgary and Edmonton Stage on the Calgary and Edmonton trail and got away with a good deal of money. They were pursued and finally captured by a Sergeant Drummond and Constable Cook. (These, of course, are fictitious names). Sergeant Drummond was a man of good birth and very handsome. Cook was keen and eager but had not a very strong character. The police took their prisoners to a stopping-place. Cook, in order to give the impression to all

concerned that he was a tough guy carried his revolver in the leg of his boot. Sitting at a meal in this stopping place, either Cracker-Box or Gallagher, by a swift movement possessed himself of Cook's revolver and held up both policemen. The prisoners having secured the arms of the police, took the police horses and rode off and were never seen again. Sergeant Drummond was heartbroken. On their return to barracks my father broke Drummond to the ranks and gave Cook one year's imprisonment in the Guard Room. It was, of course, a particularly bad case, but I remember that everyone sympathized with Drummond. I am glad to say he recovered his rank by promotion some years later.

The second contingent was organized into D, E and F divisions or troops. This body reached Fargo on the 12th of June, 1874. The horses were a good type of eastern Canada horse. They had been purchased without much regard to classification and there was not much difference between riding horses and draft horses, and of course, they were not acclimatized to western conditions. At Fargo, bulk was broken and wagons had to be set up. The various parts of the wagons were scattered throughout the train and setting them up proved to be quite a job. The harness also presented difficulties. It was here that the men of military experience proved their value and in due course the horses were harnessed, the wagons were packed and, leaving the heavier stuff to come by boat down the Red River, the column moved out. On the 19th of June, it arrived at Dufferin (now Emerson) in Manitoba. Packages were opened and the men clothed in uniform and armed. Camp was pitched well on the Canadian side of the boundary. That night a terrific thunder storm with wind and hail flattened the camp and stampeded the horses. However, the horses were recovered with difficulty several days later.

At this point the contingent, which had wintered at Lower Fort Garry, marched in, and for the first time the Mounted Police was in one camp under a single command. The Commissioner's special instructions were to march overland to the junction of the Belly and Bow rivers, and there to strike an immediate blow at the illicit American whiskey trade which had debauched the Indians and caused a great deal of trouble. This necessitated moving across a difficult area in which there was a scarcity of feed and good water

for the horses. These two factors composed by long odds the greater part of the hardships suffered in the march across the plains. The march was begun on July 8th, 1874, the marching out "state" showing a strength of thirty-one officers and two hundred and seventy-four other ranks with thirty-one all ranks on command. This was somewhat over the authorized strength of three hundred but the Commissioner knew that he would have a number of casualties.

There were, in point of fact, a number of desertions at this point and the Commissioner offered to discharge any men who felt unequal to the hardships of the expedition.

There were no maps of any value. It was disclosed that some of the guides had never been in the area in which they were supposed to function. The Boundary Commission, fixing the boundary between Canada and the United States, had been at work for a year or so, and had got as far as the area between Benton in the U.S.A. and the area of Lethbridge and Macleod on the Canadian side. As the road, which they had built, wandered over the Canadian frontier and into the States at different points, the police were unable to follow this road and had to strike out for the greater part of the journey over an area about which very little was known. Bad water, or none at all and a lack of grass soon reduced the horses to a very weak condition and the success of the expedition frequently hung by a hair. However, ultimately the force reached its destination on the old Mans River where three troops were left under the Assistant Commissioner, Colonel J. F. Macleod, C.M.G., at what is now Macleod, Alberta. The Commissioner and two troops then set out for Fort Pelly by way of Fort Qu'Appelle. On arrival at Pelly, he found the barracks scarcely fit for occupation and no adequate provisions of forage. A good deal of the hay which had been put up had been burned by prairie fires. He then decided to move towards Fort Ellis leaving his weaker horses and beef cattle along the route wherever sufficient feed was to be found. He finally reached Winnipeg on the 7th day of November, and found orders awaiting him to spend the winter at Dufferin. He then had but one troop left with headquarters. The march from Winnipeg to Dufferin was carried out in temperatures reaching thirty degrees below Zero.

"A" troop, under Inspector Jarvis, had already been dispatched from Roche Percee to Edmonton by way of

Fort Carlton, Fort Pitt and Fort Victoria. They reached Edmonton in November of 1874. The last twenty miles of the march of "A" troop must have been a nightmare. Many of the horses were unable to get on their feet and many stories are told of the vigour, determination and physical strength of Troop Sergeant-Major Sam Steele, subsequently Major-General Sir Sam Steele, in getting horses on their feet and keeping them moving. "A" Troop wintered at Fort Edmonton and, in 1875, commenced and completed the construction of Fort Saskatchewan some twenty miles to the East of Edmonton.

Chapter III

I HAVE said that it was the Government's intention that the new force should be a Police Force and probably what the Government had in mind was a body of men dressed in blue helmets and blue clothes commonly, even then, worn by City Police. The officers of the police, however, had a very different idea and the first uniform issued was a sort of compromise, consisting of black jack boots, cord breeches, a scarlet jacket, cut in what was known as the Norfolk type, and white helmets. The red jacket was said to be necessary because the only soldier the Indians had ever seen was a man in a red coat. This would be due to the fact that after Waterloo, companies from British regiments were sent out to the Red River settlement by the British Government to support the Hudson's Bay Company. Later on, Wolseley's men in 1870, had largely worn the red coat, although I think there was a rifle battalion in his force, in which case the dress would have been bottle-green.

The above described uniform was that worn by the Mounted Police in the first march across the plains. In some sketches I have from the *Canadian Illustrated News* of February 18, 1875, I observe that some of the pictures show some of the men in striped breeches with yellow stripe and others without. Apparently the forage cap or pill box was also an issue for wear in camp. The cloaks were cavalry pattern, dark blue lined with red serge. They were of the approved cavalry type and when sitting on a horse the skirts of the cloak largely covered the horse. The cloaks were of heavy blue cloth. The cape was worn over the shoulders. These cloaks would shed a shower but in a downpour of rain absorbed the moisture and became extremely heavy, and if cold weather came on, a man actually needed assistance to get out of his garment. These cloaks were superseded by the oiled slicker about 1887. The short buffalo overcoat with

which the Force began, ceased to be an issue after the disappearance of the buffalo but is now an issue due to the preservation of the buffalo in parks. In really cold weather there is nothing to equal the buffalo overcoat.

The saddles were what is known as the "universal" type and were used in the Mounted Police until the rebellion in 1885. In 1886-87 the pattern of saddle was changed from the "universal" to the California stock saddle. I think this pattern was adopted to improve the morale of the men. Everybody in the West in those days used the stock saddle and the Mounted Police felt a bit odd with their "universal" saddles. I remember when stock saddles came in my father objected to them strenuously on two grounds. First, their weight. The stock saddle weighed about thirty-five pounds and some patterns a bit heavier. The "universal" saddle weighed about twelve pounds and not more than fifteen, depending upon the amount of gear that went with it. My father complained that the difference in weight was wholly unnecessary and that it imposed an unnecessary burden on the horse. I have no doubt that he was right. We used the Mounted Police California stock saddle in the South African Campaign in the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and everyone of us knew that we were carrying about on our starved horses fifteen to twenty pounds unnecessary weight. On the other hand the stock saddle was odd, one might say unique, and attracted a great deal of attention. My father's further complaint was that the horn, the high cantle and the stiff legiders gave the rider such an advantage over the horse that any thick-head could ride a horse from which he ought, according to the rules of the game, to have been unseated by a lively horse. In other words, the stock saddle didn't encourage good horsemanship.

The interesting part of this discussion is that, following the last war, 1914-18, the Mounted Police reverted to the "universal" saddle, the type of which had not changed in all those years, and the Police finished their career as a horse-mounted unit with the same saddle with which they had begun in 1873.

The arms issued were the "Adams" revolver and the Snider carbine. The Adams revolver was a typical British side-arm. The English people are not pistol or revolver conscious, and when they bring out a new weapon of that type it begins

its career obsolescent and shortly becomes obsolete. This observation applies to this very day. The Snider carbine was one of the earlier types of breech-loading rifle. It was sighted up to a thousand yards but was scarcely accurate at over 200 yards. The only thing in its favour was that it was very cheap and could scarcely get out of order. My father used to tell a story of a man who dropped his carbine when fording the Red Deer River. A year later, it was fished out of the water and when cleaned and oiled was as good as ever. The "Adams" revolver was withdrawn about 1882 and its place was taken by the Enfield revolver manufactured also in England. It had the outstanding British quality of durability but was so inaccurate that only the best shots could make a reasonably decent score with it at target practice. This revolver was carried until after the South African War in 1902, when the Mounted Police were issued with .45 Colts which were left over from the revolvers issued to us in the Mounted Rifles for the South African War.

In the matter of uniform the Mounted Police have had several changes. Apparently there were two schools of thought. One was that the Mounted Police should be clothed as Dragoons, indicating heavy cavalry, or as Hussars, indicating Light Cavalry. For a time both of these schools triumphed. At one time the officers wore heavily gold-laced "Hussar" jackets. My father was buried in his Hussar jacket. Later the Dragoon tunic took its place. For a time the uniform of the Mounted Police was strictly a Dragoon uniform—white helmet with spike and chain, scarlet tunic laced with yellow piping, dark blue breeches with a yellow stripe, black jack boots and white gauntlets. Then the black boots were replaced by the tan "Strathcona" boot, which, as I used to tell Jim MacBrien, the Commissioner, was a complete departure from tradition. The "Strathcona" tan-coloured boot is still worn but has never been well made, being about three inches too short in the leg. It is otherwise a serviceable boot. The white helmet has been displaced by the Stetson hat. This took place following the South African War. The Stetson hat is picturesque and is now definitely associated with the Mounted Police, but it is unserviceable as headgear and is unmanageable in a high wind. The white gauntlets and tunic have also disappeared. The place of the horse has been taken by the motor car. An

issue of drab service dress has rectified the whole situation and is a very efficient rig. The scarlet serge jacket still remains with the Dragoon breeches. Since this outfit has been popularized in the movies, I assume it will be retained to please American tourists. I have heard American tourists complaining bitterly that they have not yet seen a Mounted Policeman in his scarlet serge jacket. In Ottawa, the scarlet jacketed Mounted Policemen are much in evidence around the Parliament Buildings, and Americans, especially women, stand for hours in dumb-struck admiration as the Mounted Policemen clank about the Parliament Buildings in riding breeches, boots and spurs—although the horse is long since gone, except for a few troops of mounted men to be found at Regina and Ottawa. At the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1885 the Snider carbine was in course of being displaced by the .45/75 Winchester carbine. This was a very good rifle but was never designed as a military weapon. This carbine was carried on the horn of the stock saddle by an ingenious contrivance, but the whole weapon was too long and large numbers of them were constantly in the casualty store with broken stocks, breaking usually at the small of the butt.

About 1915 or 1916 the Winchester carbine was replaced by the .303 Lee-Enfield rifle (British). This is a very honest weapon, obsolescent as to calibre and cartridge, but still doing good work. It is, when mounted, carried in a plunge-bucket from the cantle of the saddle on the off-side.

In the march across the plains the police took with them two field guns and two howitzers, of which the Indians were mortally scared. One of these howitzers was used effectively against "Almighty Voice" and his companions in the Prince Albert area about 1898 or so. The steep angle of the descent of the shell from the small howitzer actually killed and wounded the whole of the "Almighty Voice" crowd, but not before "Almighty Voice" had killed or wounded some seven or eight Mounted Policemen. What the Mounted Police now require to have available, is the Three-inch Trench Mortar for dealing with the criminal type who makes a stand in entrenched or fortified positions. Major-General Sir George French, Commissioner of the Mounted Police, led his troops with remarkable efficiency. There were no maps worthy of the name and the native guides proved to be quite unreliable. French was a good topographer and apparently

by taking shots of the sun and stars and estimating distances as well as he could, has left us with a very complete picture of the march which will be found in the report of the Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police for 1874-5.

In 1876 my father was promoted to the commissioned rank of Sub-Inspector and was succeeded as Chief Constable by Sir Sam Steele as he subsequently became. Here is a letter concerning my father's service at that time signed by the then Commissioner:

Swan River Barracks, 4th August /76.

I have known Sub-Inspector A. H. Griesbach for over five years and have always found him to be active and energetic in the performance of his duties. He is a first-class instructor in all drills, mounted and dismounted.

He has acted as my Adjutant for the past six months and I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the very able manner in which he has, at all time and under all circumstances, performed his various duties. He has, in fact, performed the duties of Adjutant in a manner which has obtained my unqualified approval.

G. A. FRENCH,
Commissioner,
North-West Mounted Police.

My father's commission as Sub-Inspector in the North-West Mounted Police bears date of First of June, 1875.

I have perhaps unduly burdened my story with the description of my family. In Canada, there are very few men who know very much about, let us say, their grandfathers. Pedigrees, family trees and the like, are not of much account. Indeed, they are thought to be a trifle undemocratic. The type of man who holds that view will endeavour to sell you a wobbly-legged heifer calf for a long price, will justify the price by reciting to you the amount of butter fat which was yearly found in the milk of poor little calf's maternal ancestors, year by year for the past twenty-five years. Another man will try to sell you a bull terrier pup and assure you that he carries his tail exactly as his famous ancestor, "Woodcote Wonder," did.

Chapter IV

SCORES of literary societies throughout the country debate at one time or another "what exercises the greatest influence upon the individual, heredity or environment." Throughout my family history it appears that we have been attracted to music, theology and soldiering. We seem to be a race, so far as the men are concerned, of amiable mediocrities—fairly industrious, fairly energetic, usually reliable and trustworthy. Our women, on the other hand without exception, are top-notchers.

It frequently happens that heredity dominates environment so that it may be said both heredity and environment play their parts. My father's favourite punishment for any misbehaviour on Sunday was to learn by heart the collect for the day. Thus, as I followed my criminal tendencies I added to my theological learning. I never hear the collect read in an Anglican service without remembering the hours spent learning to recite these collects, which ran to several hundred I fancy, all of them thank heaven in the sonorous language of the Anglican Prayer Book. On week-days my punishments were strictly military, confinement to the house, extra fatigues and so on.

Johann Jakob Griesbach (1745-1812) was a German biblical critic. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* says that his fame rests upon his work in New Testament criticism in which he inaugurated a new epoch. He systematized the study of the four gospels and was in all respects an outstanding theologian. He was Rector of the University of Jena and Ecclesiastical Privy Councillor to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He also contributed a valuable edition of the Greek Testament.

Another distinguished member of the family was Lieutenant-Colonel Carl Ludolf Griesbach who was born in Vienna, December 11th, 1847, and was the oldest son of George Ludolf Griesbach who was a British subject but an Austrian and was my grandfather's cousin. He, Carl Ludolf, was a distinguished geologist. He came to England and married

my father's sister, Emma, thus becoming my uncle. He was also an accomplished artist. In 1878, he was appointed Assistant Superintendent to the Geological Survey in India. He passed through various grades of promotion and finally became Director of the Geological Survey of India. He seems to have had a good deal to do with the development of the oil industry of Burma. In 1889 his services were placed at the disposal of the Emir of Afghanistan. The late Lord Byng used to tell an interesting story about him. Lord Byng and Colonel Griesbach were calling upon the Emir one evening when an assassin fired a shot through the window, aimed at the Emir. The Emir was a bit upset. Colonel Griesbach sat in his chair apparently unmoved although Lord Byng says: "He did pull his long nose in a bit." Palace guards chopped the assassin to pieces with their swords. Colonel Griesbach contributed twenty-six scientific papers to the Geological Society which are listed in the *Geological Magazine* for June, 1903, pages 287 and 288. He was a member of many learned societies and was created a Companion of the Indian Empire. He was a Fellow of the Geological Society, was also decorated by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary in connection with a scientific expedition which he led to the Himalayas in 1892. Colonel Griesbach had a son named Walter, who had an interesting series of adventures. Walter ran away from home and became a sailor before the mast on a merchant ship. Arriving in the Philippines after the battle of Manila, he deserted his ship and joined the American Army and served with the Americans until the Philippines were finally pacified. Then deserting from the American Army he went to sea again and arrived at Durban, South Africa, in 1900 or thereabouts. With a man named Walter Clark, he deserted the ship and they then presented themselves at a recruiting office in Durban. Walter Griesbach was rejected on medical grounds but Walter Clark passed the doctor. Clark, meanwhile, had decided not to enlist and went back to his ship. Walter Griesbach took his medical papers and presented himself at the recruiting office and was enlisted as Walter Clark. Under the name of Walter Clark he served, in some Colonial Regiment I fancy until the conclusion of the South African War. He then came to Canada. Arriving in Winnipeg, he looked for a job. He was of good physique and appearance and sought to join

the Canadian Pacific Railway Police. He was then told that he could not be accepted unless he had some military service. He, therefore, was compelled on the production of his papers to enlist in the C. P. R. Police as Walter Clark. He later on became the Company's agent at, I think, Revelstoke, B.C. In the name of Walter Clark he joined the British Columbia Horse. When the War broke out in 1914, he was a Squadron Commander with the rank of Major and arrived at Salisbury Plain with the first Canadian contingent. He explained to me, that to change back to his proper name was too troublesome a matter, and in any case his whole record in Canada was involved. Curiously enough I have never seen him since, nor heard from him. What happened to him in England, or subsequently, I have never learned.

About 1935 or so, the Choir of St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle travelled across Canada giving a series of concerts. The Choir consisted of men and boys, who sang beautifully as English choirs of this character usually do. At Edmonton, the choristers were billeted upon various people. Two male altos were sent to us. They were greatly surprised when they were told my name and informed me that recently, at Windsor Castle, a man of my name had died as a "Poor Gentleman of Windsor." Attached to Windsor Castle are two orders, "the Knights of Windsor," about twenty-five strong, and the "Poor Gentlemen of Windsor." Knights are men who have received the honour of Knighthood but have fallen upon evil days. They are supplied with living quarters of good quality and mess together. The "Poor Gentlemen of Windsor" are men who have rendered some valuable service in Art, Science or Literature or otherwise, but who have become poor. What useful services they perform at Windsor I don't know, probably services of a character which make the acceptance of the appointment seem honourable and dignified. My relative, for such he was, was a descendant of some of those men who formed the orchestra at the Court of George III. This particular individual played several instruments but was somewhat of an expert in the theory of music and discoursed learnedly on stringed instruments, wind instruments and percussion instruments. I should not be surprised if there is still a Griesbach at Windsor, who has horned himself into a somewhat similar job or appointment at this very moment.

Chapter V

MY mother's people came from the North of Ireland, probably about 1840, during the period of famine in Ireland and general financial depression. These people came in sailing ships and suffered from various kinds of plagues. It is said that they are buried in nameless graves along the banks of the St. Lawrence. My mother's father appears to have been a timid man, fairly well born and educated.

On arrival in Canada, the family finally landed on a farm in the district of Hawkesbury at L'Orignal. The family name was Hodgins. My mother's mother appears to have been a dark, good looking woman of a rather intense type who resented the poverty and misfortune which followed their activities in Canada, to say nothing of the illness of her husband. In due course grandfather Hodgins died, leaving his temperamental wife and several children unprovided for. It was the custom in those days for friends and neighbours to take over the children thus left unprovided for. Most of them I fancy became mere drudges in the families they entered. My mother, on the other hand, was distinctly "a somebody" and she finally wound up in the family of Alex MacMickin, who was in the Canadian Secret Service and was stationed about that time at Windsor, Ontario. Later on, following the Rebellion of 1870, he was transferred to Winnipeg, where she first met my father. MacMickin was Police Magistrate in Winnipeg ultimately.

My father and mother had apparently been engaged for some time, and the understanding was that when he had gained his commission the marriage would take place, my father going eastward and my mother coming westward. They, father and mother, finally met at Portage-la-Prairie and were married in the church of St. Mary's-La-Prairies, on the 26th day of March, 1877, by the incumbent Reverend Henry George. In those days, there were about fifty white men in the country to one white woman and the girls were all married at sixteen, seventeen and eighteen. The incumbent, in addition to being the clergyman, was also the registrar of vital statistics and issuer of marriage licences. When

he inquired my mother's age she stated it to be twenty-six. The rector had probably never married so old a woman before, and upon hearing her age he emitted a long whistle, and for that my mother hated him cordially until her dying day.

The happy couple then returned to Winnipeg to await the formation of a wagon-train of supplies going to the police posts in the West. For many years thereafter my mother, like Mrs. Major O'Dowd in *Vanity Fair*, "came up with the baggage wagons" as my father was transferred from place to place. In Winnipeg, the exact date of the departure of the wagon-train was not known, so it was my mother's practice to wash her underclothing every day and hang them out on the line to dry. Overlooking the house in which she lived was the house inhabited by the Dunlop family. Harriet Dunlop was then a girl of about sixteen, very observant, very pretty with a good deal to say. She subsequently married the Hon. Frank Oliver, who was for many years Minister of the Interior. Harriet Dunlop, observing my mother's underclothes out on the line every day is reported to have said: "That Griesbach woman seems to have only two pairs of drawers." In those days those particular garments were terrific affairs, usually coloured and it was a simple matter for women observers to recognize them. My mother never forgot this remark, and at a grand reconciliation which took place forty years later, this particular incident was referred to and dismissed with mutual amusement.

In due course, the wagon-train moved out and my father and mother arrived at Fort Qu'Appelle. The police post there was being built and consisted of log buildings. The officers' quarters, however, had not been begun. Consequently my father and mother were billeted in the "Big house" at the Hudson's Bay Fort. W. J. MacLean was then the Chief Factor. The "Big house" consisted of a series of log houses joined together. The MacLean family was large and the girls subsequently were noted for their good looks. In 1885, W. J. MacLean and his family were at Fort Pitt. The MacLean family became prisoners of the Indians under Chief Big Bear, and were subsequently released by a force of Mounted Police and Scouts who had been pursuing Big Bear's band.

On January 3rd, 1878, I arrived upon the scene. There were no hospitals, doctors, or nurses, within hundreds of

miles of this spot, and my mother was assisted by two Indian women who, although rough and dirty, seem to have done a fairly good job. The "Big house" was like all old Hudson's Bay buildings, full of bed-bugs. The MacLean family adopted a simple strategy. The bed-bugs had discovered that there was nothing doing in the kitchen and they had concentrated upon the bedrooms. Periodically, Papa and Mamma MacLean abandoned the bedroom in which they had been sleeping and moved into the kitchen where they apparently were left in peace until intelligence got around among the bed-bugs as to where they had gone. Meanwhile, the abandoned bedroom became a kitchen. In this way Mr. and Mrs. MacLean escaped the attention of the bugs. Curiously my father, being dark, seemed not to have been bothered by bed-bugs, lice or fleas. They probably left him alone but they certainly went for my mother and for me. My mother contrived a hammock, or swing as it was called, and for a time this fooled the bugs, but later on they learned that by working across the ceiling they could get into a position where they could drop down upon me in the swing. My mother used to say that she could hear the impact of these original parachuters. Consequently, as soon as spring had made its appearance, my father and mother moved into an Indian teepee, made of buffalo hide, situated on the clean prairie outside of the Fort. My mother always described this teepee as quite comfortable. In the chilly evenings a fire of dried wood could be made in the centre of the teepee which gave light, warmth and a degree of cheerfulness. If the wood was dry there was little smoke; any there was escaped through an opening in the top of the teepee.

The next problem in due course was the necessity of weaning me. Although Hudson's Bay carts were drawn by oxen, cows were not milked; they were usually wild as March hares and with their calves at heel were ferocious. My mother, therefore, followed the Indian method which was to take a piece of dried buffalo meat about as big as one's hand. The mother then chewed the edges all around this piece of dried buffalo meat until it was softened up and then the infant sucked the meat. In this way, not without some vigorous protests on my part, the weaning process was completed and with the arrival of some teeth I was fairly well equipped for the battle of life.



W. A. GRIESBACH AT THE AGE OF 8 YEARS

Chapter VI

AT an early stage in my career, I was introduced to the "Moss-Bag." This article was in common use amongst the Indians and Half-breeds. It consisted of a bag open at the top and open down the front. The bag was made of various materials. In my case it was of striped grey flannel. Moss was collected from a nearby muskeg, dried in the sun and then rubbed by hand to soften it. The inside of the moss-bag was padded with moss and the baby was laid in it legs and arms as straight as possible. The bag was then laced up to the neck of the infant. Periodically, the bag was opened up and soiled moss discarded and fresh moss put in. A board, usually painted, was provided and the moss-bag with the baby in it was lashed to the board. At the top of the board there was a hole through which a leather thong passed and with this the board could be hung from a tree or a nail or it could be stood against a wall, or carried about. Over the head of this board there was a wooden hoop. If the board fell over forward this hoop prevented the child from falling on its face and in fact caused the board to fall over on its back. This hoop also provided a support for a mosquito net, if any, or cloth to keep the sun out of the child's eyes. Thus, the baby could be packed up in the morning in this moss-bag or hung up or stood in a corner, out of the way. It was said that the use of the moss-bag at this early age gave the Indians their upright posture. Curiously enough, Indian babies seldom cried or created a disturbance, and graduated from the moss-bag between two and three years of age. My moss-bag was in my family for a long time and was copied by young mothers with an active imagination, the ordinary diaper being used instead of the moss. The family moss-bag disappeared, along with some other articles, during the First Great War when an agent rented our house in our absence. My two sisters eventually succeeded me in the moss-bag.

I think it is a fact, generally admitted, that the economic conditions under which people live will largely determine their manners and customs, their morals and their general attitude towards each other and the world at large. To begin with, the Indians of the Prairies originally lived a pretty self-contained life. For their weapons they had bows and arrows, lances and hatchets, the latter made of stone and in some places of copper. Game was plentiful and provided food, clothing and tents. The Indian led a happy-go-lucky hand-to-mouth existence. He did not worry greatly about the future. Once in a while the Indians were swept with epidemics like smallpox and probably 'flu. Otherwise they seemed to have been a remarkably healthy people with excellent teeth and their stomachs stood up well to periods of gorging and of starvation. The men confined themselves to hunting and fighting. All the work was done by the women who were remarkably hardy.

I remember, about 1886, I was out with my father on a police patrol and we overtook an Indian named Takoots who had a large family and three wives. As we were passing the Indians a young woman got out of one of the carts and walked into the neighbouring bush. Old Charlie Henderson who was a half-breed, scout and interpreter, and looked astonishingly like the prophet Ezekiel with his long white beard and a prominent nose, said: "That woman is going over to the bush to have a baby." We moved on and camped for the night on the banks of a small stream. Shortly after Takoots and family arrived and made camp nearby. An hour or so later the woman whom we had seen going into the bush arrived, having walked say six miles, carrying her newborn child to whom she had given birth quite alone. She laid the child on the ground and immediately busied herself with the chores of the camp. We saw her the next day and she appeared to be none the worse for her experience. This is, I think, fairly common with all primitive people. They had some rough ideas of surgery. I have seen Indians whose arms had been amputated, after an accident, by the squaws who did that sort of work quite well.

I would say that a big event in the lives of the Indians was the arrival of the dog which was used for hunting and draft and for food. A fat puppy was considered quite a delicacy until comparatively recent times. Probably the

biggest event in the economic life of the plains Indian was the arrival of the horse which was not indigenous to the Western hemisphere. Horses were brought in by the Spaniards. In the conquest of Mexico, Prescott describes the terror of the Aztecs at the spectacle of men in armour riding horses also in armour. It is suggested that the Aztecs thought that the horse and man were one animal. It is believed that some of these horses escaped from the Spaniards and bred in their wild state and they, or their descendants were subsequently captured and put to use by the Indians. Contrary to the popular belief the Indians were not good horse-masters or good horsemen. No attempt was made to breed horses. They merely ran wild and picked up their living on the prairie as best they could. The Indians provided no fodder of any kind. The Indians did not practise castration on their horses. The result was that every horse was entire with a further result that there was inbreeding and gradually the horse in the hands of the Indian got smaller and smaller. The Indian cayuse seldom was taller than fourteen hands. occasionally one might see a cayuse of fifteen hands but probably a story could have been told to explain this. It was quite common to see Indians six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, riding a little runt of a pony of thirteen and a half hands. The influence of the trader with his goods was far reaching. These white mans' goods were to be found to a limited extent among Indians who had never seen a white man; axes and hatchets, copper kettles and the like. These articles made life very much easier for the Indian.

The advance of the European trader into the interior of the North American continent is probably best dealt with by Parkman. In 1731, de la Vérendrye with his three sons set out from Montreal to the West and appear to have reached the Saskatchewan River and to have had relations with the Indians south of Manitoba. It was about this period apparently that the horse was arriving amongst the Indians in the northern part of the United States, and it may be assumed that in this period de la Vérendrye traded with the Canadian Indians giving them copper pots and kettles and steel hatchets and so forth. It is quite understandable that as these various kinds of trade goods reached the Indians they began to lose

some of those skills which had previously enabled them to live comfortably.

In Cree language when the horse arrived, there was no name for him. The Indian already had the dog. The Cree word for which was "Ah-tim." The word for horse in Cree language is Mist-ah-tim. The prefix "mist" signifies both "large" and sometimes "many," so "Mist-ah-tim" simply means "Big Dog" and by that name the horse is called to this very day.

This particular transformation of aboriginal life has gone on within the memory of those now living amongst the Eskimo. The Eskimo has taken very readily to all sorts of tools and is probably forgetting how to make bone needles or bone fish-hooks. On the other hand he will do a very good job on a motor engine. As the Indian acquired white man's goods he began more and more to depend on the white man. When the white man arrived in considerable numbers bringing strong drink and his diseases with him, the Indian ceased to be the strong character that he had been until we find him today as a mere hanger on to our civilization, neither beloved nor feared by the white man. The interesting thing is this, that the first white men to have relations with the Indians were a fairly low-class lot. Here and there you find a missionary with knowledge and understanding who gives us a mere glimpse of what the Indian was like before these calamities had fallen upon him.

Generally speaking the interpreters used by the white man in dealing with the Indians had no education whatever. Their simple qualification was that they could make themselves understood. The white man who employed him never knew what sort of job he was doing. Jerry Potts was a half-breed employed by the Federal Government and the Mounted Police to interpret on special occasions. I think it was in 1877 that the Blackfeet were invited to meet commissioners of the Canadian Government to negotiate a treaty. Jerry Potts was the interpreter on that occasion.

A number of Indians spoke at length. I have heard men describe the appearance of these Indians. Some of them looked like Roman Senators and conducted themselves with great dignity. Many men who were present believe that some of these Indians were great orators but when what they were saying filtered through Jerry Potts, nothing at

all of eloquence or of oratory remained. One Indian was speaking at great length and very fluently and Jerry Potts stopped translating. One of the commissioners said, "What is he saying now, Mr. Potts?" To which Mr. Potts replied, "Oh, he is just belly aching now."

I think it was upon this occasion that Crow Foot, the paramount chief of the Blackfeet, made one of his greatest speeches supporting the treaty. Crow Foot could see that there was nothing that could keep the white man out and that his impact upon the Indians was bad for them. There was evidence, too, that something had happened to the buffalo and Crow Foot was anxious to see some sort of settlement under which his people might survive. The peroration to his great speech has been in some miraculous manner preserved. It runs something like this:

In a little while Crow Foot will leave you. Whither he cannot say. From nothing we come, into nothing we go. What is life? It is as the flash of the firefly in a summer night. It is as the breath of the buffalo on a winter day. It is as the little shadow which runs across the grass and is lost in the sunset.

My old friend H. B. Round, one of the few Englishmen whom I have known to serve in the Hudson's Bay Company, was a man of education and wide information. He learned to speak Cree and he told me that he had listened to speeches made by Indians that would have attracted wide attention if well translated and published. He agreed with me that the interpreters were simply incapable of doing the translation.

I retain clearly in my mind the picture of Sioux Indians coming to Fort Qu'Appelle in 1882 who were magnificently dressed in white elk skin, who carried themselves proudly with no suggestion of subservience or humility. The sudden disappearance of the buffalo changed the whole economic life of the Indian and threw him into the arms of the white man. To our credit be it said that generally we have treated him fairly well. Of course, stupidity and ignorance in handling the Indians have played their parts. To this day you will see on Indian Reserves small log houses which the Indian has been induced to build. They are provided with doors and windows and a stove. The Indian when left to himself

would have spent the winter in some sheltered spot in a tee-pee, but when you put him in a house he closes all the doors and windows, builds up a hot fire and develops T.B. Fortunately, they take to their tents as soon as the sun comes in the spring.

Here and there you find an Indian who does not act just like an Indian. My friend Colonel Justus Willson who knew the Indians very well and had a profound respect and liking for them, used to tell the story of an Indian he knew whom he described as a "gentleman." If this Indian could acquire a bottle of whiskey he handled it as a white man would. He produced the bottle for his friends, white or red, poured out a small drink for everyone, mixed water with it and then sat and talked over it. The average Indian wants to drink the whole bottle at once and get wildly drunk and beat his wife. Colonel Willson used to tell a story to illustrate the character of this Indian. He sold another Indian a horse for which the other Indian was to pay some time. A year or so passed and no payment was made. One day the "gentleman" met his friend riding the horse in question. He was, of course, too much of a gentleman to mention the matter of payment but something like the following conversation took place:

"I see you are riding the horse I sold you. Do you like him?"

"Yes, I like him very much. He is a very fine horse."

"You do not think I charged you too much for him, do you?"

"No, I think the price was very fair."

"Well, I am glad to hear that you are satisfied."

The old Indians had a sense of humour and many grave jests passed between them. The women on the other hand sat around and told each other smutty stories.

At the fight at Batoche two Indians were lying side by side in the rebel firing line. The Indians up to that time had known nothing of soldiers with the exception of Redcoats on horses. The Winnipeg Rifles came on the field and deployed. The following conversation took place:

"Who are these Blackcoats?"

"They are long-knives," replied the other (i.e. bayonets or infantry). "They have come to fight."

"Why do you say that, brother-in-law?"

"Because they have no horses to run away with."

Chapter VII

THE first white men to come into the Prairie West were French. The Montreal Trading Companies always had French servants although their leaders were usually Scottish. The Hudson's Bay Company on the other hand brought out indentured Orkney men or men from the Scottish mainland. They were of two sorts—those who could speak English and those who could not. There probably never were many Englishmen in either the Montreal Trading Companies or the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. Charles Camsell, now deputy minister in the Department of the Interior, is a son of one of the few Englishmen whom I have known in the Hudson's Bay Company. Chief Factor Camsell had been an officer in the British Army, he spent most of his service at Fort Simpson. He established a library, there and conducted a mess somewhat on military lines for his officers. They had a billiard table in the ante-room and lived in quite good state. Chief Factor Camsell wore a monocle day and night. In the early days they received mail once a year. It was the Chief Factor's custom to have the London *Times* of the same day in the previous year laid on the breakfast table beside his plate. My friends have told me how meticulous he was in playing fair with himself, never looking at the last paper to see how it all turned out, as women are said to do with love stories.

At Fort Qu'Appelle in 1878 was W. J. MacLean, a Scotsman. Chief Factors, Factors, Chief Traders were all, I think, commissioned officers so that below these were traders, clerks and servants. Among the servants were carpenters, blacksmiths, boat-builders, harness-makers and the like. At the "Big House" three tables were set for each meal. At the first table was the MacLean family and such officers as might be about. The second table was for clerks and traders and at the third table there was a sort of free-for-all for people of lesser degree.

These people had no conception of a United Canada. They did not consider themselves Canadians, neither then nor for many years after, and what we now call Eastern Canada they referred to then as "Canada" or "down in Canada." Shortly after my mother's arrival she was sitting next to a Scotsman named Drever. One day he turned to her and said apropos of nothing "What fearful dirty curses these Canadians are." It took my mother many years to think up a suitable reply so I took it out on his grandson who served under me as an officer many years later. There was a superstition held by all these people that Englishmen were helpless and useless on the prairie and I fear that many of them were. Englishmen in the Mounted Police, however, ultimately disabused their minds on that score.

Following the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Montreal Company a very strong combination ensued. Frenchmen and Scotsmen found no difficulty in marrying Indian women. The progeny were known as French half-breeds or Scottish half-breeds and enabled the big company to keep in close touch with the Indians, although the half-breeds of both races in a tight place invariably were on the side of their white ancestors. I remember an Englishman who was curious as to why there were no English half-breeds was told that the squaws felt that they had to draw the line somewhere.

The Hudson's Bay Company was thus able to utilize the services of the Indians, and such skills as they had.

The Red River cart played a tremendous part in transportation in the West in the old days. It was usually made in Manitoba near the Red River of what is now known as scrub oak. The cart-builders were men who made both carts and boats. The Manitoba scrub oak is quite a hard wood. The wheels were made of oak; the shafts extended throughout the whole structure; the axles were also of oak. I doubt very much whether these workmen ever made drafts or plans or worked to measure, but relied upon their eyes. In the wheel the hub was of oak, the spokes were of oak, the outside rim, which we might call the tire, was of oak. The tire consisted of pieces about eighteen inches long and fashioned so that when laid together they made a wheel about five feet in diameter. Each piece of tire had a projection at one end and a hole at the other and was also drilled

to receive the spokes. The tire was therefore fitted together and jointed as above described and fitted to the spokes. Not a single piece of iron was used. Rawhide was used to bind the tire parts together by lashing around the spokes. In some cases where a bad job was done rawhide would be used around the tires to secure them to the spokes. This rawhide had to be renewed occasionally where it happened to be on a wearing surface. The wheels were then fitted to the axle and the shafts which in the bottom of the cart became sills were laid upon the axle and secured with pegs. Then upon the sills a rough floor was laid and a willow framework was secured to the sills for the purpose of containing the load. The unforgettable thing about these carts was that no grease was used on the axles. The axles fitted the hub fairly loosely and when moving each axle squealed in a different key. A brigade of thirty or forty carts could be heard for several miles if the wind was favourable. The draft animals for these carts were oxen or a stout cayuse (Indian pony) wearing what was called shaganappi harness. This harness was made of rawhide, usually buffalo, in later years, domestic cattle hide. An ox of decent size could draw from six to eight hundred pounds and would, if the roads permitted continuous travel, do from ten to eleven miles a day. The cayuse who might not weigh much more than seven hundred pounds himself could draw from five to six hundred pounds of freight. The cayuse was faster for a short march but for a long march the ox, doing from eight to ten miles a day was the surer animal. One of the difficulties about the ox was that going over rough or stony ground his hooves wore out and he had to be shod at intervals. The ox was thrown on the ground and tied up and his cart was backed over him. A rope was laid to each foot and the feet pulled through the spokes of the cart and secured in the spokes. Then the shoeing smith got to work on the hooves thus sticking out.

Neither oxen nor ponies were fed grain or hay but were turned loose to graze at the end of the day's march. Ponies are nervous and gregarious and if they become panic-stricken will stampede in a herd going before the wind and may do fifteen miles before getting tired. Oxen are rugged individualists and will drift with the storm. If there has been any such movement during the night mounted men follow the path of the storm and find the oxen fairly close at hand.

Horses, however, must be followed until they come to rest. They can then be rounded up and be driven back.

Babiche was a sort of rawhide cord which could be used for making repairs. If put on wet it dried and contracted and made a very firm job.

The Indian method of preserving food was limited to the preparation of buffalo meat as dried meat or pemmican. The principle underlying the preparation of dried meat was exactly the same as that employed in South Africa where the product is known as biltong. Dried meat was made from the flesh of ruminant wild animals such as the buffalo, elk, moose, caribou, antelope, etc. The meat was cut in strips, a tripod of poles was set up with cross-pieces and the raw meat was hung on the tripod in the summer sun. I never heard of such meat becoming fly-blown. The meat dried out until it became quite stiff and hard. It could then be carried around and would last a long time without spoiling. It was eaten much in the same way as biltong is eaten in South Africa. One cuts off a strip nine or ten inches long and gnaws it on the march. The taste was not unpleasant and it was very sustaining, but it called for good teeth.

In making pemmican the Indians made a rough mortar and pestle or something approximating thereto. The dried meat was thoroughly pounded. The hide of a buffalo calf, about eight months to a year old, was used as a container. For some curious reason the Indians left the legs and tail on the hide. The hide was then sewed up at all but one end. Fat was rendered down to make a liquid. The pounded dried meat and the melted grease were poured in in alternate layers about two or three inches thick. When full the hide was sewed up so that it bore a startling resemblance to the calf in its lifetime weighing about 200 lbs. The melted grease was soaked up by the buffalo meat and this pemmican would keep for years. Within recent years Indian caches of pemmican have been discovered which must have lain in such caches for thirty or forty years. The interior of the mass was found to be quite good, any rot having developed in the hide and in the outside. Chief Factors and other big shots of the day used to have dried Saskatoon berries worked into their pemmican and where the ordinary dried

currants could be got they too would be used which made a very high-class product. Pemmican could be eaten just as it came out of the hide. It could be made into stew or it could be fried. I always found it very nourishing and agreeable to the taste. Some people, however, had to acquire the taste. Both dried buffalo meat and pemmican were a food ration in the Mounted Police until about 1880. Pemmican can be made out of domestic cattle and if the manufacture was undertaken by a packing-house it would probably be just as good as the pemmican the Indians made, and much cleaner. Real old Indian pemmican had a good deal of the hide and hair of the animal in it and many other foreign bodies of doubtful food value.

The Scottish half-breed was more like a Scotsman than an Indian and the French half-breed was more like a Frenchman than an Indian. The French half-breed was a gay volatile fellow and loved to bedeck himself with ribbons and jewelry. The half-breeds of both races in those days worshipped physical strength and efficiency whether as cartmen or boatmen. Some almost unbelievable yarns are told of the strength of these men. One story I remember is of a half-breed carrying a four-hundred-pound stove on his back over a portage, a distance of several miles. In unloading a river steamer these men worked with furious energy and made a sort of game out of it. In unloading flour it was not unusual to see a half-breed trotting down the gang-plank with a ninety-eight pound bag of flour under each arm.

In the northern part of the Prairie Provinces a variation in food was frozen whitefish, caught under the ice in nets in wintertime. These whitefish were usually used as dog food. A fish of say one and one-half to two pounds a day being the ration for a dog. He was fed at night at the conclusion of the day's work. The frozen fish were stood on their noses in the snow beside the fire and when they were warmed sufficiently to begin to bend over they were served to the dogs. The Indians and half-breeds only fed their dogs when they were working them in the wintertime. In the summertime the dogs had to fend for themselves. I have known them to go into the gardens and dig up potatoes and eat them raw. A domestic chicken was a delicacy. A puppy, who was unable

to defend himself and had no relatives among the train dogs might also suddenly disappear. These starving train dogs were a distinct menace especially to the white people and those having small children. The dogs usually respected a white man who was standing upright but if he fell to the ground the dogs would fall on him and tear him to pieces. The case will be remembered of the wife of a Mounted Police Sergeant who was so worried by dogs that she died. This happened within the last fifteen years at one of the northern outposts.

Chapter VIII

FORT QU'APPELLE is a very pretty part of Western Canada. The Qu'Appelle lakes lie a few miles to the north of the Fort and there are many legends of a remarkable character concerning this place.

In due course the officers' quarters were completed, consisting of a log bungalow, and we moved in. Of course, conditions were very primitive, but after the community life of the "Big house" and a summer spent in an Indian teepee the officers' quarters were a delight to my mother. Stoves were supplied with the quarters and firewood was cut by the prisoners who had been arrested by the Mounted Police for various crimes running from murder and cannibalism down to mere horse-stealing. In all the Police Posts there was a guard room which had in law the status of a Provincial Jail. To provide these prisoners with something to do apart from wood-cutting was quite a job. I have known six or seven of them to be working around the officers' quarters sweeping and scrubbing, cleaning windows, washing dishes and doing other sorts of chores.

I became quite attached to some of them and it was quite a surprise to some of my mother's visitors to find that I was out for a walk or was being carried about, in the arms of an Indian or half-breed who was being held on a charge of murder.

In 1882, or thereabouts, there was hanged at Fort Saskatchewan, an Indian who had killed and eaten his wife, his mother-in-law, and several children. Cannibalism was not common but it sometimes happened, probably due to some mental derangement.

Later on, when prohibition had to be enforced, the odd whisky peddler or moonshine-maker was gathered in. This particular offence is curious in that once a man has embarked upon it he seems scarcely able to refrain from it. I remember an old chap, named "Tug" Wilson, who was constantly in

jail for operating an illicit still. Once a week the Police horses used to be given bran mash or boiled oats, especially in the winter. For this purpose there was a large boiler which was part of the stove. "Tug" Wilson was given the job of boiling this bran mash or boiled oats and he did it very well. His civil experience had fitted him for the job. He used to pat this boiler affectionately and discuss how valuable it would be to him in his private occupation.

The Mounted Police also gathered in all sorts of American crooks. I remember hearing a discussion between two of these men about how to travel on the railway without paying. I cannot remember all the details now but the scheme was carefully thought out and consisted in crowding up on a man who had a ticket, confusing the conductor with rapid-fire talk and in some cases in making use of the lavatory, coming out in the face of the conductor and leading him to believe by glib talk that the conductor had already taken his ticket. In addition, these fellows were full of little tricks and games for inducing people to bet on what looked like a certainty. Among these was the shell game which consisted of a pea which was said to be under one of three walnut shells. The victim was absolutely certain under which shell the pea was. In point of fact the pea was between the first and second fingers of the promoter at the moment the victim was prepared to bet say \$10.00 that he could pick the shell under which the pea was to be found.

All this stuff was part of my education. Fortunately I never tried to work any of these things myself but I was certainly on my guard. When I became Inspector General (Army, Western Canada) many years later, on entering a Quartermaster's store with a Commanding Officer I used to say to him, "Now, somebody is probably stealing something here. Who is it?" The Commanding Officer would be horrified at the very thought but I certainly planted a suspicion in his mind which kept him on his toes and once in a while it was discovered that somebody was stealing something.

When I was about four years old I became conscious of the curious factors involved in perspective. In the distance Indians travelling with cayuses harnessed to jumpers (small sleighs) appeared to me to be very small horses which I could play with myself but as they got closer they grew into

comparatively large horses and comparatively large jumpers. I suppose all children go through this stage.

The Government might also supply, in addition to the stoves some benches and rough deal tables. All other furniture had to be supplied by the occupant. Since no such furniture could be bought ready-made or carried about on moving from one post to another, my mother made great play with packing-boxes in which uniform-boots or other articles of that character arrived at a police post. She would turn a packing-box three feet square on its side, cover the top with white oilcloth and put chintz curtains all around it. That made a washstand. Another suitably-shaped packing-box similarly adorned with curtains and cloth top would serve as a dressing table. The accumulation of furniture was frowned upon because in the event of a transfer it meant the necessity of more wagon space. By using packing-cases as I have described the amount of stuff that had to be transported for an officer was reduced to a few trunks for bedding and clothing.

When we came to Fort Saskatchewan we found *in situ* an enormous sofa, or what we now call a "chesterfield" which had been built in what was called the "Drawing Room." My father's predecessor had to leave it because it would not go out any of the doors or windows in the room. The thing I remember about that enormous sofa was this:

A missionary called on my mother to enlist her sympathy and support in his work. A long summer evening was drawn-in to a close and the room was getting dark when the missionary suggested that his visit might now be concluded with a few words of prayer. I have observed that Non-conformists in such situations pray on their stomachs, their knees on the floor and their faces buried in a cushion. This missionary knelt beside the sofa in this fashion, and as he prayed rather long, my mother gradually slumped into the same position at the other end of the sofa. My father who had been out for a walk with his dogs, burst into the drawing room accompanied by all the dogs and not knowing what was going on, greeted anyone who might be in the room with the words, "What's going on here?" The poor missionary brought his supplications to an immediate conclusion and my mother subsequently abused my father for disturbing a religious meeting.

In these quarters there were no conveniences whatever, or as we say nowadays "the plumbing was outside." A bath was had no more frequently than was necessary, in the kitchen beside the kitchen stove in a flat tin bath-tub like a gigantic saucer.

A few coloured prints from the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News* and papers of that sort, were tacked on the wall, and standing around artistically arranged were the photographs of our friends and relatives in their Sunday-best or in full uniform.

When we arrived at Fort Saskatchewan we occupied a log building, the walls of which had been covered with cotton tacked on to the logs over which paper had been pasted. A nest of snakes, of a harmless variety, got in behind the cotton and used to appear either in the ceiling or wriggling on the floors. The assurance that they were harmless did not, however, make them any more welcome.

Chapter IX

I THINK my eldest sister arrived some two years after myself, under much the same conditions as I did.

In 1881 my father was transferred to Fort Pelly, on the upper reaches of the Assiniboine River. Barrack buildings there were designed in Ottawa and built by contractors under the supervision of a government agent. The lumber used was milled on the ground and was green. Plans of the building were unsatisfactory as a barracks and as the lumber dried out great cracks appeared. When the Mounted Police finally arrived to take over in, I think, 1874 they had to pull down some of the buildings to get materials to put the remainder in a livable condition.

I have no personal recollection of the march to Fort Pelly. It probably took place in the fall of 1881. While we were still at Fort Pelly the biggest thing that had ever happened from that day to this at Fort Pelly took place. The rivers on the prairies had much more water in them in those days than they have now. I have always thought that the prairie roads, with their ditches on either side, have created a drainage system which runs off all water accumulating on the level much quicker than is sound. If, instead of dividing our country up into squares and building roads regardless of their situation, we had had a survey system whereby all roads might have been located on the higher ground we would have been in the end better off. In the old days the Indians and the cartmen never travelled in the low ground, but moved across the ridges as long as they could and so arranged their travelling that they moved in the low ground for the shortest possible distance. We have spent many millions of dollars trying to build roads through swamps and lakes merely to keep a straight line. There are certain advantages in our present system of survey, no doubt, but to plan the survey at Ottawa and send out

surveyors to clamp that system on the ground, whether it fitted or not, is typical of the official mind (at Ottawa). Some people have suggested that in our original survey of the western country we might have laid out each township on a system that fitted the ground, with a community or residential area in the centre of the township, giving each settler who took up land in the township a living area in this community centre of several acres. Settlers would, therefore, have lived close together and could have given mutual aid and support to each other and much of the loneliness now existing on the prairies would never have appeared at all. The settlers would have gone out to their fields daily and returned at night to their homes in the community centre. Something might be done along these lines even now in unsettled areas.

To get back to my story. In this year, probably 1881, the rivers were all very high. A company was formed in Winnipeg to build a line of steamers to operate on the Assiniboine river. The capital was to be raised, and I think was raised in England. At all events, one steamer was built and made one voyage from Winnipeg to Fort Pelly in 1882. The course of the river was so tortuous that in going round these short turns it was not unusual to run the bow of the boat into the bank. I do not think that there was a pay load on this boat. Selected persons were invited to make the voyage with the hope, no doubt, that they would boost this method of transportation. When the boat reached Fort Pelly it was turned around for the return journey with the greatest difficulty.

A man named Tom Rogers, who afterwards joined the Mounted Police, was the steward on this boat. From what he used to tell us, one forms the opinion that the cargo consisted of food, liquor and cigars for the enjoyment of the passengers. So far as they were concerned the whole voyage was a gigantic jamboree. Shortly after this boat got back to Winnipeg the water in the Assiniboine began to fall and today the water is no more than knee-deep in this river.

My father, who was a marvellous horseman, rode down from the barracks to the landing to meet the boat. He was riding a little horse named "Bobby," and wore a pair of white cord breeches with pearl buttons at the knee, and probably the first bowler hat that had ever been seen in this

neighbourhood. "Bobby" was a timid horse who had never seen such sights before. As the boat approached the shore "Bobby" took fright and began to buck. He finally succeeded in throwing my father into a puddle of dirty water, from which he emerged covered with slime and humiliation. It was his view, frequently expressed in forcible language, that no man worth his salt was ever thrown off his horse. He merely *fell* off.

The Englishmen who put up their money to finance this scheme were probably amongst those who wrote off the loss and charged it to experience in Canadian enterprise. They ultimately became a very large body.

In the winter of 1881-82 my father was ordered back to Fort Qu'Appelle. Meanwhile, my second sister had arrived at Fort Pelly. The journey back to Qu'Appelle was made in winter and we spent Christmas day on the road. We travelled in police bob-sleighs. The road was very rough and the weather was very cold. I remember one halting for the night on this journey. We had an Indian guide with us and as soon as the sleighs came to a stop he would seize a tin basin, select a spot for the fire, and working with furious energy would clear the snow for a circular space in which he would build the camp-fire. Meanwhile, the teamsters unhitched the horses and blanketed them. Hay and oats were carried. The hay was laid out in the bottom of a sleigh, the horses secured to the sleigh, the sleigh-box became a sort of manger. Snow was melted to make tea and the food consisted of fried bacon and hard-tack. My mother used to pound up the hard-tack and dunk it in the tea for us children. The bacon was called sow-belly, as indeed it was. It was very fat and when fried almost dissolved in grease. My father and mother made a gigantic bed of buffalo robes in which they and we three children slept.

I remember distinctly the sky full of stars, the flicker of the fire which was kept going as long as possible and the sound of the horses eating their hay and oats throughout the night. As we lay in this bed my mother would tell us of what Christmas would be like in "Canada." There would be Christmas trees with candles on them and great Christmas dinners at which everybody would be seated, with great quantities of food such as we had never even seen or heard of. The pudding would be brought in on fire, (this always intrigued me)

and afterwards there would be nuts and raisins. Then probably there would be dancing. My mother used to stress the warmth and the brightness of this scene, the wonderful food, and the fun that everybody had. We heard about Santa Claus for the first time and the beautiful presents that he brought and the jollity of the occasion.

Hours before daylight the next morning the fire was rekindled and breakfast, which was exactly the same as the supper the night before, was prepared. The sleighs were loaded up; the march resumed. Between eight and nine o'clock next morning the sun rose and with the coming of daylight everybody's spirits rose. We arrived at Qu'Appelle the day after New Year's Day and occupied our former quarters.

I was now four and could get around by myself to some extent. I remember that one day my mother asked "Barney" Cooper who was a teamster, and who was driving his team out for exercise, to take me for a drive. The day was very cold and "Barney," who was William Herring-Cooper, an Irish gentleman, and in those days a bit irresponsible, brought me home with my ears frozen stiff. My mother was able to thaw out one ear quite successfully but the other one not quite so well, so that it became quite stiff. However, I have worn it ever since without much difficulty.

In the fall of 1882 my father was transferred to Regina. We drove from Fort Qu'Appelle to Qu'Appelle Station, a distance I think, of ten or twelve miles, and there we took the train on the C.P.R. to Regina. The C.P.R. had just got through and was well past Regina. My mother had told us all about the "cars" which was the way people in the West referred to railway travel.

Regina was the headquarters of the Mounted Police as it still is. It was a depot and a training-centre. From one hundred to two hundred men were usually there. There was also a brass band under the direction of Sergeant Harry Walker. It was to me, at the age of four, a thrilling place. The snow was very deep and the sidewalks from which the snow had been cleared ran through tunnels of snow.

We occupied quarters in the Officers' Row, there being three officers' quarters in each long one-storey building. Here again green lumber had been used and there were great cracks

in the walls and ceilings caused by the drying out of the lumber.

One day I came home with a tall story to the effect that a freight train had been going past the barracks with brakemen running along the top of the cars to apply the brakes. I was quite sure that several of these cars had "bucked" and thrown off a brakeman who had been run over by the train and killed. My mother gave me a terrific lecture on the sin of lying and what would ultimately happen to me if I did not tell the truth. A young officer occupying the neighbouring quarters said that he had never heard such a vivid description of Hell before and that he too was resolved never again to tell anything that was not strictly true. He was particularly touched with the ever-burning fires, the tortures of thirst and the devil coming around with a three pronged fork poking the sinners.

In the fall of 1883, my father was transferred to Fort Saskatchewan, then and now, some twenty miles northeast of Edmonton. The C.P.R. had reached Calgary in that year so we proceeded from Regina to Calgary by train. The "cars" were the primitive day coach, heated with stoves and lighted with coal-oil lamps. In due course we arrived at Calgary and spent several days there while the wagon-train was organized. My father had with him a draft of recruits for Fort Saskatchewan. At Calgary riding horses were issued to the men. The distance to be marched was two hundred and twenty miles. My father rode his horse and my mother and we children travelled in a light wagon. Since I suffered from a form of "land" sea-sickness when travelling in a wagon, I actually did most of the journey sitting on my father's wallets in front of him on his horse. We took quite a week, if not more, in making this march and camped at night under canvas. The first forty miles out of Calgary was bald prairie and I remember that we carried wood for the fires. After we got to the neighbourhood of Innisfail some eighty miles from Calgary there was always plenty of wood. The road was a mere cart track and frequently the whole party had to stop and build or repair a bridge. This was a sort of obligation which the Mounted Police had assumed. I remember fording the Red Deer River at Red Deer. The water was about belly-high on the horses and as the horses and wagons moved through the swiftly-

running stream the illusion was created of the wagons and horses moving sideways up stream. The remainder of the journey was uneventful.

At where Leduc now stands we passed a curious little store. The owners were absent but on the door there was a sign "Walk in and help yourself." All the goods were marked with a price. Thus, a plug of tobacco, twenty-five cents; a can of tomatoes, fifty cents; and so on. We went in, took what we required, left the exact amount and my father signed his name in a book. One can imagine how long merchants would stay in business on this basis in these degenerate days.

Chapter X

IN September of 1883 we reached Fort Saskatchewan and my father relieved Inspector Gagnon. Gagnon was a French Canadian who wore a full reddish beard which covered his chest down to his waist. In some curious manner he wore his forage cap over his right ear but without a chin strap. I never heard that his forage cap ever fell off. His son is now a Superintendent in the Mounted Police, stationed, I think, at Montreal.

Fort Saskatchewan was built of logs. It was four hundred feet long and one hundred and ninety-five feet wide. Life there was very quiet and uneventful. My father was stationed there from 1883 to 1903. Under his command many changes took place and it ultimately became quite a large barracks.

My father and mother kept open house and all sorts of distinguished people, and others not so distinguished, stayed with us. For extra large crowds attending races, cricket matches and the like a large room in the barracks would be set aside for the male visitors. Blankets would be supplied from the quartermaster stores, the guests made their own beds and were fed at our quarters.

At Clover Bar there was a colony of English and Scottish people. They played cricket and rugby football. They were a pretty wild lot and I remember one occasion when the Mounted Police were playing cricket with the Clover Bar people. A few days before this the Clover Bar lads had visited Edmonton and, after drinking a good deal of liquor, proceeded to paint the town red. Some of them were arrested for creating a disturbance and when they came before my father were sentenced to fines and short terms of imprisonment. On the day of the cricket match the captain of the Clover Bar team called on my father to complain that he was short some three men and that he was counting on getting them

out of the Guard Room to play. Meanwhile, the captain of the Police team was on hand with an application to allow three prisoners out, who were good players, to play on the Police team, on the ground that they were eligible for the team, being in the custody of the police at the time. My father gave a sort of Solomon-like decision. Two of the prisoners were released to play with the Clover Bar team and one prisoner was released to play with the Police team. The two teams were, therefore, well balanced and the match lasted for two days. Concluding the match, my father and mother gave a dinner party for both teams and I remember that these three malefactors were brought from the Guard Room to our quarters under an armed guard to take part in the festivities. No harm was done as far as I know and the Mounted Police maintained their reputation for understanding the type and character of people who had to be dealt with.

Three or four times a year a judge of the Supreme Court visited Edmonton and held criminal and civil court. Three lawyers had made their way to Edmonton and hung 'out their shingles. The holding of Court was quite an event and caused a good deal of excitement which was too much for the lawyers, who invariably were drunk when Court opened. Since one of them was the Crown Prosecutor and prisoners of various sorts charged with various offences relied on one of the other two lawyers to defend him, it was my father's responsibility to see that justice was done to everybody. He believed in direct action. It was, therefore, his practice to arrest the whole of the Edmonton Bar (three lawyers) a few days before Court sat and have them before him on a charge of vagrancy, which enabled him to sentence them to, say, ten days in the Police Guard Room. In this way he was able to produce the whole of the Bar, sober, properly dressed and ready to discharge their duties, either in the prosecution or the defence. This was considered eminently proper and I would like to say for the record that never in a single case did any of the three offer any defence to the charge of vagrancy. Later on, I learned the legal maxim—*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*. As time passed lawyers became more respectable, they arrived at Court to discharge their various duties under their own steam. Some years later P. J. Nolan arrived in Calgary and practised law. He was an extremely clever and witty Irishman and electri-

fied the whole community. Probably conditions in the West were not unlike conditions prevailing in his native country. He was undoubtedly a great lawyer and a great man with juries. In the twinkling of an eye he sized up the witness. One day he was trying a case and an obviously hostile witness was sworn—a sanctimonious-looking rogue. Paddy Nolan, with disarming sweetness, having got his name, said: "And what is your occupation, sir?" To which the witness replied, "Church worker." With continuing sweetness, Paddy said, "What church do you work?"—and so on. The stories told about Paddy Nolan are legion and when any man transgressed anywhere in the West there was a scramble to secure his advocacy.

Later on, there was a lot of horse stealing in the southern part of the district. Arthur Sifton was a Judge of the Supreme Court and a very resolute and determined man, cutting legal corners without batting an eye. The Mounted Police had rounded up a number of the horse thieves and Sifton was presiding at the trials, with Paddy Nolan for the Crown. The tenth horse thief was being tried and Paddy Nolan was addressing the jury. He marshalled his evidence, as he always did, with great power and effect and concluded his speech with the observation that nine of the accused had been convicted, and if the tenth man was found guilty and sentenced, the Government could get an excursion rate on the transportation of the convicted to Stony Mountain Penitentiary. This looked so obviously reasonable to the jury that the tenth man was duly convicted and the whole party proceeded to Stony Mountain at reduced fares.

I remember that during sessions of the Court at which Paddy Nolan appeared he stayed with us and every night during his visit the house was thronged with visitors who came to hear Paddy Nolan talk. Ah yes, "there were giants in those days."

Another distinguished character was Judge Rouleau who was a French Canadian. The Judge was a stickler for propriety and endeavoured to have the lawyers properly dressed. In one case a lawyer turned up with yellow boots, trousers of one colour, a coat of another and a coloured shirt. A gown was found for him in some way and he wore a white tie slung loosely around his neck. The Judge offered some caustic comment on his appearance and the lawyer said

in reply, "What is wrong with my costume?" The Judge replied. "What is wrong with your costume? My dear Mr. So-and-so, what is wrong with your costume is that it is a 'plumage'."

It is said of the Judge that once, when sentencing a Chinaman to two years imprisonment for some offence, he added, "If I really thought you were guilty, I would give you ten years."

In the Rebellion of 1885 Rouleau was travelling from Prince Albert to Battleford and was pursued by the rebels and narrowly escaped. Later on, nine of these men, I think, were brought before him charged with murder, theft and treason. The Judge found them all guilty, sentenced them to death and they were duly hanged.

I got my first pony in 1884, at the age of six, and my father put me through the riding-school. I was taught to *passage* right, *passage* left, turn upon the quarter and turn upon the forehand. My father's horses were all perfectly trained and high-schooled. There was a gate in front of the officers' quarters made of rails standing about five feet high. He never opened this gate on returning to his quarters but jumped his horse over it.

There were in the Mounted Police in those days a number of curious characters. Some of them almost eccentric. Jimmy York was the Veterinary Staff Sergeant. He was a dark little man who had been brought up in a racing-stable in England. He was not a qualified vet but a remarkably capable little man and quite ferocious with a bad horse. For hoof disease he burnt the affected parts with a hot iron and then used a preparation of his own invention in which there was a good deal of neat's-foot oil and I think sulphuric acid. He rasped horses teeth and made them fit and for other sorts of diseases and complaints he had recourse to what he called a "horse-ball." What this consisted of I never knew although I spent most of my time following him around. He worked with a mortar and pestle and pounded up various ingredients. He was a subscriber to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, although he could just read, and at the appropriate moment tore off a piece of this paper and made the medicine up into a neat package about the size and shape of a 12 gauge

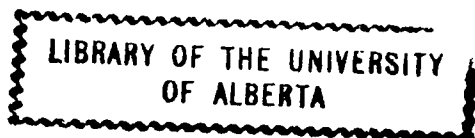
cartridge. He had a home-made gun which was a hollow tube about eighteen inches long with an iron plunger. Loading the gun, his assistant led the horse out into the yard and put a twitch on the horse's nose. Jimmy then mounted an upturned bucket and seizing the horse's tongue with a towel, rammed the gun down his throat as far as it would go and then operating the plunger shot the ball down the horse's throat. His assistant, Joe Stansfield, who was always chewing tobacco with the tobacco juice running down both corners of his mouth, held the horse's head high and Jimmy, assisted by the onlookers, massaged the ball down the horse's neck.

The *Free Press* may be pleased to know that even in those remote days the paper served a useful purpose.

Another thing that Jimmy York did was to cut hair. It was customary to leave a little present with him, usually a plug of "T. & B." tobacco. He had a big black dog which used to snuggle up to the customer while his hair was being cut. Someone commented upon the affectionate nature of this dog. Jimmy's reply was that it was not so much affection but that the dog had discovered that once in a while Jimmy snipped a piece off the customer's ear and if the dog occupied an advantageous position he snatched it as it fell to the ground. I remember one day he did snip a piece off my ear. Whether the dog got it or not I cannot say. Jimmy accused me of bobbing my head around and disturbing his aim so to speak, and he was probably right.

William Maitland was permanent Mess Orderly and Recreation Room Orderly. He belonged to the sect of Plymouth Brethren and wore his forage cap slap on top of his head. He considered that wearing it over the right ear was a form of unseemly vanity. He disapproved of all church parades and a great many other things such as billiard playing on Sunday. He was altogether an amusing and yet an outstanding type of man.

Sam Taylor was the men's cook. He had formerly been a London Policeman and wore Dundreary whiskers, that is to say, the chin clean-shaven and the side-burns running wild. He allowed one thumb nail to grow to extraordinary length and in peeling potatoes nicked the eyes out with his pet thumb nail with amazing efficiency. His wife had a large family



of girls all named after flowers. She had an unusually strong voice. When missionaries came around to hold service in the barracks, as they frequently did, Mrs. Taylor turned up in a costume which had been fashionable twenty or thirty years previously in London. She used to wait until my mother had started a hymn in a rather feeble voice, she knowing exactly what was going to happen. When the hymn got under way Mrs. Taylor came in with a slightly different key and carried the congregation with her.

Chapter XI

WHEN the Mounted Police came to the West they brought with them agricultural implements, beef cattle and cows. The object was to make hay, grow their own oats, maintain a garden and supply milk for the men. The ground was plowed and sowed with oats by hand after treatment with harrows. In the fall the oats were cut with a mower or scythe and bound into sheaves by hand. The oats were then threshed out with a flail. Wild hay was cut by the mowers, raked into cocks with home-made hand rakes and finally brought into the Fort and stacked near the cattle yard. In the garden, potatoes, carrots, turnips and other vegetables were grown, and in the fall stored in a root-house. Six or eight cows were kept in the cowhouse and were milked by the man in charge. My mother was suspicious of his cleanliness so we had a cowhouse close to the officers' quarters where our cow was milked under my mother's supervision.

In those days not all the men enlisted in the Mounted Police were fit for police duties. In the intake of recruits there were always a certain proportion of odd fish out of which soldiers and policemen simply could not be made. They finally gravitated to jobs of various kinds around the post. Some of these men could work a whitewash brush and were kept busy whitewashing the log buildings and the stone borders of the roadway. Others worked in the kitchen and in the paint shop.

One job I remember was hauling water from the river with a horse and homemade water cart which carried two ex-coal-oil barrels. In the afternoons the same men delivered wood to the quarters and in the evening milked the cows. There were very few men who could not be used for something. The officers were not surprised to have this type of man since the pay in those days was forty cents a day and recruits

were not easy to get. A similar situation developed in the present war. In any big intake of recruits there are bound to be a certain number of men who simply cannot learn to be soldiers. This provided the opportunity for the creation of a body of psychologists, psychiatrists and other witch doctors and soothsayers, who began by discovering what every soldier knew. Some of these men were discharged as not likely to become efficient soldiers. In the end, however, I think the result of leaving the matter in the hands of good commanding officers would have been equally satisfactory.

As soon as settlers began to come in the policy of the Mounted Police was altered in the matter of being self sustaining. It was then considered desirable that these settlers should be encouraged by selling their produce to the police so all farming operations were given up. The cows gradually disappeared. As the force became better known and publicized and the pay increased the type of recruit improved and the number of these odd fish was substantially reduced.

As a small boy I wore moccasins both winter and summer and went barefoot when the weather permitted. Clothing for a small boy was a difficult problem. My mother met the situation in a practical way. In those days flour reached the Mounted Police from the East. It was specially packed for the service. There was an inner sack of cotton much as is used today but there was an outer sack of light canvas or duck. It was somewhat marred for clothing purposes by a legend painted on the sack, giving the name of the manufacturer. My mother took these outer sacks and cut them up, cutting out the name of the manufacturer and had enough material to make me quite snappy suits of white duck. Consequently, I appeared in summer with a large straw hat and a suit of white duck which was good enough as far as it went. I was, of course, the only man around the barracks not in uniform which bothered me not a little.

The year 1885 opened with rumours of impending trouble. What was really at the bottom of the trouble was the curious disappearance of the buffalo which had provided so much in the way of food, clothing and shelter to the Indians and which had, moreover, provided them with a profitable trade by which the French half-breeds had largely lived. Many

of these French half-breeds had retired before the tide of advancing white men and had located themselves on the banks of the Saskatchewan from Prince Albert to the West. They had a certain amount of education and many of them could read and write. They loved the prairie life and were distinctly allergic to an ordered existence involving the job of making a living by the sweat of their brows.

Riel who had led the Rebellion of 1870 was recalled from the United States to form a provisional government. He appointed Gabriel Dumont, a French half-breed, as his principal military leader. Egged on by the French half-breeds the Indians commenced "dancing" which in the old days meant trouble. The Mounted Police at that time numbered about five hundred men and were scattered all over what is now known as the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. In those days the war-like activities of the Indians were limited by the growth of grass for feeding their ponies. Consequently, the Mounted Police expected trouble when the grass had grown. The first sign of trouble early in 1885 was the presence of agitators, or "runners" as they were called, who came from the Prince Albert area to stir up the Indians and the French half-breeds throughout the West. The first runner who turned up in the Edmonton area was one Larry Garneau, who was a fiddler of repute, not a violinist or an artist, but a player of lively jigs, cotillions and the like. He was a good looking man with an aquiline nose. He held a few meetings in the Edmonton area and my father had him arrested and lodged in the guard-room at Fort Saskatchewan. After the Rebellion he settled down on the land upon which the University of Alberta now stands and gave his name to a residential area in Edmonton known as "Garneau." The Mounted Police kept as close an eye upon the situation as they could and no doubt reports flowed in to Ottawa.

Chapter XII

SARAH, the Commanding Officer's cow, was in colour black and white. She was of the stock imported by the Hudson's Bay Company with great bone and weight for draft purposes and in many cases excellent milkers. Sarah was born in the police on the march across the plains and she was in 1884 ten years old. She had a calf roughly speaking once a year and gave great quantities of milk, I assume with the proper proportion of butter fat although nothing much was known of that in the old days. Sarah had massive horns and was built something like a Dachshund being, as some joker said, "A cow and a half long and half a cow high." She had been petted all her life and was a general favourite. Once she got into our kitchen and ate off the stove an Irish stew which was just getting under way. This bit of cannibalism was overlooked because there was a good deal of vegetable in the pot. On another occasion she entered the pantry and ate the centre out of a large pound cake that my mother had just made for an "occasion." Having reached the age of ten years a board of officers automatically "sat" on Sarah. She was condemned to be "cast," which meant that she would be sold to the highest bidder having reached the age limit. The highest bidder turned out to be L. Moret who had the beef contract for the police. I had observed that he arrived at the Fort frequently with a light wagon, that he drove up to the quartermaster stores; that there he delivered great quarters and sides of red bloody meat. On a certain day, however, he arrived at the Fort mounted on a cow pony. After some talk he threw a rope over Sarah's horns and led her away. As she went through the Fort gate Sarah gave utterance to a long mournful bellow and then I knew that when she came back through the gate she would probably be red bloody meat. I wept bitterly and was inconsolable. There was but one thing I

could do. I took the firm resolution that for the rest of my life I would be a vegetarian. For three months I kept this vow and many months passed before I could eat roast beef without thinking of Sarah. It may not be improper for me to add that this was the first time I ran into the age limit for military service. It is the great tragedy which awaits every soldier.

Selby was a good looking man of powerful physique who hauled water and wood and looked after the cows. He seldom wore anything but fatigue clothing which were brown "duck." I should say here that the Mounted Police issue of clothing was in those days on the most generous scale. When a recruit joined the police he made three trips from the quartermaster's stores to his quarters with what had been issued to him. Roughly speaking, the issue on enlistment was white helmet, spike and chain, white haversack, white gauntlets, two scarlet tunics with yellow piping, three pairs of riding breeches, two pairs of long riding-boots, two pairs of ankle boots, moccasins, and stockings for winter wear, four suits woollen underclothing, six pairs of socks, three scarlet serge frocks, forage cap, fur winter cap, mitts and gloves, cavalry cloak, buffalo overcoat and many other things too numerous to mention, to say nothing of blankets, rugs, oil sheets and so forth. At the end of three years a man became entitled to two new scarlet serge frocks, two pairs of riding breeches and a pair of long boots, upon which day it was assumed in the regulations that what had previously been issued was now worn out.

A church parade had been ordered; dress, divine service order which practically is full dress. Selby disliked church parades and was a bit of a barrack-room lawyer. The parade had been "told off." A few Roman Catholics had started off to the Roman Catholic Church across the river. The Church of England people formed the bulk of the parade and on the left were parties commonly known as "fancy religions." I think Selby described himself as a Christadelphian or a Plymouth Rock or something of that sort. The Sergeant-Major having sorted everybody out and "told off" the parade raised his hand and the trumpeters sounded officers' call. The officers, immaculately dressed in scarlet and gold, clanked out of the orderly room to take their places on parade. As they moved across the square, my father stopped and

exclaimed; "Good God! What is that on the left?" It was Selby, very proper as to the top half of his uniform, white helmet, spike and chain, white gauntlets, scarlet tunic, waist belt and revolver all O.K., but instead of his riding breeches and boots he was wearing woollen drawers, long stockings and moccasins with spurs, although it was midsummer. On taking over the parade, my father required an explanation from Selby. His reply was that he had become entitled to an issue of boots and breeches but, upon presenting himself to the quartermaster stores, he had learned that there were no boots or breeches for issue at that precise moment but that some were daily expected. Selby probably had, at that moment, five or six pairs of breeches and three or four pairs of long riding-boots on his shelf but, according to law, these garments had lived their life and were now theoretically non-existent. Selby was dismissed from the parade and thereby had won the first round. He little knew how many other rounds there were to come which he would not win.



W. A. GIFFSBACH AT THE AGE OF 22 YEARS

Chapter XIII

MEANWHILE, anticipating trouble in the Duck Lake area, a Police party was got together at Regina by calling in detachments and scraping the barracks for available men. The party set out under Colonel Irvine, the Commissioner with eighty-six men, travelling in sleighs. The party headed for Prince Albert. The weather was very cold and frequently the men were ordered out or urged to get out and run behind the sleighs to keep warm. The late Captain Roger Pocock was a young constable in the force. He is reported to have said that he would sooner freeze like a gentleman than run like a dog. He accordingly froze like a gentleman and subsequently several toes were amputated from each foot.

Pocock organized the Legion of Frontiersmen which has spread pretty well throughout the British Empire. It consists of a number of useful men of whom greater use should have been made in this war.

This force proceeded at top speed towards Prince Albert and then learned that the Mounted Police and Prince Albert volunteers had gone to Duck Lake where the situation was serious. Irving then directed this detachment to proceed to Duck Lake. They arrived at Fort Carlton on the afternoon or evening of the Duck Lake fight, March 26.

I am fortunate to have in my possession the script of a lecture given to the Military Institute in Edmonton, in November 1920, by Lieutenant-Colonel Justus Duncan Willson, with whom I served in South Africa and who served under me as Company Commander in my old battalion the "49th Loyal Edmonton Regiment," in the war 1914-18. Colonel Willson served as a subaltern in the Prince Albert volunteers, and his account of the fight at Duck Lake follows. He reminds us of a matter of interest. On the 17th of March, 1885, there occurred an eclipse of the sun for which Riel

was prepared by reference to popular almanacs. The half-breeds and Indians, of course, knew nothing of this. Riel announced that such an eclipse would take place on that day and it would be a sign to them that the Almighty approved of the righteousness of their cause and assured success. Colonel Willson's story:

During the winter of 1884-85, Major Crozier, who was in command of the North-West Mounted Police of the northern district, his headquarters being at Battleford, had as a precaution occupied Fort Carlton on the right bank of the North Saskatchewan about fifty miles upstream from Prince Albert, with some seventy-five officers and men, the Fort was within twenty-five miles of Batoche, which was the centre of Riel's activity.

Fort Carlton was an old establishment of the H. B. Company, surrounded by a stockade with bastions and fairly defensible against Indian attacks in 1825, but, because of the improvement of arms and the surrounding hills, not so capable of defence in 1885, though well chosen as a base of police operations from which could be maintained police patrols and supervision of the population in the angle formed by the confluence of the two branches of the Saskatchewan.

On about the 17th March, 1885, Riel and his followers had become so bold as to arrest officers of the Indian Department, to sieze post-offices, and stores of traders, to stop the public mails and to confiscate teams laden with merchandise being hauled from Qu'Appelle—in fact, to usurp all the functions of the Government. Thereupon Major Crozier had asked for assistance from the settlers of Prince Albert, some fifty of whom very promptly responded to the call, being mobilized and on the way to Fort Carlton, on horseback and in sleighs, under the late Captain H. S. Moore, reaching Fort Carlton, fifty miles distant, by midnight of the day they were called on.

These volunteers were within a very few hours, in the absence of military authority, sworn as special constables, armed and roughly organized, as No. 1 Company Prince Albert Volunteers, and continued to drill and co-operate in duties with Major Crozier's Squadron of Police, whilst the remainder of the male adult population of Prince Albert were organized into home guards, and armed with such weapons as were available, under command of Lt. Col. Alexander Sproat.

At Fort Carlton guards and pickets were posted and from

it mounted patrols kept in touch with the rebels around Duck Lake, some ten miles southerly from Fort Carlton.

For several days this condition continued during which there was some communication between the Commandant, Major Crozier and Louis Riel under flags of truce, the latter boldly demanding the surrender of Fort Carlton and the Police, until the morning of the 26th March, when a party of eight of the Mounted Police, under Sgt. Alf. Stewart, rode to Duck Lake, ten miles, escorting teams for the purpose of securing a considerable supply of beef and oats at the trading establishment of Hilliard Mitchell.

The venture was, I think, a reconnaissance, and as much for the purpose of ascertaining the degree of determination of Riel's forces as for the securing of supplies.

Sergeant Stewart was met by a force too strong to resist, and fell back, having despatched one of his men to ask for support from Fort Carlton. In response Major Crozier promptly moved out with a force of about 60 efficient officers and men of the Police and some 40 Prince Albert Volunteers, under Captain H. S. Moore, with one muzzle loading, seven-pounder gun, a few on horseback, the remainder in sleighs, our front covered by an advance guard of six of the Mounted Police, under a sergeant, and as we approached the Indian reserve where the rebels were posted, our right flank covered by a few men of the P. A. Volunteers.

Though so late in March the snow still lay deep on the ground and this compelled most of the force to maintain the narrow front of the road.

I thought that the advance guard was too near to our main body, to give time for proper disposition of our little force in the event of meeting an enemy, but am disposed to make every allowance for Major Crozier, in that he commanded a police force, that no fighting had yet occurred, that many people of the district did not believe that Riel and his force would fight, and that he had good reason to hope that his display of force and the traditional success of the Mounted Police might be sufficient to justify his advance without the precautions which would naturally be adopted in an enemy's country, and that he might yet assert his authority as a Police officer without bloodshed.

Our advance guard was confronted by the rebels thrown across the road, when so close to our main body that we had but little time for preparation.

We found ourselves in low and depressed ground, confronted by about 250 men, partly on a ridge across our front

at between 200 and 300 yards' distance, and partly by men in Indian shacks, loop-holed on our right and at close range.

In response to a signal by the rebels, Major Crozier moved forward for a parley, whilst the force formed an extended line across the road, Saddle-horses and harness-horses being sent to the rear, a few of the sleighs being thrown across the road.

Nothing was gained by the parley, which was closed by one of the Indians being shot and killed by Police Interpreter, Joseph McKay, who was provoked by the attempted seizure of his carbine by an Indian. I am of the opinion that this parley was sought by the rebels as a subterfuge to gain time, whilst their men were securing an advantage on our right.

As Major Crozier, the parley having failed, reached our line he ordered firing, which began on both sides simultaneously, not very effectively from our side, as the enemy were pretty well covered by the ridge in front, and by the houses on our right, from which they directed a very deadly fire on our position, which was without natural, or prepared cover.

From the beginning of this fight, I think Major Crozier, as well as his whole command, realized that we were outnumbered at least two to one, that our position was bad, and in fact untenable, and that we had met a determined enemy, fairly armed and on well chosen ground.

Unfortunately, our one gun, under Inspector Joseph Howe, had been placed almost in our front line, on low ground, and so near to the enemy as to be exposed to rifle fire at from 150 to 300 yards—and therefore of no use.

Major Crozier extricated his men and horses, as well as his gun, with coolness and skill, in which he was ably supported by every man of his little force.

We were pursued for a short distance by a few of the rebels, and on a ridge, at about the distance of a mile from the scene of our defeat, I saw Major Crozier attempt to stem what had become a rout, but it was too late, and although Major Crozier's whole force had behaved well in action, we were beaten and so far demoralized that the opportunity of meeting the enemy in a good position was lost.

Our casualties were heavy. Of our small force of 100 men, 12 had been killed and about 20 wounded—besides having lost several horses. But, worst of all, we were conscious of defeat and our enemy elated by success.

But a few minutes after our return to Fort Carlton Lt. Colonel Irvine, the Commissioner of Mounted Police, rode into the fort at the head of about 80 officers and men of the

Police and volunteers immediately from Prince Albert, from which place, 51 miles distant, he had marched on that day, having left Regina on the 18th, and reaching Prince Albert on the 24th March. He was accompanied by Major Hayter-Reid and on his staff were Major Gagnon, Inspector White-Frazer, Inspector G. E. Sanders (better known now as Colonel G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O.) of Calgary, who took part later in the South African war and more recently in the Great War, and Dr. Braithwaite now of Edmonton, who was then on the medical staff of our force.

The march of Colonel Irvine's force of Mounted Police from Regina to Fort Carlton, via Prince Albert, between the 18th March and the middle of the afternoon of the 26th March, on which they had covered some 300 miles, over winter roads, through a country sparsely settled, and for a part of the way quite unsettled, under a temperature often 20° below zero, is a remarkable feat and proof of the fine discipline, organization and spirit of the North-West Mounted Police, and the energy of their leader.

Some of our dead and one wounded man we were compelled to leave on the field, the bodies being given to us under a flag of truce as well as our wounded comrade several days later.

On the following morning, having buried three of our dead not left on the field, Colonel Irvine assembled a conference of his officers of which as a subaltern of P. A. Volunteers I had the honour to be one. The conference was held in a room of the old fort, in which at the time Captain Moore lay wounded. In his analysis of our situation Colonel Irvine suggested three alternative propositions, distinctly reminding us that he reserved to himself the duty of decision; first, to assume the offensive with our increased force, in the hope of inflicting such a defeat on the rebels as might put an end to the rebellion. Second, to remain at Fort Carlton, strengthen our defences and outposts and maintain communications with the settlements about Prince Albert. Third, to abandon Fort Carlton, return to Prince Albert, with as much of the supplies stored at Fort Carlton as could be carried, and destroy the remainder.

As the junior of this conference, to my surprise, and somewhat to my embarrassment, my opinion was asked. When I said that I feared, that, having duly provided for the defence of Fort Carlton, the available mobile force of at most 175 men, would not be assured of success, and in the partially wooded country in which we would operate, might meet

with defeat, and possibly disaster, and so expose the loyal settlements to the mercy of a successful and exultant enemy; that the defence of Fort Carlton was hardly practicable, as it might easily be surrounded by the enemy, and so isolated from the settlements, as to prevent our little force from any further useful operations.

Whilst advising that we abandon Fort Carlton and retire to Prince Albert, with a view to its defence, I told Colonel Irvine that I knew of a very strong feeling among the Volunteer elements of the force that we should retire on Prince Albert at once, that the safety of the settlements might be provided for.

Only two of Colonel Irvine's officers, Major Crozier, his second in command, and Inspector G. E. Sanders, expressed their opinions, both advising, that whilst securing the defence of Fort Carlton, we should move out, with our whole mobile force, with the object of striking an offensive blow, which they were confident would have been decisive, ending the revolt and restoring the authority of the Police.

The late Chief Factor Laurence Clark of the Hudson's Bay Co., Mr. Thos. McKay, and Mr. Hayter-Reid, Indian Commissioner, Dr. Miller of the Mounted Police (the doctor had behaved with great gallantry during the fight at Duck Lake and had exposed himself many times to attend to the wounded) and all other officers assembled agreed with my opinion, in which Colonel Irvine concurred.

He immediately directed us verbally to load every available sleigh with provisions and forage, and complete other preparations for the evacuation of Fort Carlton during the night of the 27th March, and that such food and forage as could not be carried on our march should be destroyed, but most distinctly forbade the burning of Fort Carlton.

During the day these instructions were published in written orders for the use of officers, and corresponding preparations pushed forward with energy, so that every available sleigh was loaded with food or forage and transportation of wounded provided for as well as possible, during the evening of the 27th March, those of our little garrison who could be spared from duties followed the remains of those of our comrades who had died within the Fort from wounds received on the 26th March, to their graves without the walls of Fort Carlton.

No attempt was made to follow the exact order and ceremony of a military funeral. We buried these men by the light of lanterns, Colonel Irvine reading the beautiful burial service of the Church of England, in a most impressive manner;

whatever was wanting in the ceremony as laid down for fallen soldiers being made up for by the real grief of those who stood about.

The loading of sleighs, the burial of our dead and other preparations had delayed our evacuation of Fort Carlton, so that we did not move until about 3 a.m. on the 28th March.

Our movements were somewhat delayed by a fire which I think broke out in a portion of the Fort used as a hospital and situated next to the Great Arched Gateway, through which we were moving, this fire spreading so rapidly as to compel us to find another way out of the fort for our laden trains by tearing down a portion of the palisade on the eastern side.

I commanded the advance guard composed of twenty Prince Albert Volunteers, on foot, until we had reached and occupied the heights immediately above the fort, when I was relieved by an advance guard of the Mounted Police, I think commanded by Inspector White-Frazer, who led during the remainder of the march, the rear guard being under command of Inspector G. E. Sanders, to whom was also left the duty of destroying such supplies as were left within the fort, that they might not fall into the hands of the enemy who might be expected to follow us.

Encumbered as we were by heavily-laden sleighs, a number of wounded men and several women and children of the neighbourhood, marching on a narrow front which we could not extend because of the deep snow and fearing that the enemy might avail himself of the opportunity of moving by the road from Duck Lake to Prince Albert and so intercepting us among the jack pine at what was known as "The Forks," being the junction of the Duck Lake road with the Carlton road. Our position was a most critical one.

We reached Prince Albert at about 8 p.m. without mishap, rather because of the little knowledge of tactics on the part of our enemy than because of our ability to have met a resolute and well armed enemy.

It was apparent that the enemy having ample means of intelligence of our movements, and the large proportion of non combatants and wounded of our column, had the opportunity of moving nearly parallel to our line of march and over a shorter road in time to have confronted us from excellent cover and preventing our advance over the only available road to Prince Albert, and so forcing us either to fight our way through with heavy loss, abandoning our stores, our wounded, the women and children, or surrendering the only

military force in the district, and thus by controlling the arms and supplies, making helpless the loyal population and encouraging many Indian bands whose attitude was at best neutral, to join with the rebels, and so for the time, complete the defeat of the only armed and mobile force of the district.

We reached Prince Albert on the evening of the 28th March and found that a few hundred home guards had been organized under the late Lt. Col. Alexander Sproat, fairly armed with sportman's rifles and shotguns, and the manse of the Presbyterian Church in the centre of the town entrenched by the use of cordwood, besides similar precautions at the H. B. post and at the fur-trading post of Stobart, Eden & Co. *The end of Colonel Willson's story.*

I may with propriety point out the following: Colonel Willson states that at Duck Lake our casualties had been twelve killed and twenty wounded. My recollection is that the killed numbered twelve and those reported wounded numbered thirteen. There may, of course, have been others wounded who did not report. In any case, the casualties were twenty-five per cent. and this is a high rate on any battlefield. Our killed and wounded had practically all been shot through the head, or through the upper part of the body.

Our firing line was lying in deep snow and probably for that reason was very visible. The rebels were all game shots and from their earliest youth had been required to kill their game with the least expenditure of ammunition. Every shot fired by them was carefully aimed; the result was that the proportion of killed to wounded was about fifty per cent. On a normal battlefield in civilized warfare the killed are from one-sixth to one-quarter of the casualties, or to put it another way, four to five men wounded to each man killed. So, I repeat, the casualties in this small action were very high and the number of killed to wounded was also very high.

The deployment of the gun too far forward was a fatal error; the gunners being within accurate musketry range throughout. This improper deployment was probably due to the position of the gun in column of route. In the column of route, this gun should have been the last vehicle, so that when deployment took place it would have been out of musketry range.

Colonel Willson omits to mention an incident which travelled all over the country immediately after this action.

The gun was under the command of Inspector Joseph Howe of the Mounted Police and it was said that the gun ceased to fire when one of the gunners drove the projectile down the barrel before putting in the propellant charge. That put the gun out of business, since getting the shell out of the breech of a muzzle loading gun was a workshop job. This story was generally believed. Sixteen years later Joe Howe commanded "C" Squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa, in which Squadron I served as a private soldier. Joe Howe, then Major Howe, was a cocky little fellow with a waxed mustache. In the velvety darkness of South African night the regiment being bivouaced all about, Joe could be heard giving the Squadron Sergeant-Major "a talking to." We could hear such expressions as "Now, what I want, Sergeant-Major," "I will have no more of that, Sergeant-Major," "If any man is brought before me on such a charge, Sergeant-Major" and so on. Out of the darkness would come a voice from the crowded bivouac near by, "Now looka here Joe, ain't you the guy that put the shell in before the powder at Duck Lake?"

Chapter XIV

THE fight at Duck Lake started the Rebellion of 1885. This first encounter had been a resounding defeat for the government forces and correspondingly a great encouragement to the rebels. The nimbus of the Mounted Police had been shattered. For the first time in their history they had failed to break up a hostile demonstration, to make arrests and proceed with due process of law. They had been driven from the battlefield in defeat and from the rebel camp hundreds of "runners" set out to spread the tidings in all directions. There could be no more talk. The quarrel now could only be settled by force of arms. Realizing that fact the government mobilized the Canadian Militia. This force finally appeared in the field, badly trained and unequipped, but as ever disclosing courage, resolution and adaptability.

In the Edmonton area my father found himself under rather sketchy instructions to do the best possible under the circumstances. I fancy that during the preceding months he had thought well in advance of day to day occurrences. At all events he proceeded to take measures which had regard for all the facts and in the end proved satisfactory. It was obvious that he could not evacuate or surrender either Edmonton or Fort Saskatchewan. At Edmonton he proceeded with the organization of a home guard and the accumulation of ammunition and stores.

The Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton was taken over and as the men enlisted, they were put to work on improving the defences. To begin with every white man was required to bring any weapon that he had. Most of these weapons were muzzle-loading shot guns with percussion caps. In other cases some settlers owned American rifles, usually Winchesters with a very limited supply of ammunition. All white settlers were required to come into Edmonton or Fort Saskat-

chewan bringing their valuables with them. At both these points the male refugees were required to be sworn in as special constables of the Mounted Police or the Home Guards. Their cattle and horses were also brought in and herded in the neighbourhood of both places under armed guard.

At Fort Saskatchewan my father's command consisted of twenty Mounted Police. At the very moment of the outbreak of the Rebellion the Mounted Police were changing over from the short Snider carbine to the .45-75 Winchester rifle, which was a nine cartridge magazine repeater and considered to be the very latest thing in a repeating rifle. There were, I think, from three to five of these rifles in the possession of the Mounted Police at Fort Saskatchewan. The log stockade at this point had been planted in 1875. It consisted of logs fifteen feet in length and ten to fifteen inches in diameter planted in a trench with some five feet in the ground and ten feet in height above the ground. By 1884 these logs had rotted in the ground and were being blown over by the wind, leaving gaps in the stockade. In 1884, using prison labour and Mounted Police labour, my father began to take down the old stockade, saw off the rotten portion of the logs and replanting the remainder four feet in the ground, it gave a new stockade from five and one-half to six feet high and that was the stockade standing at the outbreak of the Rebellion in March, 1885. It was obvious that it was not high enough. My father met that by going into the reserve supply of fire wood which was piled up outside the Fort waiting sawing up as fire wood. This fire wood was dry trees about twelve to twenty feet long and from four to six inches in diameter. He dug a trench inside the stockade and planted the butt end of this fire wood in the trench, leaving the remainder of the wood projecting at an angle over the top of the stockade. This must have given the Fort from the air the appearance of an unfinished basket. However, it would stop a rush—in fact, presented undoubted difficulties to any enemy seeking to carry the Fort by storm. The defenders fired over the top of the stockade and were protected by cover from view and by slight cover from fire. On the north corner of the Fort there was standing at the time a bastion, the fire from which covered the west and the north face of the Fort. My father built a new bastion to cover the main gate on the west side of the Fort and another bastion

towards the south-east corner which covered the east face and the south face of the Fort. These bastions were about twenty feet high with two tiers of loop-holes. A well was dug towards the centre of the Fort where water was found at thirty feet with a ten foot stand of water. As the settlers came in they were sworn in as special constables and they were given as much ammunition as was available. Within the Fort a keep had been built to give some extra protection to white women and children and the sick and wounded. I was disgusted to find that I was included in the numbers of those who were to occupy the keep. At the age of seven I felt the humiliation deeply. Several troops of Mounted Rifles had been formed of French half-breeds from the St. Albert area. For this force apparently no arms were available or the authorities did not consider it advisable to give them arms. My father brought them to Fort Saskatchewan and put into practice an idea which he had always had, namely, that if these people were supplied with rations and paid fifty cents a day, they would probably give up all thoughts of rebelling. They camped outside the Fort and were set to work clearing a field of fire in the trees and underbrush which surrounded the Fort. By the end of the summer the ground was cleared for a distance of two hundred yards around the Fort. The telegraph lines were cut everywhere and the only reliable news was brought by couriers who were well mounted and highly paid who rode between Calgary and Edmonton and Battleford and Fort Saskatchewan and other points. Mounted patrols went out in all directions daily and sometimes shots were exchanged in the neighbourhood of the Fort. Several rebels with long-range rifles fired a few shots into the Fort from the high ground on the left bank of the Saskatchewan.

It was on May 1st, 1885, that General Strange arrived in Edmonton. The column immediately with him consisted of elements of the 65th Carabineers of Montreal, Steele's scouts, and some other formations. Steele's scouts consisted of Mounted Police plus some civilian personnel. Arriving shortly afterwards was the Winnipeg Light Infantry and, I think, the 91st Battalion from Manitoba. These latter units wore scarlet, the 65th Carabineers of Montreal wore bottle green. Strange was a tall man with a ferocious black beard. He rode at the head of his column wearing artillery

trousers (with broad red stripe) tucked into long jack boots, a dark blue frock coat and a black felt hat with the brim pinned up on the left side; a sword hung from his sword-belt, worn outside the frock coat. I was tremendously impressed and decided, then and there, at the age of seven that the only thing worth-while was to be a general, particularly when my father saluted him smartly and, standing to attention, was full of "Yes, sir; certainly sir; quite sir."

While at Edmonton, Strange was confronted with the fact that most of the Snider ammunition with the troops was defective. Strange convened a Board of Officers who discovered that, although the rifles were sighted to one thousand yards, the ammunition would only carry the bullet about two hundred yards. Since there was no other ammunition available, Strange dismissed the whole matter with the observation that fire should not be opened until the enemy were within two hundred yards and, after firing several volleys, the troops should fix bayonets and charge. This was distinctly not what the Home Guard and local volunteers had "hired out" to do.

Strange's plan was to float the infantry and stores down the Saskatchewan River in barges, the mounted elements marching by trail. After various adventures and vicissitudes, Strange landed his people at Fort Pitt. There he learned that Big Bear and his Cree Indians had taken up a position at Frenchman's Butte some twelve miles northwest of Fort Pitt.

The fight at Frenchman's Butte took place on the 27th and 28th of May, 1885. The rebel force consisted of Cree Indians. There were then, and still are, two branches of the Crees. The Wood Crees lived in the bush country of northern Alberta and northern Saskatchewan. They trapped fur which they traded to the Hudson's Bay Company. They lived in single families or a few teepees of relatives and seldom came together in large camps. They ate all manner of feathered game and most of the animals they trapped were edible. They were a fairly shy and timid lot. The Plain Crees, on the other hand, lived south of the wood-line and between that and the Blackfoot country. In the days when the buffalo were plentiful they spent their time hunting and fighting with the Blackfeet. They held their own with the Blackfeet and were a fairly bold and fearless lot of people.

The Buffalo supplied them with everything that they needed. They might even be described as a warlike people. The Mounted Police put a stop to the warfare between the Indian tribes. When, in the late seventies or the early eighties, the buffalo mysteriously disappeared, the wretched Plain Crees were reduced to semi-starvation. Big Bear and Poundmaker were the surviving Chiefs of the Plain Crees and were famous not only as hunters but also as warriors. In the upper Saskatchewan area Big Bear was regarded as the natural leader of all the Crees as Poundmaker was considered to be the natural leader in the Battleford area.

William Bleasdel Cameron's book, *The War Trail of Big Bear*,¹ writes sympathetically about these Chiefs. Both were forced by their people to assume a leadership which they didn't particularly want. Both felt that their people were in a bad way and both had given up hope that the buffalo would ever return and both knew that the absence of the buffalo was at the bottom of their troubles. They felt that in some way the white man was responsible for the absence of the buffalo and that if the white man could be kept out of the country the buffalo and the old days might return. Both these Chiefs were willing to engage in warfare with the whites but neither had ever much hope of accomplishing very much. Cameron insists that Big Bear opposed the massacre at Frog Lake and was only lukewarm in the leadership which was thrust upon him. His son Imasees was an "out and outer" and advised vigorous and violent action on the part of the Crees. His photograph, at page eighty-eight, in Cameron's book discloses a man of strong character. Wandering Spirit was the War Chief of the Plain Crees and a much younger man than Big Bear who was then in his sixties. Wandering Spirit might be described as the Military Chief. He was ultimately hanged and died like a warrior. It was Wandering Spirit who selected the position at Frenchman's Butte, and superintended the construction of the defences of that position.

Frenchman's Butte was a ridge which lay north and south. Around the south and the west side flowed a creek, through comparatively swampy ground. The ridge facing the south was probably from eighty to one hundred feet high. The position was naturally a strong one. On the southern face and to some extent on the western face, rifle-pits had

¹The Ryerson Press

been constructed. About ten years ago I examined the position; the rifle-pits were still easily discernible. I stood, sat and knelt in these pits and made the extraordinary discovery that the pits were back of the crest of the hill some twenty or thirty yards and were roughly in three lines. Fire from these pits could not bear upon the glacis and one wonders why they were so sited. I think I may say that fire from these pits could not bear upon the battlefield at all. Such fire as was brought to bear upon our troops must have come from Indians who crawled forward from their rifle-pits to the brow of the hill. Cameron, in his book, tells how Wandering Spirit during the action constantly moved amongst his people encouraging them to stand fast. Cameron, however, was not an eye-witness and gets his story from Indians who were present. I fancy that what Wandering Spirit was doing during the action was urging his men to come out of their pits to the brow of the hill where there was probably cover from view in the underbrush. Wounded amongst our people would be occasioned by this fire. When Strange's gun was brought into action, it is possible and I think probable, that the Indians dropped back to the shelter of their rifle-pits. Of course, Strange could not know at the time what precisely the situation was, but it occurred to me on examination of the ground, that could he have induced his people to assault the south face of the hill under the cover of fire of his field-gun, he might have done so with few casualties. The creek and the swamp were fordable when I made my inspection and enemy fire from the rifle-pits could not have been brought to bear on the attacking force. The sudden appearance of assaulting troops on the crest of the hill some twenty-five or thirty yards from the rifle-pits would have been too much for the Indians and probably a decisive battle might have been won even with the small force under Strange's command. What actually happened was that Strange was impressed by the strength of the enemy position, the fewness of his troops and probably their unwillingness to go forward under the circumstances. Major Steele was detached with his mounted men to probe the enemy defences along the west face of the hill. Wandering Spirit observed this movement and himself detached a party of mounted Indians to move parallel to Steele's movement. Whenever Steele stopped his northern movement and directed his men to test out the defences he was

confronted by the fire of the Indians from a point immediately opposite. Steele, having moved north for a mile and a half and finding himself confronted by enemy fire, apparently upon the whole length of the western front, reported to Strange that the enemy position was held along its whole western front. This report from Steele undoubtedly confirmed Strange in the view that he was opposed by a large force of Indians. In the event, however, Strange's withdrawal was immediately followed by the withdrawal of the Indians from their strong position.

Curiously enough, General Strange refers to his infantry as the "Voltigeurs." These troops were actually the 65th Carabineers of Montreal. In this fight our casualties were three men wounded.

Chapter XV

THE Mounted Police and Steele's scouts subsequently resumed the pursuit of the Indians who had fought at Frenchman's Butte under Big Bear the Indian Chief. This band had a number of white prisoners, including the MacLean family who had been captured at Fort Pitt, and the pursuit was designed to recapture these white prisoners. Certain of Steele's scouts had been enlisted at Edmonton. The following story is, I think, true. As Major Steele's scouts pressed the pursuit there was evidence that Big Bear's organization was going to pieces. Old Indians and squaws who couldn't keep up were picked up by the scouts. The occasional horse and cart was left behind by the Indians. Ultimately, of course, the prisoners were all recaptured. It was during this period that some of the scouts from Edmonton saw what looked like an Indian in a blanket sitting up against a tree. They approached cautiously, got into position and opened fire. There was no reply. They then approached still closer and walked forward. They then discovered that the Indian under the tree was an old squaw who had apparently been abandoned by the Indians and had died while sitting under this tree. She had, however, a good head of black hair. The Indians in those days always scalped their enemies and our people were not above doing a bit of scalping too. It may be proper to describe the process. Every Indian wore a scalp-lock. In taking a scalp one wrapped the scalp-lock around the forefinger and drew the hair up tight and then with a sharp knife cut the scalp as it was raised by the tension on the hair. The actual scalp so cut was about the size of a fifty cent piece. After cutting the area fairly well around one jerked the remainder of the scalp away. The Indians taking the scalp wore these scalps as a sort of fringe on their buckskin shirts or jackets. This little party which consisted of four or five men were able to make nine scalps out of the old lady's hair, each having a scalp and having three or four over for barter. This may shock some of my readers. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

A visit to the battlefield of Frenchman's Butte is well

worthwhile, even today. I tried to interest the government to make a park of the area and fence it in. At the moment I cannot say whether this was done or not. It was an amazingly strong position lying north and south. The ground rose to a height of about eighty feet where the enemy had dug rifle-pits which, as I have said, can still be seen. Flowing from north to south and then eastward was a creek and swamp which served the purposes of a moat. The real commander of the Indians was not Big Bear but Wandering Spirit. He was a cold-blooded individual who hated the whites like poison and had as a warrior a good deal of ability. Several companies of the 65th Battalion fought here. In endeavouring to bring his men forward to an assault with the bayonet a French Canadian officer is reported to have said to his men who were a bit hesitant:

"Do you want to live forever?"

The Canadian Militia at that time consisted of perhaps twenty-five to thirty thousand men. The training consisted of drilling in armories in the evenings; a bit of preliminary musketry was probably done and there might be some shooting on the ranges. Issued to the men was a cap, jacket and a pair of trousers. A certain number of great coats might be in the unit's stores. No boots were issued and there were no haversacks or water bottles or equipment for carrying packs. The rifle issued was the Snider rifle. One or two units seemed to have the Martini-Henry with long bayonet, a belt and an ammunition pouch. Certain units of the Canadian Militia were selected to proceed to the front and turned out as they stood without water bottles or haversacks or packs and with only such boots as they were wearing in civil life, which, of course, were wholly unfit for a campaign. There were several gaps in the C.P.R. on the North shore of Lake Superior. The troops were required to march over these gaps ill shod and insufficiently clothed. Their military training was a mere veneer. Officers and men suddenly found themselves with nothing but their common sense. They had everything to learn by experience and a great deal of the hardships which they suffered were simply due to lack of training and experience.

It cannot be said too often that the Canadian, by reason of his history and the economic conditions into which he

has been born, comes to his military job richly endowed with traditions, courage and adaptability and given equipment and training makes a splendid soldier. Frequently quite worthless individuals were commissioned as officers in the old Militia. If these individuals can be got rid of promptly without unnecessary red tape, progress towards efficiency is rapid. Among the officers there is normally a splendid backlog of individuals who have done a bit of reading and whose life experiences have given them certain qualifications for the command of men and the management of military matters.

The strategy of the campaign can be borne in mind quite easily. The Canadian Pacific Railway was being completed and at the outbreak of the Rebellion had reached Calgary and had passed that point. A glance at the map will show that the C.P.R. roughly paralleled the Saskatchewan River with a distance of about two hundred to three hundred miles between. The theatre of operations might be said to have centred along the Saskatchewan River from Prince Albert to the West. In the southern part of Alberta there was, however, an outstanding menace, namely the Blackfoot Confederation, which was said to be able to put into the field six thousand mounted men, fairly well armed with repeating rifles. These people, however, were restrained by their great chiefs, led by Crowfoot, the paramount chief. Had the Blackfeet taken part in the Rebellion the whole face of the campaign would have been changed and the effort to be made by the Canadian Government would have been much greater. Fortunately the Blackfeet, although sorely tempted, did not rise and the immediate problem was to crush the Rebellion on the banks of the Saskatchewan. In the furtherance of this campaign Qu'Appelle, Swift Current and Calgary were made bases and columns marched northward from Qu'Appelle to the Prince Albert area, from Swift Current to the Battleford area, from Calgary to Edmonton and then eastward.

General Sir Fred Middleton, G.O.C., Canadian Militia, commanded the whole operation but had immediately under him the column from Qu'Appelle. The column from Swift Current was commanded by Colonel W. D. Otter and the column from Calgary was commanded by Major-General T. B. Strange. This in general terms was the plan of the campaign.

Practically everything had to be improvised. Supply columns were made up of civilians with hired wagons and teams of horses. There was, of course, a certain amount of graft and inefficiency. I knew one man who hired himself, his team and wagon to the Government for ten dollars a day, which was big money in those days. He travelled from Edmonton to Winnipeg and back again and carried nothing either way. The Winnipeg Light Infantry was organized and issued with Snider rifles, belts, cartridge pouches and bayonets and scarlet serges. It was possible in Winnipeg to buy black felt hats which was the principal head dress of the half-breed. These hats were worn with the brim turned up on one side, secured by a military brass button. For trousers the men were issued with blue canvas overalls, usually worn by labourers. Any kind of stout boot which could be got was the foot gear. White haversacks were made by a tent making concern in Winnipeg and tin water bottles were made by J. H. Ashdown, the hardware merchant in Winnipeg. Any kind of a rain coat or great coat that could be secured was used. When not in use it was rolled and carried like a bandoleer. I am bound to say that at a distance this outfit looked very smart and useful. A list of the accounts for the suppression of the Rebellion submitted to Parliament in 1885 makes extremely interesting reading for several reasons. First, the enormous amount of stuff which had to be bought as and where it could be got and the prices paid for the same: the best rye whiskey, \$2.50 a gallon; woollen socks, 5c. a pair, etc.

In the Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton there were two small brass field guns, four pounders, without mountings. My father succeeded in mounting them upon wagon wheels. He or someone discovered that the tins in which salmon were canned fitted the bore of these guns. He then called in all the scrap metal that could be found from blacksmiths' shops and such places. When each can was full, the top was soldered down. It was found in practice that this projectile would carry about 200 yards and then break up and become canister. When these guns were being tried out, my father saw to it that there was an audience of Indians and French half-breeds and it was not long before the rebels learned what terrible engines of destruction these guns would be.

The only time I saw these guns in action was under the

following circumstances: On the first of May, General Strange, G.O.C., the Alberta Field force marched into Edmonton with elements of the 65th Carabineers from Montreal, and elements of the Winnipeg Light Infantry. It was proposed to fire a salute from the high ground in front of Fort Edmonton. The method of firing these guns was primitive in the extreme. The guns were trundled out with an interval of fifteen feet. A small wood fire was built between the trails and pointed irons were heated in the fire. The powder charge, in a paper parcel, was driven down the muzzle into the breech and rammed home. Then the gunner, taking a hot iron out of the fire, forced it down the touch-hole and ignited the charge. The gun went off with a loud bang, a great puff of smoke and usually jumped back four or five feet. The gunner was a half-breed dwarf with a big head and very short legs. On the books of the company his name was John Collins. He had a French name, Matthias, which had been corrupted by English speaking people into "Muchiass."

Firing the guns was a great event in the life of Muchiass. I think that like Chanticler in Edmond Rostand's story, he finally got the idea that it was he who was bringing in the relief troops and without his intervention they might not come at all.

The troops had marched down the road through the spring greenery and were crowding on board the ferry on the south side of the Saskatchewan River; the bottle-green of the 65th and the scarlet of the Light Infantry making quite a pretty picture. The guns were laid on this concentration. Muchiass was yelling instructions to everybody and doing everything himself. He became a bit confused as to which gun had fired last. He proceeded to ram a charge of powder down a gun that was ready to fire and was engaged in the ramming process when the gunner on that gun applied the hot iron to the touch-hole. Muchiass had wit enough to jump aside and let go of the rammer. The gun with its double charge went off with a very satisfying bang, the rammer sailed through the air and fell among the troops on the south side of the river, who probably felt that the salute was being slightly overdone. This brought the performance of the Battery for the day to an untimely end for lack of a rammer.

Chapter XVI

MEANWHILE, at Fort Saskatchewan the job of completing the defences went forward. The garrison had been brought up to about forty-five persons by the enlistment of male refugees and there were probably fifty women and children in the Fort which would make about one hundred persons all told. Some of these people were French half-breeds and were distinctly unreliable. My mother organized the women who were mostly employed as cooks. They also made bandages, supplying the same largely from their own raiment which was washed and ironed and then rolled. They also loaded shot-gun shells to the extent that shells were available for the settlers who had breach-loading guns. For those who had muzzle-loaders, powder-horns were made from cow-horns and shot bags with a sling over the shoulder for carrying shot and trade balls. The individual usually carried percussion caps in the pocket of his jacket.

Among these refugees were some old half-breed women who used to tell terrible stories of the ferocity of the Indians. In the early evening a couple of shots had been fired by someone from across the River which led everyone to suspect that an attack was imminent and nerves were on edge. A number of these women were sitting around in our kitchen rolling bandages and gossiping. Old Mrs. Henderson was telling with relish some of the things that she had seen on the plains in the old days. The kettle was boiling on the stove and a drop of water from the spout slowly ran down and fell on the hot stove, making a pszt sound. In the silence which followed Mrs. Henderson's narration it sounded like the report of a field gun. One poor woman gasped and fainted away. I remember her lying on the floor with the women rubbing her wrists and fanning her face and so on.

I had a black tom-cat, named "Nigger," upon whom I had tied a small sleigh bell. "Nigger" got out one dark

night and amused himself by walking on the glacis. A sentry challenged several times and then fired. Afterwards, he said that he could see hundreds of Indians crawling on all fours. However, his shot produced a general alarm. The bugle sounded; the men in various stages of undress rushed to the loop holes and everybody wore serious faces. All this sort of thing was "pie" to me until my mother grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and pulled me inside the keep. "Nigger" then climbed the palisade and entered the Fort looking very much like the proverbial cat that had just eaten the canary.

At about this time the Winchester rifle was being supplied to the Mounted Police and the Snider carbine was going out. Six Winchester rifles had so far reached Fort Saskatchewan. Corporal Waddell and Pat Curran, Mounted Police, were issued with these rifles and went out every day to scout. They had a brush one day with a party of Indians who were armed with muzzle-loading shot guns. With their Winchester repeating-rifles they were able to deliver a blast of fire that apparently put the fear of God into the Indians who left at top speed.

One of the incidents of Indian warfare and probably all types of unorganized warfare is the prevalence of rumours. We were constantly hearing of defeats and massacres. A settler in the neighbourhood of Fort Saskatchewan deliberately hitched up his horses and drove to Edmonton at top speed to announce the capture of Fort Saskatchewan and the massacre of its garrison. What justification he had for this no one ever knew.

On one occasion, probably in May, the Indians in the neighbourhood of Blind Man River received several runners and began to "dance." My father led a party of Mounted Police and Volunteers to the spot. Senator Dan Riley has written me an interesting letter on what took place, he being an eye-witness. My father's party arrived, rode into the camp and demanded the production of certain Indians who were advising an immediate attack on the Whites. There was the usual long-winded "argey-bargey" in which the Chiefs denied that they knew these men and that they were not present and the like. A number of men were then detailed to go through the teepees and search them. The Indians then seized their rifles and threatened to shoot. Several

Indians covered my father with their rifles and one of them, Chief Bobtail, seized my father's horse by the bridle. This Indian was quite a prominent man. My father covered him with his revolver to make sure that if a shot was fired he would at least take one prominent Indian with him. Meanwhile, the search party had found some of the Indians who were being looked for and put the handcuffs on them. These Indians were lugged out of the teepees and thrown into a police wagon, the Indians still hesitating to shoot first. The whole party got safely away without bloodshed and I remember the return of the party and the lodging in the guard room of some six or seven young Indians. The result of this raid apparently put a stop to the agitation in the Blind Man River and there was no further trouble in that area.

This was the old-fashioned way of the Mounted Police in dealing with such situations. It was a mixture of bluff and called for courage, physical strength and determination; had the Mounted Police in 1885 been, instead of five hundred strong, more like fifteen hundred strong, the rebellion might never have got under way at all.

A very important factor in the whole situation was the attitude of the "Blackfeet." This warlike Confederacy was located in the area south of Calgary. It was then believed and probably was true that they numbered six thousand fighting men, armed with repeating rifles. They disliked the Cree Indians with whom they had been at war for several centuries and had very little contact with French half-breeds. They, however, were a warlike lot and looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to a summer campaign. In answer to the "runners" who came amongst them they had promised that when the grass was grown they would go on the warpath. The situation hung by a thread throughout the spring and summer of 1885 and was finally saved by the intervention of Crow Foot, the old paramount Chief of the Blackfeet to whom I have referred elsewhere. Crow Foot was a great orator and he moved amongst his people holding meetings and warning them of the strength of the white men and of the danger to the Blackfeet if they did go on the warpath. Meanwhile some Indian agent with a thorough understanding of the Indian mind, made frequent issues of rations—tea, sugar and tobacco, sow-belly and flour. Whenever he heard that a party of young men had disappeared he issued rations to

those who were present and those who were not present got nothing. The influence of Crow Foot on the one hand and the issue of rations at unstated times on the other kept the Blackfeet in their area till troops could arrive from the East.

At Edmonton, I have told how the settlers flocked for refuge to the Fort. There was a notable exception. Frank Oliver, later Minister of the Interior and one of the strongest men this country has produced, lived in Edmonton where he was the proprietor and the editor of the *Edmonton Bulletin*. He was then an outstanding Liberal and it will do no harm to say now that Liberals in general were inclined to view the troubles of the Conservative Government under Sir John Macdonald with a good deal of equanimity, if not pleasurable satisfaction. Frank Oliver took the view firstly, that there was no Rebellion, and secondly if there was a Rebellion it was wholly due to the stupidity and incapacity of the Conservative Government. He, therefore, refused to have anything to do with the Rebellion. He refused to take refuge, with his wife and several babies, in the Fort. He was to be seen around the deserted village of Edmonton throughout this period working in his garden and no doubt thinking out some of those fiery articles and wisecracks which used to electrify our population in the old days.

Riel was a visionary, a politician, and not in any sense a fighting man. His proclamations and declarations were blood-curdling in the extreme but he finally surrendered without a struggle. Gabriel Dumont, his military leader, was a great disappointment to the rebels. At Duck Lake, Dumont's scalp was furrowed by one of our bullets. This slight wounding may have taken some of the starch out of him. In the old days on the plains he had shown courage, energy and resourcefulness. He had a good eye for ground and if he himself selected defensive positions and built field fortifications at Batoche he did a very good job. Riel had relied a good deal upon bluff and propaganda and this may have adversely affected Dumont. At all events Dumont fled to the United States where he led a miserable existence until his death. He had been in the old days a gay caballero, riding good horses, was quite a ladies' man and wore ribbons and ornaments. In the days of his exile in Montana an old friend met him and announced his intention of visiting him on his Montana homestead. Dumont endeavoured to excuse him-

self from receiving this guest with the words: "I only have one woman and not a decent horse on the place."

Riel was finally hanged for treason at Regina. There was a great agitation against this execution but Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister, stood firm. It was Riel's second offence. When possessed of power he was ruthless, but in adversity he snivelled and whined.

The columns sent forward from Qu'Appelle, Swift Current and Calgary, all came into contact with the rebels and inflicted casualties. These columns were little more than demonstrations but they convinced the rebels of the power of the Canadian Government and the Rebellion collapsed everywhere in the months of May and June. There was, of course, a certain amount of cleaning up afterwards which was largely done by the Mounted Police. General Middleton was an Imperial soldier in command of the Canadian Militia. He had all the contempt of the regular soldier for the non-professional and distrusted his troops from the very beginning. The volunteers on the other hand thought that Middleton was stupid and stodgy and the official reports seem to bear out this idea. When finally Poundmaker and his chiefs came in to make their submission to Middleton he refused to shake hands with Poundmaker. Men who were present on this occasion have told me that Poundmaker carried himself like a great gentleman who had made a slight miscalculation. On the whole it was thought that Poundmaker was the greater man of the two and some of our people were rather ashamed of the sorry figure which our Commander-in-Chief cut on this occasion.

Chapter XVII

FOLLOWING the Rebellion the Government, having previously followed what we now call the policy of "too little and too late," decided to increase the Mounted Police to one thousand strong. Recruiting officers were sent east, and by the first weeks of 1886 the force had been brought to a strength of one thousand men. The quality of the men was not quite so good as the type who had made the reputation of the Force up to that date. Recruits were assembled at Regina and given training, but not quite enough training, before they were dispatched to the outlying posts.

Meanwhile, it had been decided that Edmonton should become divisional headquarters and Fort Saskatchewan for lack of accommodation should become a detachment. Consequently, our family moved to Edmonton and lived in a rented house owned by Donald Ross, one of the early Edmonton pioneers and a remarkable character. He owned and operated the Edmonton Hotel which he described as the only hotel west of Winnipeg. The men were accommodated in the Hudson's Bay Fort at Edmonton. The buildings were old and not in good repair, infested with bed bugs. The men were overcrowded.

In the spring of 1886 a mutiny broke out, largely attributable to the poor quarters, overcrowding and so forth. Some of the new N.C.O.'s were not up to the mark and some of the men were not of good quality. In subsequent years this mutiny was known amongst the men as the "big buck." In military mutinies there used to be and there probably still is, the general doctrine that the commanding officer is responsible for a mutiny; that the commanding officer must be given an opportunity of restoring order; that if he succeeds in doing this in a satisfactory manner he cures, to some extent, his offence in having a mutiny at all. The mutineers, being horsemen, still continued to look after

their horses but otherwise performed no duties. My father induced the mutineers to take the horses out on an exercise ride, meanwhile keeping in the Fort stout N.C.O.'s and reliable men. When the "ride" returned the mutineers found themselves surrounded by officers, N.C.O.'s and reliable men with their rifles in hand ready for action. The ring-leaders of the mutineers were then arrested and confined in the guard room. Next morning they were brought before my father charged with mutiny and their case was remanded to the Commissioner sitting in Regina. They were then bundled into sleighs and under a suitable escort set out for Calgary accompanied by the witnesses and necessary statements and the like. On arrival at Regina they were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment or dismissed from the force and the "big buck" was over. The Commissioner then came to Edmonton to investigate the conditions complained of. He found that there had been overcrowding, that the quarters were unfit and my father received a clean bill.

In the spring of 1886, a big programme of building was undertaken at Fort Saskatchewan. The old stockades and bastions were torn down. New stables and new quarters were built and in the fall of 1886 Fort Saskatchewan again became divisional headquarters, of "G" Division. In 1887, new quarters were built for the Commanding Officer and thenceforward we lived in a real house. These quarters were a two-story building and it was quite a thrill for me to live in a house that had an upstairs to it. There were, I remember, four bedrooms upstairs, a large kitchen with quarters for servants, a quite large drawing room and a room for my father in which he received his friends. In the dining-room twenty guests could be seated at dinner.

About this time we acquired as cook a man named Mansfield, who was one of the "odd fish" that used to turn up in the ranks of the Mounted Police. He was a Cockney of the real type. His outstanding quality in my mother's eyes was that he was very clean. Mansfield had a certain amount of ingenuity. My father had a big retriever whose name was "Brag." Brag had certain criminal instincts which he covered up with great cunning. He used to go into my mother's hen-house and loot the hens' nests, eating the eggs. Mansfield "blew" a hen's egg and filled this egg with mustard. Poor old Brag knowing that he was a criminal

and that his fancy for eggs was illegal used to gobble his eggs down without tasting. Having gobbled an egg full of mustard he never stole any more. On another occasion the hens crowded around him when he was eating. This annoyed Brag and he killed several of them. Mansfield met the situation in a masterly fashion. He tied one of the dead hens around poor old Brag's neck and made him wear it for the best part of a week. Brag never killed another hen. Mansfield subsequently was accidentally shot through the thigh. He could serve a good dinner, and saved my mother from a great deal of work.

There was a procession of trusty prisoners who worked about the house. I remember an Old Country Frenchman who was a sleight-of-hand artist in a circus. He could take a rabbit out of a hat and make things disappear. My father always kept a baleful eye on him.

Another prisoner was an Indian who was being held for murder. He made me excellent bows and arrows and I became quite attached to him.

Another Indian, named "Loneman," was gathered in after the Rebellion. He was charged with the shooting of several Mounted Policemen at Fort Pitt. These policemen had fought to a finish. The Indians were greatly impressed with their courage. "Loneman" had cut the heart out of one of these men and divided it up amongst the other Indians who each ate a portion believing that thereby they would be endowed with the same courage. I was present when my father arrested "Loneman." Upon being searched he had a loaded revolver in his belt under his blanket and what was then known as a buffalo knife, quite heavy and sharp as a razor and used more like a hatchet than a knife. "Loneman" escaped one winter day under remarkable circumstances, having slipped the shackles of his ball and chain over his small ankles and feet. The whole garrison was turned out in pursuit, some on foot, and some mounted. His trail was finally found by a farrier, a Yorkshireman named George Woolley. Woolley had thrown a saddle upon a well-known horse named "Gallant." If for nothing else Woolley was remarkable for the fact that he had a complete set of false teeth. This fact was known but was overlooked at the time of his enlistment as good farriers were urgently needed. Woolley followed the trail through the snow during the hours

of daylight, then dismounted, turned "Gallant" loose and continued the pursuit on foot. "Gallant" returned to the barracks and there was much wonderment as to what had happened to Woolley. He had tied the reins to prevent them getting under the horses feet and it was considered that he had not been thrown but had deliberately turned his horse loose. It was generally considered that Indians were experts on travel through the bush and over the prairie and that Woolley, being a white man, would not get very far. The Indian practised all the tricks that he knew. He would leap from one fallen tree to another, lighting on his toes, and jump again to another fallen tree. He walked backwards, walked in circles and tramped out his first track but Woolley followed him doggedly and the Indian must once in a while have caught sight of his pursuer. To cut a long story short, Woolley actually wore the Indian out and overtook him and when Woolley came upon him he held up his hands in token of surrender. The chase had lasted for three days in bitter below-zero weather. Woolley's teeth chattered so much with the cold that both his plates were shivered and he finally got back to the barracks with his prisoner as toothless as the day he was born but with the fragments of his store teeth in his pocket. I remember the discussion which took place. Headquarters held that he couldn't possibly have a set of false teeth since he had been passed by the doctor. Headquarters then held that if he had a set of false teeth he must maintain them at his own expense. Finally, Headquarters broke down under my father's bombardment and Woolley was authorized to proceed to Calgary to get a new set at the expense of the Government. He left the Mounted Police in the early 'nineties and took up a homestead in a Ukrainian settlement where he learned to speak the Ukrainian language and was made a Justice of the Peace. He was a resolute and determined man and became a very valuable citizen. He died a few years ago.

Chapter XVIII

THE great social event of the year was the annual police ball. For these police balls great preparations were made. An orchestra was hired which consisted of men who could play fiddles and who knew the same tunes. Old Jack Flynn was an artist on the tin whistle and for some reason was known as "Jack the Ripper." Larry Garneau, referred to elsewhere as a rebel "runner," played the fiddle and there were other artists of less repute.

In the Fort there would probably be fifty or sixty dancing men amongst the police and the great problem was to get partners for them. Every white woman was invited, and a number of dusky belles as well. Most of them came from Edmonton so police teams and bob-sleighs picked up the female guests in Edmonton and drove them to Fort Saskatchewan on the afternoon of the great day. They were returned to their homes on the following day in the same way.

One of the smaller barrack rooms would be evacuated by the men and would be specially prepared for the ladies. Floors, etc. would be thoroughly scrubbed. The men's cots which were home-made trestles would be specially made up with sheets and pillows with pillow cases, most of them supplied by my mother. The barrack room would be decorated in a purely masculine and military fashion, neck ropes, specially pipe-clayed, would be festooned over the heads of the cots, ornamented with highly-burnished bits, spurs and equipment. Branches of evergreen trees were artistically arranged. Under each cot, properly aligned on the same latitude, would be certain earthenware vessels hired or borrowed from merchants in Edmonton dealing in such articles. Wash-stands were set up with towels, soap and basins and looking glasses, hired from the same merchants, were suitably arranged.

When everything was ready my mother was invited to

make a careful inspection. Certain "Godly Matrons," as the Prayer Book has it, were detailed to occupy bunks in this room and a non-dancing man, usually a married man, was detailed as a flying sentry over the quarters to prevent any male from entering or coming near the quarters.

I remember on one occasion there was a bit of a scandal. In certain of the earthenware vessels under the cots, to which I have referred, it was discovered that Seidlitz powders had been deposited and created some momentary excitement. My mother was highly indignant. My father, however, was not greatly concerned. He had apparently heard of the same thing before.

The dance-hall was the men's mess, profusely decorated with evergreens, coloured panels bearing suitable mottoes and the like. Streamers forming stars and other artistic designs flowed from the ceiling. Dance programmes were provided, printed at the office of the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

These balls always began with the Grand March and a settler in the neighbourhood, named James Porte, was appointed Master of Ceremonies. The Grand March, having been got under way, Mr. Porte thereupon directed a series of manœuvres which bore a startling resemblance to the musical ride. My father led this march, having as his partner, the senior lady of the neighbourhood who might be the Hudson's Bay Chief Factor's wife, or some other person of suitable rank. The Divisional Sergeant-Major was my mother's partner. After the aforesaid manœuvres, the dancers formed up in couples facing each other and the dance, then known as the Circassian Circle began. The executive order from Mr. Porte at the end of each movement was, "Right hand to 'pardners' and grand right and left!" the women going one way in the circle, the men the other. At the conclusion of this movement, there was a repetition of the first figure and this dance was concluded when each couple had made a complete circuit of the room. Thereupon Mr. Porte, getting a little hoarse by this time, gave the order, "Right hand to 'pardners' and promenade to seats." There were sets of lancers and quadrilles, all called off by Mr. Porte who insisted upon complete regimentation and exactitude which everybody thought was very proper. The round dances were the polka, the gallop and several other dances of the same sort. There would be three or four waltzes



W. A. GRIESBACH AT THE AGE OF 28 YEARS

on the programme. I remember that some of the more old-fashioned women of that day thought that the waltz was a bit *risqué*, if not lascivious. However, they all danced it or learned how.

The supper was prepared by Mr. Pagerie who was said to be an old country French chef. The supper room was in the recreation room from which the billiard table had been removed. A sucking-pig with an apple in its mouth was ceremoniously brought in. My father stuck a fork in it and prepared to attack it with a carving knife. It was then ceremoniously carried out and was carved by Mr. Pagerie himself. It was a good square meal.

The dance lasted from about seven o'clock till daylight next morning.

My mother was a great match-maker. She always had quite a dozen cases on hand and proceeded on pretty definite rules, tall men for short women; dark men for fair women and the other way on. If the male party was a sergeant the possibility of his promotion to commissioned rank and a suitable wife for him in such circumstances was given serious consideration. She threw these people together with great adroitness, giving them outstanding opportunities for "spark-ing" and sometimes I think they found themselves married before they really knew what was happening. Similarly, if couples showed any interest in each other when the primary considerations were lacking my mother ruthlessly interfered.

I remember that we had a governess, a very good-looking English girl, who "snooted" all my mother's choices and finally married a corporal whose prospects were not very good. However, she was a very lovely girl and my mother finally forgave her.

When any of my mother's plans went awry, as they sometimes did in the match-making business, my father would always say, "If you would only mind your own business you wouldn't have these troubles."

However, in the end, I think, she could look back on her match-making activities with a good deal of satisfaction.

In about 1886 there appeared a notice in the *Edmonton Bulletin*, reading something like this:

Notice:—Jack Matheson has returned to Edmonton and is now living on his homestead (legal description following).

He understands that certain people have been telling lies about him. He is prepared to meet all these slanderers and libelers. Bark Ye Curs, Bark. (*Signed*) "JACK MATHESON."

I may add that as far as was known, no curs barked. Jack Matheson was a big man and it was said that he had never cut his hair or beard since birth. He was a great fighting man and loved a row and had licked most of the fighting men in the neighbourhood. He was a scion of the well known Matheson family of Red River. They have supplied innumerable archdeacons, deans and canons to the Anglican Church. The greatest of them all was the late Archbishop S. P. Matheson who finally was Primate of Canada. To the astonishment of everyone Jack Matheson "got religion," not in the vulgar way at an evangelistic meeting, but probably hearing the call of the blood. He suddenly disappeared from the Edmonton district, went to a Theological College and took a course of theological training leading to ordination, and after serving as curate and rector at several points, was appointed to the church of the Anglican establishment at Onion Lake. He proved to be an indefatigable and enthusiastic worker. He had, I remember, a school for Indian boys where they were taught trades; a school for girls where they were taught domestic science, needlework and the like; a sort of experimental farm, in fact, a very flourishing organization.

One day my mother happened to be on the verandah of our quarters and saw the Rev. Jack Matheson coming up the road from the river. She greeted him and after some conversation invited him to luncheon. Matheson explained that he was going down the river with two barges loaded with supplies for the Onion Lake Mission and doubted very much whether he would have the time to come for luncheon. He explained to my mother that he was now "working for The Master." My mother, at the moment, missed the nuance and replied: "That is all right. Bring the master in with you." Later she kicked herself for her stupidity.

In those days the police rations and allowances were on a generous scale. My father had never received more pay than \$1,400.00 a year in the rank of Superintendent. He had, however, in addition, quarters, fuel, light (coal-oil lamps) and water. He rode and drove good horses, the police garden

supplied the vegetables and he had his own garden in which the prisoners worked; his cow supplied milk, cream and butter and my mother kept a large flock of hens. In addition, my father did a lot of shooting, and in the fall of the year on the shady side of the kitchen, prairie chickens, partridge, ducks and geese were hanging, waiting for the cold weather. We lived very well. A married police officer received a double ration. There was, in addition, a half ration for each child.

My mother was an outstanding manager and cook and she had all the ingredients for rich foods. This is particularly brought to my mind as I am writing this in 1943. My mother's "trifles" were an eye-opener, consisting of layers of cake saturated in sherry, rich wild strawberry jam with layers of whipped cream flavoured with brandy. There was any amount of sugar, butter and cream. My mother had a dairy. The fresh milk, after milking, was poured into tin basins which were sterilized in boiling water. Twenty-four hours later the cream was skimmed off. It was so thick that it had to be helped out of a jug with a spoon. My mother always had several half-breed maids who were very faithful and fairly efficient. They were, however, always getting in the "family way." However, they all seemed to marry well afterwards. My mother was said to have some skill in the treatment of sick persons and she was constantly on the move visiting sick Indians and half-breeds and settlers. What these people, particularly the half-breeds and Indians, largely needed was organization, energy and cleanliness. People died and had to be "laid out for burial." This my mother attended to. There were babies to be born and my mother was invariably sent for. I remember her frequently coming home in the early hours of the morning to announce that Mrs. So-and-so had a fine baby boy.

My mother was strong and vigorous in mind and body, a bit dictatorial possibly, but a hustler and a "go-getter," and had a thorough understanding of the faults and frailties of human nature. She had a keen sense of humour and was a great mimic. Mimicry is said to be the lowest form of humour but my mother was always kindly in the exercise of this art. It was said of her that at tea parties women were afraid to leave first for fear she would mimic them when they were gone. Many of her dearest friends professed to

have this fear. I remember how she deflated me as a small boy. Her mimicry of my father was simply splendid and possibly did him a deal of good. When an Indian hears a story which he can scarcely believe he puts his hand over his mouth and says: "Ya-how!" She used this with great effect upon both my father and myself. Her "Size up" of men was particularly sound. About that time, or shortly after, a certain young man came from the East to our country. He was extremely fluent and spoke very rapidly. I remember someone commenting on the fact that he spoke with great rapidity. My mother agreed, with the observation that he probably spoke faster than he could think. At the end of his political career, this was, in effect, the judgment of his peers. On the other hand young clergymen who preached wishy-washy sermons had her sympathy and support, which was powerful. She was strong and healthy and was seldom or never wrong about anything—or so I thought.

Chapter XIX

MANY people may have seen log houses in tourists camps like Banff or Jasper. Here the work has probably been done by Norwegians. The logs are uniform in size and made to fit closely. The mortise work on the corners is a work of art. The foundation may be of concrete and the logs are oiled. Inside there may be hardwood finishings, stone fireplaces and the like. The settlers shack was quite a different thing. The builders were usually inexperienced and no time was to be lost. The logs used were small, usually of poplar, and of a size that one man could handle. When the log work was finished the logs did not fit each other and usually there were wide open spaces. The next process, therefore, was to "chink" these logs which was to find pieces of wood that would fit the space and drive them in between the logs to close as much of the gap as possible. Sometimes these chinks were nailed in position and sometimes held in position with wooden pegs. When this had been done the process of "mudding" began. Clay and water were mixed to the consistency of mortar. Sometimes chopped hay was mixed in with this mortar to give it greater consistency. Quite frequently this was not done. The mud was then laid between the logs with a steel trowel if there was one. Sometimes a home-made wooden trowel was used but more frequently the mud was laid on with the bare hand. The shack would be mudded both inside and out and unless well pressed home it might fall out when dry. If the job was well done it kept out the cold air. It was possible for a man to be reasonably comfortable in cold weather in such a shack. For women and children, however, it was small, dirty and dusty and could never be made clean. The absence of any or much light by day was depressing. If the door was opened in the winter on a cold day the shack almost immediately had the same temperature inside as there was outside. Of

course, some settlers did a better job than others. It was a quite common sight to see a shack hastily built in which the ends of the logs were not sawed off and stuck out beyond the walls in an unseemly fashion. The settler might, in such a case, some day saw these fag ends off and thereby get a supply of firewood. Inside the shack there were rough shelves resting on wooden pegs. Wooden pegs were used for hanging clothes, traps, fire-arms and the like. Quite frequently the roofs leaked and in heavy rainfall the earth floor would become a quagmire. Many settlers' wives were completely overcome by this and my mother found them dissolved in tears. Some women had the courage and the energy to grapple with this situation and drive a probably worthless husband to doing something about it. Others just sat and suffered. Upon occasion my mother visited these people and brought the women and children in to the Fort for a few days of rest and quiet, under comfortable conditions. The women went home again refreshed and invigorated with their courage restored. The absence of the wife for a few days frequently had a beneficial effect on the husband as well.

The settlement of the Prairie West falls into a number of phases. Preceding the building of the C.P.R. as far as Calgary in 1883, settlers drifted in in very small numbers. The journey had to be made by ox carts and wagons from Winnipeg to the West, and one might travel for miles through Saskatchewan and Alberta without seeing a single white man's habitation. The trickle of immigration increased when the C.P.R. had reached Calgary, and during the Rebellion of 1885 there were a number of white settlers who had taken up land, built themselves log houses, and were living on a purely subsistence basis on what they could grow. The market for their produce was practically limited to filling the requirements of the Mounted Police posts. A settler on taking up a homestead of one-hundred-and-sixty acres had to build himself a habitable house and plow twenty to thirty acres of land; having done this, in five years he became entitled to a patent to his land and thereby the owner of it.

The first building was what was called a "shack." It was built of logs and might be twenty feet square. There might, or there might not, be a floor. If there was a floor it was made of boards sawed out of a log with a rip saw. Since glass was scarce and costly there might be one window.

Instead of glass I have seen white cotton used which might keep out the wind and admit a limited amount of light. The roof was made with poles set closely together. The first layer on the poles being prairie grass cut with a scythe to a depth of a foot or so when loose. Thereafter, clay was laid on to a depth of, say, two feet. As the clay settled it compressed the hay and shed water. The purpose of the grass or hay was to keep fine particles of earth or clay from coming through on the occupants. The chimney was a metal pipe arranged in the roof so as to reduce the chances of fire. Such shacks were occupied by the settler and his wife and such children as there might be. The doors and frames were roughly made and usually admitted a good deal of cold.

A stable much the same as the shack, was built for the horses or such horses as were being worked and fed. Horses not being worked ran loose and obtained feed by pawing the snow away from the dead prairie grass. Horned cattle, on the other hand, do not paw the snow and usually have to be fed in the winter time, but not housed. In the southern part of the province due to the Chinook wind, the ground is usually sufficiently free of snow to permit cattle to run at large and fend for themselves. Every once in a while, however, there is a heavy snowfall and the Chinook wind fails. In such cases in the old days, cattle used to die of starvation by the thousands. The buffalo, on the other hand, although of the same family as domestic cattle, does paw the snow away and manages to survive the winters. This was the thought behind the attempt to cross domestic cattle with buffalo. It was thought that when this cross had taken place the progeny would have a heavier coat than domestic cattle and would learn to paw the snow down to the grass. This experiment was not a success, there being a month's difference in the period of gestation for one thing and the hump on the buffalo calf presented some difficulty to the domestic cow in giving birth. So it was thought that the cross should be the domestic bull with the buffalo cow. The experiment was never successful. The settler in the northern part of the province therefore had to provide feed for his horned cattle in the winter. He kept his vegetables in a root house and depended to a considerable extent on prairie chicken and partridge for his meat ration in the winter. It was a

hard and gruelling job and was particularly hard on women and children.

Growing out of these circumstances a curious form of greeting came into use. In the spring when people met each other it was common for them to say to each other "Well, Bill, how did you winter?" This was a real inquiry and not a pleasantry because some settlers wintered with the greatest hardship. Others more energetic, industrious and experienced, came through the winters quite well; others required assistance from the Mounted Police and from their better-off neighbours.

Jim Gibbons, with whom I spent several weeks one time getting his story, told me that he spent the winter of 1868 in a dug-out in the neighbourhood of what is now the Edmonton Country Club. He had no window in his dug-out and the only light was from a tallow dip. This is a contrivance made of iron, or some other metal, in the shape of a child's shoe, which comes to a point. The back of this shoe is a piece of metal which can be shoved into a crack in a log or can be driven in with a hammer. The shoe is filled with grease or tallow and a wick made from moss or cordage or cloth with one end resting in the grease or tallow and the other end lying out of the spout. The wick is well saturated in grease. When lighted it gives off a feeble light with a good deal of smoke. The light was barely sufficient to find articles required in the room in which the dip was burning. In about 1870, Jim Gibbons was able to get hold of a candle mould and made his own candles. These candles gave a clear light and that winter he read Macaulay's *History of England* four times. One of his friends read *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, by Motley, a number of times. Jim's candle mould passed from hand to hand, and had a profound effect on the life of the early settlers.

A certain number of roving miners had reached Edmonton in 1866 and 1870, and they used to mine gold on the Saskatchewan River using what they called a "Grizzly" for that purpose.

Chapter XX

THE gravel in the Saskatchewan River in the neighbourhood of Edmonton contains gold. The gravel normally lies in a bar in the river beneath about one foot of silt. To mine it, first a wooden trough is built which stands on legs about five feet high. The trough is filled with the gold-bearing gravel. A sump hole is dug beside it, two or three feet deep and fills with water from the river. The miner has a bucket on a pole between five or six feet long. He dips the water out of the sump hole and pours it on the gravel immediately at the outfall of the trough. This washes the gravel down on to the "Grizzley," which is a wooden contrivance with rods of iron laid into the wood to form an inverted "V." The iron used is about a quarter of an inch in diameter and the space between the iron rods may be a half an inch. The gravel washed from the trough then falls on the Grizzley, and all stones over half an inch in size are eliminated, and the sand and the small gravel remaining falls through the Grizzley on an inclined board set in a wooden box or trough which is covered by a light blanket, usually white. At the foot of this board there is a space of four or five inches and another inclined plane running in the opposite direction. This also is covered with a light blanket. As the gravel passes through the "Grizzley" and falls on the first plane it is washed over the first blanket and a certain amount of gold dust, being heavier than any other substance, sticks to the blanket. The remainder of the sand and light gravel is washed on to the second blanket where the remainder of the gold is caught. What flows out of the box at the far end is called the "tailings." At the end of the day the "tailings" are washed over again. All this is hard work. First, the silt has to be cleared away, then the gold-bearing gravel has to be raised with a shovel into the first trough. Then the process of washing out the trough with water is carried out. When

the first trough is empty it is filled again with the gold-bearing gravel. This goes on all day.

In 1870, and in years within my own recollection it was possible for a man to make \$16.00 a day. In those days gold was worth \$16.00 an ounce. Having worked all day or perhaps two days, the miner then took the blankets out of the sluice boxes and washed them carefully in a tub with as smooth an inside surface as he could get. Sometimes the tub was of metal. Sometimes it might be a home-made wooden one. The gold dust off the blankets is now in the tub which is half-full of water. The miner then empties into the tub quicksilver which he normally carries in a metal bottle. He then rocks the tub and causes the quicksilver to run all around the bottom of the tub and this quicksilver in turn gathers up all the gold dust. The miner rocks the tub until he thinks the quicksilver has gathered up all the gold. Then he pours off the water until he comes down to the quicksilver. Then he pours the quicksilver into a metal pan, known as a miners' pan. Then he lays over another miners' pan a piece of well-tanned buckskin or chamois skin. The quicksilver which now contains the gold is in the skin. Carefully gathering the four corners of the skin and raising them he makes a sack of the skin and squeezes the quicksilver through the skin. If he uses sufficient strength he will be able to squeeze all the liquid quicksilver through the skin leaving in the skin a solid mass which is quicksilver plus gold and dross. An ounce of gold mixed with quicksilver at that stage is about the size of a big walnut. It is dirty in appearance and no particular colour but it must be squeezed tight to make a sort of ball. The quicksilver thus squeezed out is used again. This mass is then put in a miner's pan and is put on a hot fire. The mass gives off a white smoke which comes from burning the quicksilver and all other impurities leaving only a yellow gold nugget which will be flat on the underside from the burning. If this job is efficiently done what remains in the pan is pure gold. The miner then must find a purchaser for his gold. In the old days all merchants had scales and many miners also had scales. When the nuggets were brought in for sale it was customary for the purchaser to split each nugget in half with a chisel to make sure that the miner had not managed to put in a nut or a bolt to make weight.

Jim Gibbons and his party were able to make \$16.00 a day on the bars in the neighbourhood of Edmonton in 1870. I myself, as a boy, watched the process from start to finish when the miners were making \$10.00 a day.

The big question has always been where did this gold come from and how did it get into the gravel. One might say that it was fairly obvious that the gold came from some place higher up the river and was borne to its final resting place by the current of the river. Many miners with this theory in mind worked up-stream year after year trying to find the mother-lode. Curiously enough they established one thing, namely, that the gold deposits cease at a point some ten or twelve miles above Edmonton. From that point to the headwaters there was very little evidence of gold at all. Most of the bars in the Saskatchewan river in the neighbourhood of Edmonton and Fort Saskatchewan have been pretty well worked over, but it is still possible for a miner to build himself the home-made outfit that I have above described, and it is still possible for him to make on these bars in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, \$5.00 a day. It is hard gruelling work and calls for knowledge and experience and great physical endurance. The time that is available for this work is limited by the stage of the water in the river. In high water nothing can be done since the bars are completely covered. The period of low water in a normal year would be the latter part of August till the freeze-up. Some miners, however, have found that "pay dirt" could be found by tunnelling into the river banks above high water mark. Several attempts have been made to use power machinery but without much success. What is certain, however, is that the gold is there and some day some individual or company with the right sort of machinery will develop a paying proposition.

When Jim Gibbons began his mining on the Saskatchewan River in 1868, the first difficulty was to get the iron to make the "Grizzleys." In those days the Hudson's Bay Company carried in stock iron rods from which the settlers made nails and spikes. These iron rods were not quite stout enough and if heavy stones were put in the trough to be washed and the fall from the end of the trough was more than a few feet, the weight of these stones bent the ironwork and largely destroyed the "Grizzley." The proper thing to do, therefore, was to eliminate heavy stones from the shovel full of

"pay dirt" and reduce the fall of heavy stones to practically nothing. Later on, merchants brought in a heavier type of rod which was able to withstand the fall of heavy stones. It was interesting to observe how over say a period of thirty days the experienced miner had much more gold to sell than the enthusiastic amateurs who turned to gold mining as a means of revenue when other forms of money-making failed.

When Jim Gibbons got tired of gold-mining as he sometimes did, he would buy an outfit of goods from somewhere, usually in Winnipeg and establish himself as a trader with the Indians. Jim included in his trade goods as much hard liquor as he could get hold of. This he diluted with water. He told me of one trip to Rocky Mountain House. By trading the diluted liquor, he was able to fill four or five carts with buffalo hides.

This particular journey nearly had a tragic ending. Smallpox broke out amongst the Blackfeet and it occurred to them to accuse Gibbons of causing the outbreak by the poor quality of his liquor. He narrowly escaped from them and set out with his carts for Edmonton. On the way there one of his employees, a half-breed, named Bird, conspired with an Indian named Mygosis to kill Jim and steal his outfit and blame the whole affair upon the Blackfeet. Jim had one of the first colt revolvers which he always carried on his hip. He had several extra chambers or cylinders which were loaded by hand but gave a certain rapidity of fire over the old fashioned pistol. When these two gentlemen ganged up on Jim he fired at them with his revolver. They assumed that he had used a pistol and continued to come at him. When Jim, without apparently reloading, was able to fire several more shots; these men desisted after Jim had shot Bird in the leg. Jim's comment to me was, "I never trusted either of those fellows again."

It was to put down this trade in liquor to the Indians that the Mounted Police first directed their attention as the Indian was prepared to part with anything he had for liquor. This had rather a curious effect on the Indians since it drove the trade underground, so to speak, and the Indian could only get liquor from a white man with a great deal of secrecy. An old friend told me this yarn: He was in camp at a certain place in Alberta and had no liquor for trade but an Indian came to him and begged for some. My friend told him to

come back at night. This he did. Meanwhile, he filled an empty whiskey bottle with water from the creek, by which creek the Indian himself had been camped for some time. The Indian arrived after dark and was taken to the rear end of a wagon when this whiskey bottle, now filled with water, was produced. The cork having been pulled, the Indian was invited to help himself. He drank as much as he could and then my friend took the bottle away from him. Almost immediately the Indian insisted on shaking hands and declaring in a loud voice that he was the friend of all white men and that he was a good Indian and had never scalped a white man. To cut a long story short, the Indian got quite drunk and began to dance. With difficulty he was induced to go back to his own camp, drunk as a lord. Here you have an example of the power of suggestion—the darkness of the night, the secrecy of the whole business, the shape of the bottle and everything else which the imagination of the Indian could supply.

Chapter XXI

I THINK it was in 1887 that my father secured the services of James B. Steele as a tutor. He was a brother of the late Sir Sam Steele and was in delicate health, probably the incipient stages of T.B. At all events he taught us children and lived in our house. He was a man of wide knowledge on general subjects but had not much of what is now called education as we get it from a Normal School. He probably had never heard of psychology as an organized study. With him the letter "A" had two sounds. First, the alphabetical sound of the first letter of the alphabet. The other, the sound of the broad "A" pronounced "Ah" preceding a noun such as "ah" horse or "ah" dog. He was very insistent upon this. At all events at the age of nine I learned to read and write and do addition and subtraction. At about this time I read my first book which was *With Clive in India*, by G. A. Henty. I commend Henty's books to every boy even today. The stories are much the same. The hero is a boy of say fifteen but he is as strong as a man. He goes to some distant part of the world and takes part in certain historic events. Thus, I became interested in history and geography and have retained that interest until the present time. Indeed, in all my schooling I read History and Geography away ahead of the syllabus, if there was a syllabus. The second book I read was the *Three Lieutenants*, by W. H. G. Kingston. This was a naval story. One of the characters was Lieutenant Terrence Adair. One of his love letters is printed in this book.

It was about this time, at the age of ten, that I fell in love with Grace Casey. She was about the same age, the daughter of one of my father's officers and very pretty. I remember that she acted in a play as a fairy and, with her wand, turned a fellow dressed in rags into a handsome prince dressed in white silk tights and other gorgeous finery, imported

from Winnipeg. His name was Charles Lewis Shaw, a lawyer practising in Edmonton. He did a good deal of writing and was a very clever and interesting man. He went to the Nile with the Canadian Voyageurs in 1884. I fancy that his experience in river-boat work was limited to paddling a canoe in the waters around Toronto. He tells a story that always interested me. In the ascent of the Nile twenty red-coated British soldiers rowed a boat. A Canadian Voyageur handled the rudder and usually a young British Officer sat in the bow. Shaw's story was this:

One day as they were rowing up the Nile, Shaw spied an Arab with a long home-made rifle. The Arab took up a position behind a rock on the river bank and levelled his rifle on Shaw's party. There was a young British Officer sitting in the bow looking forward. Shaw steered his boat with great care so as to put the British Officer between himself and the Arab with the long rifle. He excuses himself for this action by saying that there appeared to be a great number of young British Officers in the expedition but so far as he knew there was only one Charles Lewis Shaw.

One day when I had learned to write I decided to write Grace a love letter. My mother assured me that I should write just as I talked. The letter read something like this:

"I have a pony. Have you a pony? Last Saturday we went for a picnic to the island. Do you like going to picnics? And so on. When I had exhausted all subjects of interest I suddenly bethought me of the way Terrance Adair had concluded his love letter and got the book out and concluded my letter with these words: "Yours ever tender and true, W. Griesbach."

I would have married Grace then and there. Nothing but the apparent indifference of people who should have supported me in the matter deflected me from this purpose. I, therefore, decided to go as a missionary to darkest Africa.

It was about this time that Stanley had gone to the rescue of Dr. Livingstone in Africa and the English newspapers had a picture of the famous scene where Stanley with his armed men greets Livingstone in a native village. There are beehive shaped huts all over the place and naked negroes of all sexes, ages and sizes standing about. Livingstone and Stanley were the only white men within thousands of miles.

Stanley approaches Livingstone, raises his hat and says, "Dr. Livingstone, I believe."

To keep the record straight I may say that when I went to Africa I did not go as a missionary but as a private soldier in the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Grace Casey is now a widow living in Victoria, still very good looking and very witty. All her old friends have crossed the hump and are now on the down grade. On meeting an old friend it is her practice to say before taking a seat, "which is your good ear?" in a loud voice, and most of these old friends have a good ear and a bad one.

Chapter XXII

PEOPLE sometimes ask me if there was ever any fun or wit or humour to be found in the sayings and doings of those grim folk who confronted and overcame the difficulties of pioneer life. There were, of course, the funny situations that arose more or less incidentally or accidentally. Then there was the teller of "tall" tales. He was normally considered to be a very great liar and somewhat of a bad lot, but nowadays he would be considered a humourist and a creative artist. Most of our best "tall" stories finally date back to Dave McDougall, who was said to have actually believed all the stories he told. As examples of this type of humour, I give two stories which the late Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Macdonnell used to tell. He was an Inspector in the Mounted Police under my father for some years, and, I think, both are Dave McDougall's stories.

One day Sir Archibald, when on detachment in southern Alberta, was riding back to his detachment after an afternoon hunting coyotes with hounds. He came to the shack of an old fellow named Sam Outerbridge. The shack door was open and there was a glimmer of light. Sir Archibald rode into the yard, "hung up" his horse and walked into the shack. Old Sam was sitting in the candle-light with his face buried in his hands, obviously in a state of great dejection. Sir Archibald greeted him cheerily. The old fellow just looked up and nodded. Sir Archibald then inquired as to what was the matter. Old Sam had a large yellow dog which he had brought up from a puppy. Sam told how in walking through the yard in the gloaming he found this dog lying on the pathway. He went up to him and patted him and spoke to him. The dog snarled at him and showed his teeth and threatened old Sam. Sam was very fond of the dog and was amazed at his attitude. Sam went on to say that he had booted the dog all over the yard in a frenzy of rage and

finally had seized him by the scruff of the neck, opened the door of the oat house and booted the dog in, then closed the door with the usual fastening which was a peg stuck in a log at an angle of 45° to the door. Then old Sam quietly wept. Sir Archibald tried to comfort him without much success when the dog himself bounced into the room, put his paws on old Sam's knees, licked his face, then came over to lick the General and made himself most agreeable. Both men were puzzled by the behaviour of the dog and Sir Archibald said, "I thought you said you locked him in the oat house?" To which old Sam replied, "I sure did." "Then," said Sir Archibald, "how did he get out?" knowing that there were no windows in the building and the door was securely fastened. Sir Archibald suggested that they should go and look at the oat house and see how the dog had got out. They walked around the oat house. There was no evidence of an escape. Old Sam then pulled the peg out of its hole. The door flew open and out jumped a mountain lion which fled into the darkness, pursued by all the dogs.

Another of Sir Archibald's tall stories was this one:

A certain individual with rather a shady reputation had it in mind to steal some of Dave McDougall's cattle which for the most part were barn-fed animals and could be approached on foot. This individual walked in to a herd of cattle and was picking out some suitable animals when suddenly he became aware of the fact that a blizzard was approaching. He knew by the signs in the sky he had no time to waste so he drew his revolver and shot a good looking steer. He proceeded to skin this animal without losing a minute. He skinned it down to the hooves and cut off the head just behind the horns, leaving the horns on the hide. The wind began to blow and the cattle-thief knew that he had only a few minutes left. He then wrapped himself in the hide, wrapping the skin of the legs around his own legs and putting his arms into the skin of the forelegs. The blizzard was on him so he lay down in the snow wrapped in the hide of the steer. The weather was bitterly cold and the wind was blowing a gale. He possibly slept for some time. At all events, he woke up after daylight next morning to find that the blizzard was over, with the sun shining brightly and then he heard voices. A party of cowboys had come out to round up the cattle and drive them back to Dave McDougall's

ranch about two miles distant. The cattle thief had it in mind to emerge from the hide and introduce himself but he found that the hide was frozen so stiffly that he couldn't move. He then decided to hail the cowboys but found that he had lost his voice and couldn't make a sound. The cowboys then moved over nearer to the wretched thief who could neither move nor speak. One of the cowboys said, "I think Jim, we had better put a bullet into this critter. He doesn't look much good." The other cowboy said, "You must remember that Mr. McDougall is very particular about this sort of thing and his instructions are that everything must be brought in. Just throw a rope about his neck and drag him in with the horn of your saddle." The cattle were driven in and the cattle thief was dragged somewhat painfully in his frozen hide. On arrival at the ranch the foreman instructed the cowboys to take this animal into the barn, get it into a stall and throw him some hay.

There was a famous character in Calgary in the old days who was a notorious liar and not above stealing anything he could get his hands on. He is reported to have laboriously stolen a wagon with a load of goods which he found on the road with a broken pole. He returned to his ranch, got a new pole, dragged the wagon in, took it apart and hid the parts and concealed the goods which the wagon contained. Two days later he discovered that he had stolen one of his own wagons.

However, here is one of his stories. He was an Englishman and had recently returned from a visit to England. Sitting in the old Ranchmen's Club he fell in with some of his friends. There were three young Englishmen in the room, probably remittance men. This was in the reign of Queen Victoria. People of the present day do not realize the respect and the affection which our people have for the Queen. She was a successful wife and mother with a large family. Her recipes for raspberry wine, pickles and jam were faithfully followed by thousands of Canadian women. Her methods for dealing with croup, convulsions and other infantile complaints were followed by all mothers. When she died in 1901 my father seemed to be suffering from a cold in his head and my mother wept.

After greetings from his friends, the first inquiry was, "Well, George, how did you enjoy your visit?"

To which George replied, "Oh, fair only."

"Yes," said his friends, "what was the trouble?"

"Well," said George, "you know that my mother and the Queen were great friends and when the Queen heard I was in England she sent me an invitation to come down and stay with her at Windsor Castle. As you know an invitation from the Queen is really a command, so I had to go down and stay at Windsor Castle."

"But," said his friends, "didn't you like that?"

To which George replied, "I liked it for a while but it got very tiresome. There was nothing to do."

His friends were surprised by this and asked him whether there wasn't something which was interesting and amusing.

George answered, "Nothing much ever happens at Windsor Castle. One night, however, the Princess Irene, one of the Queen's granddaughters, heard that there was to be a dance at one of the neighbouring castles and she wanted to go. Whereupon the Queen said, 'How can you go. There is no one to take you.' The Princess said, 'Well, George will take me.' The Queen said, 'Well, if George will take you that's O.K. by me.'

"So we went to the dance and got back to Windsor Castle pretty late. All the lights were out so we hammered on the front door for a while and finally the Queen stuck her head out of a window upstairs and said, 'Who is there?' The Princess replied, 'It is George and me.' To which the Queen replied, 'It is pretty late; the servants have all gone to bed. Just wait till I put my crown on and I will come down and let you in.'"

The listening Englishmen were simply petrified by this story.

Years later, when I was commanding an Infantry Brigade in France, a British plane came down in a field near my headquarters. Shortly afterwards a wrecking-lorry came out, took the plane apart and took it away to the Airdrome workshops. In charge of this salvage party was the present King, then known as, Prince Albert. I invited him to luncheon at my headquarters. After luncheon we sat around talking and yarning. The King contributed several stories and then I told him George's story as I have narrated it above.

He seemed to be greatly amused and told me that he would tell his father.

Dave McDougall was the brother of the Rev. John McDougall and was a famous teller of tall stories. He did it very well, giving the time when, and the place where, and the circumstances under which the incident occurred. I suspect that both Sir Archibald's stories were really Dave McDougall's yarns. At all events, they were typical of the kind of stories that Dave McDougall told.

Chapter XXIII

I HAVE referred on a number of occasions to the illegal sale of liquor, mainly to the Indians. There was solid agreement that the sale of liquor to Indians was bad. The Indian would part with anything he had for liquor and it drove him practically crazy. He was likely to commit any crime of violence when so inflamed. In putting down this traffic the Mounted Police had the support of practically everyone. In dealing with the white civil population the situation was otherwise. The Mounted Police themselves, who in all ranks liked a drink of whiskey occasionally, were not only resentful of being deprived of an occasional drink but disliked the duty of suppressing the trade. In fact, I think it could be truthfully asserted that in their honest attempt to suppress the trade they began to lose the confidence and the support of such population as there was, in the prevention and detection of crime. It may be asserted that, in a democratic country, the police can only operate efficiently when they receive the support of the population. In the dictator countries, the Ogpu in Russia, the Gestapo in Germany, and the Fascist police in Italy, operate in great strength, no doubt at considerable cost, by enforcing a reign of terror. In democracies it is otherwise. The police must have the confidence and support of the population.

As big money can be made out of the sale of liquor illegally imported, there was of necessity an opening created for the bribery of police officers. It was observed that non-commissioned officers and men of the police, here and there at key points, seemed to have a good deal of money to spend. They bought houses and lots in town and blossomed out as the owners of cattle. The first, and possibly the only solution, for this difficulty, was to bring in, usually from the east, civilians with police experience who were attached to the Mounted Police as special constables and were promptly

dubbed "Whiskey sneaks." They were intensely disliked by the civilian population and were equally disliked by the Mounted Police who had to bear the odium of their methods. No particular discredit attached to any civilian engaged in what we now call bootlegging, and the rot in the Mounted Police was spreading.

I think it was in 1891, that prohibition was abolished and the licence system introduced for wholesalers and retailers of liquor. Prior to that time it was necessary to get a permit from the Lieutenant-Governor to import liquor. The maximum, I think, was two gallons of different types. This liquor came in by mail in two-gallon kegs, the bung being covered with red sealing wax and the Lieutenant-Governor's permit being tacked on each keg. The mail carrier gave his receipt for each cask, and if there was any tampering with the keg the system assured that the guilty party could usually be located. Provision also existed for the legal manufacture and sale of home-made beer. There were, therefore, beer saloons scattered over the country selling beer of local manufacture. Some of this beer had a twelve per cent alcoholic content. Some of it was mere "rot-gut." Some of it got stronger with keeping and other brews simply went rotten.

I remember an interesting case. A bootlegger of good reputation was approaching Edmonton with two wagon-loads of good liquor. The leading citizens of Edmonton had gathered in a sort of hall over a harness shop practically opposite where the Alberta Hotel now stands. The arrangement was that the bootlegger would drive straight to that point and meet all his customers. The greatest good-fellowship prevailed at this meeting. There were rousing choruses and everyone looked forward to a pleasant evening.

My father got word of this consignment and, not being any too sure that his men would make a neat job of the capture decided to handle it himself. He put on his game-shooting clothes and accompanied by the Sergeant-Major, who under no circumstances could have looked like anything else but a Sergeant-Major, went down and sat on the bank of the river by the ferry landing. In due course the ferry approached and as it touched the shore my father and the Sergeant-Major stepped out of the darkness, arrested the bootlegger and his driver and seized the cargo, taking the whole consignment into the Fort nearby.

When finally word reached the customers assembled in the hall over the harness shop, there was the utmost annoyance and the persons present, under the chairmanship of one of our leading citizens, turned themselves into an indignation meeting and despatched a telegram of complaint to the Minister of Justice at Ottawa. My father was actually required by the Minister to give a detailed statement of the occurrence and for some months the leading citizens of Edmonton refused to speak to him.

There were many clever dodges for bringing liquor into the Territories. ~~My old friend Bill Cousins, for many years Mayor of Medicine Hat, used~~ to tell many stories of the smuggling of liquor. He had, while the C.P.R. was being built, a store business at Medicine Hat. He telegraphed to merchants in Winnipeg an order for a consignment of whiskey. It was not necessary to ask them to take the usual precautions. The shipment was late in arriving and Bill Cousins wired again. One day a carload of goods arrived for Bill and after checking the goods were put on the shelves. A man came in to buy a tin of tomatoes, the price being fifty cents. The purchaser having got his can of tomatoes went out. An hour later he returned and bought a case at the same price. A dribble of customers began to arrive to buy tomatoes and finally there was a rush on tomatoes. Presently the tomatoes were sold out. Meanwhile, a gradually lessening number of purchasers came in to buy liquor and Bill Cousins again wired the Winnipeg house. He received in reply a wire from them informing him that the goods had been shipped "see tomato cans." Then Bill realized why there had been such a run on tomatoes.

Bill himself, used to think out amazing ways to fool the police. In a country store selling metal pails, the practice used to be to put one pail inside another, the whole thing in a wooden crate, each pail fitted in the pail below to the extent of half its length. Bill arranged to have his pails so arranged but all the intervening pails between the top and the bottom pail had all the bottoms cut out, the whole soldered together and encased in a crate. The mass of pails was then filled with whiskey and the crate stood in the corner of a railway car. There were, of course, other crates of pails that were quite honest and innocent. The Police examined the car and tapped the crated pails, getting in return a hollow

sound but failing to tap the pails in the crates specially prepared to carry liquor. In this way something like thirty to forty gallons of whiskey could be brought in which was subsequently sold at a dollar for a small glass that would not hold more than three tablespoonfuls of liquor.

Sir Archibald Macdonnell used to tell a good story. The Mounted Police at Regina were to play cricket with a Winnipeg Cricket team for the championship of the North-West Territories. The papers announced that Sir Archibald Macdonnell then stationed at Moose Jaw with several of his men, would be on the Regina Police Team, and therefore absent from Moose Jaw on certain days. A bootlegger decided that one of these days would be a suitable day to run in a cargo of whiskey to Moose Jaw. Owing to some difficulty in transportation, the match in Regina was postponed and Sir Archibald and his men were in Moose Jaw when the attempt to run in a cargo of liquor was made. It consisted of liquor in bottles and one forty gallon barrel. In due course, Sir Archibald and his merry men captured the consignment and arrested the smugglers. One of these smugglers was a bright fellow who complained to Sir Archibald in the words, "This isn't cricket." Sir Archibald, who quite understood that while cricket is a game it is as well a code of ethics, was greatly disturbed by this complaint. However, the deed was done.

Sir Archibald received instructions to bring the culprits and the evidence in to Regina. For this purpose it was necessary to trundle on to the station platform the forty gallon barrel of whiskey. To ensure that this barrel would not be tampered with it was put in the charge of a zealous young constable. He, taking no chances, sat on the barrelhead and manicured his nails while the grief-stricken citizenry looked on. However, the aforesaid citizenry were not so slow. They got under the station platform which was about four feet high taking buckets and bottles with them and an inch auger. They drilled a hole through the station platform which was of wood and up into the barrel and filled their pails and bottles without difficulty. When the train came in, the wretched constable was amazed to find that the barrel upon which he had been sitting was now empty. Meanwhile, the borers had made their escape with their pails and bottles full.

While I am speaking of Bill Cousins, I might as well tell another story about him. He was an outstanding Conservative and at the election for members of parliament, which took place preceding the election of 1896, was a deputy returning officer at Medicine Hat. In those days the voting was what was called "open" voting. The voter came into the polling booth and if his name was on the voters' list, he declared openly for whom he proposed to vote. There was a formula of words. The names of the candidates were mentioned, the voter made his selection and the vote was recorded. At this election the Conservative candidate was T. H. B. Cochrane and the Liberal candidate was, shall we say, John Jones. In the course of the voting there arrived at the poll one Sam Akers who was as stout a Liberal as Bill Cousins was a Conservative. Bill Cousins then addressed him formally. "Mr. Akers, there are in this election two candidates, Mr. T. H. B. Cochrane and Mr. John Jones. You will now state for whom you wish to vote."

Thereupon old Sam finding himself with a favourable opportunity to have his say began:

"That Tom Cochrane! Why I wouldn't—"

Thereupon Bill Cousins addressed the clerk. "Mr. Clerk, record Mr. Akers as voting for Mr. Cochrane."

Sam Akers' anguished howls could be heard for several blocks but he was fairly hooked.

Chapter XXIV

IN about 1887, it was decided, to establish a public school at Fort Saskatchewan. Slightly prior to this time our tutor, James Steele, had been appointed to a school elsewhere and left us. There were about six white children, three of us and some others to attend the school. The remainder were half-breeds and quarter-breeds, shading down to some Indian children in the neighbourhood. The decision to open a public school was largely based upon the arrival at Fort Saskatchewan of Mrs. Ingles. She was a Scottish lady and had received a Scottish education which, I think, was in a class by itself. She taught all sorts of subjects for which there is, nowadays, no room in the curriculum. She told us of our five senses, seeing, hearing, touching, tasting and smelling; of the three kingdoms in nature. Air, earth and water came into this in some way together with fish, flesh and fowl, and animal, vegetable and mineral. Many important truths were taught in rhymes, some of them set to music and acted by the children as they sang it. I remember one of them.

Man's life's a vapour,
Full of woes;
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes.

In later years, I found this to be very true, although I think I am bound to say that I have known a number of men and women who cut a series of capers before they went down.

A bit of Latin was taught and for this purpose we had a book containing a list of Latin roots, from which English words were derived. I confess that these Latin roots have been of more use to me than Latin translation has ever been. We had a bit of Latin grammar. I remember rules were taught by rhymes which I have now largely forgotten. One

I remember, however, appealed to me and the tail end of it still remains. Mrs. Ingles not only recited these rhymes but declaimed them. This is the fragment:

And to these if rest at be intended,
Let in, sub, super, subter be appended.

The school was held in Mrs. Ingles' own house which she had built for the purpose. When she needed a bit of firewood she used to tell us boys to go out and play at soldiers. When we returned from "playing soldier" she used to say, "Boys, put your guns in the wood-box." We thereupon stood our guns in the wood-box and they made quite a jag of small fire wood.

She provided herself with long willows which she called "gads" and punished all forms of inattention and disobedience by so many strokes on the hand. This punishment was reserved for the boys, as far as I can remember, but Mrs. Ingles certainly maintained discipline with a particularly difficult crowd.

These half-breed and Indian boys did not play any games with balls. All their games were based on concealment and stalking, the noiseless approach through the bush, the sudden onset and the like. We are now teaching much the same thing to our recruits in the army. We call it battle drill, commando tactics and the like. I learned it from past-masters of the art at the age of nine and ten. A half-breed boy is apt to be a bully. I was taught boxing, or the general principles of boxing and found that the best form of a defence with half-breeds and Indians is the offensive. Therefore, when any Indian or half-breed boy started to bear down upon me, I sailed into him with both fists and finally got the reputation of being "wicked" which was quite pleasing to me. At all events, I was not bullied and acquired a form of leadership at an early age.

Most of Mrs. Ingles' pupils in due course passed on into the world. She could not change their colour or amend their inherited traits but they could read and write and do a bit of arithmetic. So far as I know most of them have at least kept out of jail, have been fairly honest. Some of them even learned to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

Mrs. Ingles wore a cap, which consisted of tiers of black

lace, which was always assuming a rakish angle sadly at variance with the pious and earnest outlook of the wearer. Mrs. Ingles, however, was a great woman and under the most difficult circumstances did a good job of work. I really believe that she taught me more useful knowledge during the period in which I sat at her feet than any other instructor I ever had.

One of the great scourges which confronted the early settlers was the prairie fire. Who started a prairie fire one could scarcely ever find out, probably a careless white man. Sometimes these fires were started by a man who wanted to burn off the dry grass with a view to improving the pasturage next spring. The settlers, who were scattered over a wide area, were endeavouring to break-up the land and had built themselves shacks, stables, barns and other required buildings. The prairie fire ran before the wind and travelled at considerable speed. I think that the prairie fire itself created a sort of vacuum which caused high winds. The prairie fire running before a high wind jumped the roads, creeks and even the rivers. I remember at least one prairie fire which jumped the Saskatchewan river, probably two hundred yards. This was caused by particles of burning grass or underbrush which were carried through the air to considerable distances. A prairie fire at night was a fearsome spectacle. An unfortunate settler was almost helpless. The method of fighting a prairie fire was to beat it out by hand with a wet blanket or a wet bag. Where the fire was not being sent forward by a high wind I have known a settler to hitch a team of horses to a green hide and drive down the fire smothering it as he went with the hide. Cattle and horses re-act to fire in an entirely different way. Horses are afraid of fire and will stampede before it. Cattle on the other hand will stand perfectly still and jump over the line of fire or walk through it to safety on the burned ground beyond. If you turn horses out of a burning building they will return to the same building apparently to take refuge from the fire, in which case they will be burned to death. Pigs will get out of a burning building and will stay out. In the Mounted Police barracks a certain number of wagons were detailed for fire duty. Each wagon would carry four barrels full of water and a quantity of empty oat sacks, spades, etc. From the barracks the line of the approaching fire

could be seen, the location of settlers was known. When the bugle sounded the fire call, the men doubled to the wagons, the teams were hitched in and the party proceeded at top speed to the settler's habitation which was endangered. On arrival at the spot, if the fire was close, the men doubled out with their wet sacks and formed a line to put the fire out by hand. When the bag was dried out the men returned to the wagon and soaked the bag in water afresh. It was a good idea to dig a few sods of earth and put them in the bag. This gave weight to the bag and it could be used to put out fire even after it was dry. Another trick was to get the settler out with his plough and plough a series of furrows around his hay-stacks or buildings. This checked the fire to some extent. On other occasions one might set a fresh fire in advance of the on-coming fire and burn an area fifty yards wide across the path of the on-coming fire, keeping the great fire under control. There were many different expedients if a sufficient number of men (with equipment) could be brought to the right place at the right time. I always accompanied these parties on my pony as a small boy and enjoyed the excitement. On occasions we arrived too late. We might find the settler and his family up to their necks in a neighbouring pond. The cattle usually were all right and so were the pigs but I have seen a barn blazing with all the horses inside screaming dreadfully. The scream of a suffering horse is a thing once heard is never forgotten. It was a sad sight to see a settler, who had worked hard for several years to establish himself, reduced to utter ruin, the wife sobbing as if her heart would break and all the children crying, some of them scorched and burned and all their household goods in ashes. These people were brought into the Fort and usually put in the barrack hospital. My mother found clothing in some way for the children, something for the women to wear and the Mounted Police rendered as much assistance as possible in the way of transport. Many of the neighbouring settlers came together to rebuild, and supplied labour in the form of a "bee."

As the country slowly developed and roads and trails were built and settlement thickened, this menace of fire was substantially reduced. Provision was also made for turning out the settlers compulsorily to fight fire. It was astounding

to find here and there the individual who objected to being compelled to turn out and fight a fire which was threatening his neighbours and ultimately himself. Such individuals used to be seized by the scruff of the neck, thrown into a police wagon and driven off. They were usually well kicked and booted about and by the time they returned to their homes were in a pretty chastened mood. In due course they wrote to the Prime Minister and complained of the Cossack methods of the Mounted Police.

A prairie fire might run on a front of anything from five to fifty miles. At a distance of ten or fifteen miles the whole of the evening sky would be lighted up, great volumes of smoke would drift around the country and as the airmen say, the visibility would be substantially reduced for days. The season of fires was in the early spring after the snow had gone and before things had turned green and in the fall of the year when the growing period was over and the grass and bushes were withered and dry. In the northern part of the province in the treed area many prairie fires started bush-fires and in many cases the muskegs, being dry, burned throughout the whole winter at a depth of three or four feet below the surface. Great trees with their roots burned out simply fell or were subsequently blown down. This is described as a "dead fall."

One day my father went out for a prairie chicken shoot. The party consisted of himself, Sergeant Parker of the Mounted Police and myself, then perhaps six years old. We travelled in a Mounted Police patrol wagon. We sat with the driver in the front seat and the remainder of the wagon-box was occupied by two of Parker's dogs and three of ours. I was standing between my father's legs. Suddenly the front wheels dipped into a hole in the trail. I was shot out of the wagon and fell between the whiffle trees and the horse's heels. The front wheel passed over my chest and the hind wheel over my hips and stomach. The horses were stopped and the two men jumped out to find me senseless on the trail. They dragged me to one side and endeavoured to bring me to life. Both Parker and my father thought that I was dead and when I finally opened my eyes and said something they were greatly relieved. As a matter of fact I appeared to be quite uninjured and although a bit shaken

continued with them throughout the day and they had a very good shoot. Both my father and Sergeant Parker laid it upon me again and again that I should not mention the matter to my mother, who would probably have accused them of attempted murder. Sergeant Parker, now Captain, in his nineties, lives at Medicine Hat and is going strong. He still spends most of his time in the fall of the year in pursuit of prairie chicken.

Chapter XXV

IT will be remembered that the Hudson's Bay ceded their rights under the Great Charter received from Charles II to the Government of Canada in 1870. The Hudson's Bay was primarily a trading company. They were interested in trading with the Indians. It was essential to the company that the Indians should devote themselves to the acquisition of fur which was brought to the company to exchange for firearms, powder and shot, tea, sugar, tobacco and flour, tools and a certain amount of finery for their women which consisted of cloth goods, ribbons, beads, cheap jewelry and the like. The Hudson's Bay was interested in the maintenance of law and order to a point. They had no police force although all their people were armed and could, and did, defend their forts. The odd murder here and there did not greatly interest them although the murder of a Hudson's Bay officer or employee was a more serious matter. Their punishments in that case were largely economic. They refused to deal with the murderer until he had either purged his offence or by the passing of time the same had been forgotten. Some Hudson's Bay officers were Justices of the Peace. In the conflict between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Montreal Traders, there are some cases of record where the Hudson's Bay arrested and sent certain malefactors, usually belonging to the Montreal companies, to eastern Canada for trial before the courts there. When the Mounted Police arrived in the country in 1874, every commissioned officer of the Mounted Police was a Justice of the Peace and the Guard Rooms of the Mounted Police were jails. The greater number of offenders were Indians charged with murder, horse stealing and offences of that character. What was necessary at that time was to introduce to the Indians the idea of restraint and punishment. Six months in jail to an Indian was very severe punishment. A few years later a few stipendiary

magistrates were appointed who had the powers of, at least, a County Court Judge. Colonel MacLeod, formerly Assistant Commissioner of the Mounted Police, was a stipendiary magistrate for a while and later on became a Judge of the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories. It was considered desirable that Justices of the Peace should be appointed from the civilian population. The difficulty was, however, to find suitable persons for the job. As the type of immigrant improved and, in particular as Mounted Police officers, constables and N.C.O.'s took their discharges from the police and settled in the country, suitable persons began to emerge. There were, however, a tremendous number of misfits and odd fish who became Justices of the Peace and there were many miscarriages of justice. In many cases a Mounted Police constable or sergeant advised the Justice of the Peace and sat in court to give weight and possibly respectability to the decisions handed down.

I remember one Justice of the Peace before whom a lawyer appeared. The lawyer, with a bag of books and many quotations from the same urged that the case be thrown out. The Justice of Peace wavered for a bit and finally instructed his son, who was acting as Clerk, in these words, "Art, throw this case out the window."

Art thereupon raised the window in the school house, gathered up the papers before the magistrate and threw them out the window.

In some of the public manifestations of displeasure at the enforcement of the law by the Mounted Police, some of these Justices of the Peace were leaders of mobs who opposed the actions of the police. There was the famous case in South Alberta where the newly appointed Justice of the Peace was confronted with the following situation. Two settlers, who were friends, decided to own between them a boat on the Belly River. They lived on opposite sides of the river and were about two hundred yards apart but, without a boat, they had to travel ten or twelve miles to see each other. The boat necessarily was tied up on either one side of the river or the other. The man on the opposite side to the boat came out and shouted to his friend on the other side who rowed the boat over. Many other people crossed by the same manner. One day the partners in the boat fell out. The man who happened to have the boat tied up on his bank on that day

pulled it up on the shore and carried it in to his own backyard and refused to have any further dealings with his neighbour. The neighbour went to the Justice of the Peace who got out his law books and could find nothing therein about the stealing of a boat, but he did find in the index the notation "stealing a ship—see Piracy." Ultimately, he had the offender on the other side of the river brought before him on the charge of piracy. Finding the defendant guilty, he then read up the section on piracy and found that sentence to death was the penalty. He thereupon sentenced the offender to death. It took all the tact of the late Sir Frederick Haultain, then Premier and Attorney-General for the North-West Territories to get the offender out of custody and release him, at the same time maintaining the prestige and dignity of the Justice of the Peace. With the assistance of the Mounted Police this was accomplished.

At another point, a former member of the Mounted Police, named Swinton, was appointed a Justice of the Peace. He was a very proper man and resented any familiarity, particularly on the part of those who come from what political orators like to call the "great republic to the south of us" who promptly called him "Judge." Swinton resented this as much as if he had been a real Judge and these gentry had called him "Bill" or "Tom." He was trying an American one day for setting a prairie fire to burn off the old grass to improve the pasturage. This fire escaped and did a good deal of damage. Swinton found the accused guilty and fined him one hundred dollars. The accused, however, was a cheerful soul taking things in his stride. His reply to the finding of the Justice of the Peace was "That's all right, Judge. I have got that in my hip pocket!"

Swinton glowered at him and added "And three months in jail! Have you got that in your hip pocket?"

In the matter of the administration of justice in a new country it is to be observed that slackness, favouritism, influence and the like are thought to be democratic whereas rigidity is thought to be an evidence of dictatorship, at all events undemocratic. Recently I have met several Americans who do not hesitate to put forward that idea, complaining of being brought before a Magistrate for exceeding the speed limit and other offences of a similar character. They seem to take the view that we disclose in our enforcement of these

laws an attitude of dictatorship and a lack of democratic ideals. This is particularly noticeable in the enforcement of the game laws. The Mounted Police, however, laid a sound foundation for us in the West by rigidly enforcing all laws and going to no end of expense or trouble to convict the guilty parties.

In the old days the Mounted Police used to receive circulars from Sheriffs in the United States offering rewards for the apprehension of murderers, horse thieves and such people. In one case a murderer was actually arrested on one of these circulars and the Mounted Police constable who had effected the arrest sat down to lick his chops with pleasurable anticipation of the reward which, I think, was five thousand dollars. The Sheriff who had signed the circular was advised of the arrest and informed that following extradition proceedings the alleged murderer might be removed to the United States in custody. The Sheriff replied that he had consulted with the County officials and they had concluded that since the murderer was now out of the County and in the clutches of the Mounted Police in Canada that the ends of justice had been satisfactorily served and that the County authorities were no longer interested in the case. In due course the visiting murderer was released for lack of prosecution and the reward faded out of sight.

Wherever the Mounted Police have been entrusted in any part of Canada with the administration of criminal law there the people become educated to what it all means. There are, I fear, other parts of the country where the law is considered to be necessary for some people but not for others. There can be no higher rating for a civilized people than is to be found in the efficient and rigid application of the law; the principle of equality of all citizens before the law.

Chapter XXVI

THE Canadian Pacific Railway entered the Canadian West in the years 1882-83. By the end of 1883 it reached and entered the mountains. The construction of the road was in the hands of contractors who were given various portions and were paid on the basis of the "dirt" to be moved. Thus, ordinary prairie soil would be so much a cubic yard; rock construction would be the most highly paid; muskeg had to be specially legislated for since it was entirely unpredictable. Following the contractors who prepared the grade came the contractors delivering ties. These ties were also bought under contract at so much per tie. The prices for ties varied with circumstances. Across the prairies ties had to be brought from a considerable distance, but going through a bush country it was possible to cut the ties immediately on or beside the right-of-way. In such cases the ties would be cheaper. Ties were delivered on the right-of-way and more or less dropped in position. That is to say, in the proper alignment and at the proper distances apart. Finally came the construction train which carried the rails. The train moved slowly forward. The rails were advanced on rollers attached to the cars and carried by the workmen from fifty to one hundred feet forward. The rails were then laid on the ties, bolted together by fishplates and spiked to the ties. The construction train then moved forward forty or fifty feet. It was thought that to lay a mile of rail in a day was a substantial achievement. I fancy that with the development of modern machinery a much greater mileage could now be achieved. The right-of-way had still to be ballasted with gravel, but since the rails were laid trains could move slowly carrying supplies and the like. The railway company, however, did not take over the newly-laid railway until the contractors were finished with their several jobs. Meanwhile, the contractors operated a few trains over stretches of the

road carrying their own equipment, and some passengers might be carried by arrangement with the contractors' men.

Amongst these tie contractors were McKenzie and Mann, who subsequently became railway builders, owners and operators of railways on very little capital of their own. They were both subsequently knighted and became respectively Sir William McKenzie and Sir Donald Mann. Dan Mann was in charge of operations on the front line and Bill McKenzie had to do with administration.

Dan Mann was a powerful man and was said to be an expert tie cutter. It was alleged that he could, with a broad-axe, cut a toothpick out of a tie with a very few strokes.

Later on, he made a trip through the Orient and finally visited Tokyo in Japan. He was well received and visited the best clubs and hotels. One night, in Tokyo, he sat in on a game of poker, in which he was also an expert. Playing with him was a German Baron and several other Germans. Dan was getting away with most of the money when a quarrel broke out between Mann and the Baron. The Baron finally threw a glass of wine in Dan Mann's face. Dan landed a haymaker on the Baron's jaw, which left said Baron a bit of a wreck! On the following day, Dan was called upon by another German gentleman, with a square head, who explained to Dan that he was the bearer from the Baron of a challenge to a duel. Dan was a bit flabbergasted as he had never fought a duel before, did not know anything about the use of arms, and did not want to be mixed up in that sort of thing.

When the German had gone, Dan suddenly remembered that he had made the acquaintance, at the British Embassy, of an officer who might know a good deal about duels, and thereupon he visited the Embassy without loss of time, where he found his friend, who was quite sympathetic, but explained that Dan would have to fight. The discussion was mixed up about talk of prestige and "face" and things of that sort, which did not greatly interest a Canadian railway builder. The official at the Embassy, however, closed the discussion on a hopeful note. He pointed out that Dan, being the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, and since Dan knew nothing about swords or pistols he suggested broadaxes. Dan agreed, and it was arranged that he would immediately

visit a Japanese ship-building plant and buy a pair of broad-axes, exactly alike, and take them to his hotel. The British Embassy official then notified the German party that he was acting for Dan and would be his "second" in the duel, and suggested a discussion. When the discussion took place the German was distinctly shocked to learn of Dan's choice of weapons. The Embassy official suggested that they might visit Dan at his hotel and examine the suggested weapons. They did so. The face of the broadaxes were about nine inches and the edges, like all Japanese tools, were sharp as a razor.

That night the German Baron boarded a tramp ship, sailing immediately for Hong Kong, and Dan was left in possession of the field, with all the honours that went with it.

One day there arrived in Medicine Hat two young men who left their mark upon this country. One of these afterwards became the Honourable Sir James Lougheed, a member of the Senate of Canada and a member of the Privy Council. The other, Dr. Brett, subsequently became a member of the Territorial Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Alberta. Both in their way were remarkable men. They were both anxious to get as far as Calgary but no trains were available, so after some negotiation they procured a hand-car, which in those days was propelled by an arrangement of gears and two men pumped on handles which transmitted the power to the wheels. It was backbreaking work. Lougheed and Brett pumped their way from Medicine Hat to Calgary, a distance of about two hundred miles. Dr. Brett subsequently pushed on to Banff, where ultimately he established himself with a hospital and a clinic for the treatment of rheumatism and ailments of that sort, with the Sulphur waters at that place.

Lougheed went to work in Calgary as a contractor where there was a good deal of building to be done. He apparently did very well and decided to become a lawyer. He articulated himself to some lawyer and began to read law, and in due course became qualified and entered the practice of law in Calgary. It is said that about this time he adopted an accent and became a very good speaker. Bob Edwards of the *Eye Opener* loved to tell stories about Lougheed turning on the use of the word "juncture" pronounced "junctchaw." Apparently at this "junctchaw" it was suitable to do things

which Lougheed approved of. On the other hand at another "junctchaw" it was inadvisable to proceed. Lougheed, at an early age, was appointed to the Senate and soon made his mark there and became Leader of the Conservative Party in the Senate. On the formation of Conservative Governments, from time to time, he held Cabinet positions and in due course received the honour of Knighthood. He was a very clever man with a wide knowledge of many subjects. Quite frequently in the Senate, he would suddenly be confronted with a situation which required him to take a stand. If he were not prepared to take a stand immediately, he would make quite an interesting speech with one half of his mind while he thought the matter over with the other half. Many of us who knew him well knew what was taking place, and we watched him coming to his conclusions with great interest and not a little admiration. Having thought the matter out and having in the meantime entertained the House, he finally arrived at a firm declaration and led his party in the support of the conclusion at which he had arrived. After my own arrival in the Senate in 1921, I became a Conservative Whip and got to know him quite well. He could meet a delegation and be as sweet as pie, but finally having made up his mind he became a boss and was vigorous and sometimes ruthless in carrying out his ideas. I had a profound respect for him and when finally he died I thought that he was a great loss to the Senate and the country. He took up golf rather late in life and put himself in the hands of a pro. We used to play together. Normally, I used to beat him at every hole but that did not prevent him from telling me what was wrong with my stance, what was wrong with my driving and the like. His acquired accent remained with him through life and gave him good diction, good tone of voice and an impressive delivery.

Sir James had an excellent vocabulary, and in drawing committee reports or amendments to Acts of Parliament, he usually had the last word. Some Senators, probably a bit spitefully, started the story that Sir James memorized twenty big words a day and had done so for the past twenty years. These words are now known as sixty-four-dollar words and were usually apropos. Once in a while he slipped, and the word that he suggested was not quite so good as that suggested by someone else.

One day in the Ranchmen's Club, in Calgary, a discussion arose about the difficulty of getting maid servants in Calgary. Sir James joined the circle and immediately took charge. "You surprise me! I thought that there was a perfect damn plethora of maid servants." Paddy Nolan just entered the room and pretended not to have heard the full discussion. He intervened: "Pardon me, Sir James, but what part of the maid servant is the plethora?"

Dr. Brett, on the other hand, was the exact opposite of Loughheed. He was a kindly man, very considerate of the opinions and feelings of others. Time meant little or nothing to him, and he was invariably late for all functions sometimes to the annoyance of staff and other persons responsible for the success of the function. One of his opponents for a seat in the Territorial Legislature, was the late Arthur L. Sifton who became Chief Justice of Alberta and retired to lead the Liberal Party in the Alberta Legislature. Later, he entered the Union Government formed by Sir Robert Borden in 1917. Sifton definitely belonged to the period of the first Queen Elizabeth. As a Judge he never reserved his decision but gave it immediately at the conclusion of the trial. He seldom or never gave any reasons, for his judgment, but invariably on appeal his decisions were sustained.

In an election for the Provincial Legislature it was agreed that at a certain place, near Banff, a joint meeting would be held between the candidates. That is to say both candidates would appear on the platform at the same time and place, dividing the time between them. Sifton arrived on time but Brett as usual was late. After sitting around for some time, the audience began to get restive and the chairman addressing the meeting suggested that they might as well have Mr. Sifton's speech now and Dr. Brett could speak when he arrived. This was not quite the arrangement which the audience had expected. They wanted to see both candidates in action facing each other. Sifton, however, was willing, took the platform and made his speech and sat down. Still Brett did not arrive and again the audience began to get restive. Sifton then got up and addressing the chairman pointed out that he and Dr. Brett had been campaigning all over the constituency and probably knew each other's speeches by heart and since Dr. Brett had not arrived he was quite willing to deliver Dr. Brett's speech. This met with the approval

of the audience and Sifton, who had a sardonic wit, then delivered Dr. Brett's speech. Sifton had no sooner finished Brett's speech than Brett arrived all smiles and bows to everybody and took his seat on the platform. Thereupon the chairman called on him to speak. As the audience recognized the parts of Brett's speech that Sifton had already delivered on his behalf there were howls of delight from the audience. Undoubtedly Sifton had scored. On the other hand, Brett was a man without a single enemy in the countryside and his manner was so frank and engaging that probably not a great deal of harm was done to his candidature.

In due course the Railway Company took over the railroad and began to operate it. Almost immediately a curious state of affairs developed. It is possible that the same circumstances existed in the United States at that time. While the company had opened offices for the sale of tickets to passengers about to travel, the practice grew up of boarding the train without a ticket. When the conductor came around to collect the tickets from the passengers the passenger without a ticket explained that he hadn't got a ticket and how much was the fare? The conductor usually charged the passenger about half the proper fare and pocketed the amount. I fancy that he subsequently divided with the train crew, possibly not equally since he took most of the risk. Conductors became experienced in sizing-up the passenger. A man who bought a ticket in the station at the full price was considered to be a "softy," lacking in the spirit of adventure, so to speak, while the passenger who got on the train without a ticket was thought to be one of the "boys." This practice grew to such proportions that, I fancy, a large proportion of the passenger traffic revenue was getting into the pockets of the employees instead of the coffers of the company. I remember boarding a train one day at an important divisional point, usually described as a railroad town, that is to say, the greater proportion of the population of the town were employed by the C.P.R. or otherwise dependent on the railway. One of my fellow passengers was a bright fellow who subsequently became a Justice of the Supreme Court. He was, at that time, a member of the Provincial Legislature. As the conductor approached I produced my ticket and was holding it in my hand. My friend said, "I see you have a ticket." To which I agreed. "Haven't you a ticket?"

He said, "No." I said, "How do you travel then?" He said, "Well, I give the conductor what he asks for." I fancy that I looked at him rather critically and he added: "If I bought a ticket in the usual way I couldn't get elected in this town."

This state of affairs lasted for quite a long time. The first steps taken in the matter were to provide amendments to the Criminal Code making it an offence for any person to travel on a railway train without buying a ticket or paying the proper fare. Another amendment made it an offence for an employee of a railway company to fail to collect the proper fare. Then travelling auditors were appointed who accompanied the conductor on his rounds through the train. Finally, the company employed agents who were known as "spotters." These men travelled on the train watching the conductor closely and frequently alleged that they were without a ticket and offered money instead. If the conductor did not spot the "spotter" and carried him for less than the usual fare, he found himself brought up on a charge under the Criminal Code. He could be dismissed from the service or prosecuted in the Courts. As a result of these measures, I think, it can now be asserted that there is very little speculation of this character. The point I want to make is that little or no odium attached either to the traveller who entered into this intrigue or the railway employee who was on the other side of the game. Later on, the Railway Commission was established and the whole business of transportation was put upon a sound and equitable basis. It is interesting to recall this phase of our development because I suspect that under similar circumstances it might again manifest itself. Stealing from a great corporation is not unlike stealing from the government. Certain types of mind see nothing wrong with stealing from the government which is supposed to be so rich that it will never miss a few dollars here and there. I think we have made some progress in matters of this sort, and there is today a larger honesty and a greater sense of responsibility on the part of the individual towards public affairs generally.

As a small boy I frequently accompanied my father on police patrols. In the old days police detachments were established wherever considered necessary. The men were assigned various "beats" and rode on horseback the "beats"

assigned. It was customary to call upon white settlers and others, at least weekly, to find out if they had any complaints of any kind, or needed assistance. Frequently these young constables ran into all sorts of curious situations. Due to loneliness and difficulties of one sort and another, men and women began to go queer or were found to be in the first stages of lunacy. I knew one man who was ploughing a piece of land and was so bothered by the flies that he became a complete lunatic. He was gathered in by the police and kept in the guard room for some months and subsequently certified to be sane. These lunatics developed terrific physical strength. Sometimes they were handled with tact and a certain amount of guile, and on other occasions had to be forcibly seized, placed in irons and brought to the nearest guard-room. There were cases of wife-beating growing out of mutual recriminations and abject misery. Not unfrequently, young constables arrived at a settler's shack to find the wife of a settler labouring in child-birth. Under the direction of the medical officer at police posts a course was given on what to do, and many a young constable found himself required to carry on as directed. He took off his equipment and hung it up, took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and heated water, assembling clean cloths, towels and the like. when the baby arrived he washed it in a pail or a tub or whatever was convenient, and generally did a fairly good job. He then endeavoured to find another woman somewhere to take over for a few days. This was a part of the mounted policeman's job in the old days.

A general patrol under an officer usually went out to deal with cases somewhat beyond the capacity of a constable on detachment. When my father went out he might have six or eight mounted men and two or three light wagons carrying rations, bedding and oats. He frequently held court and if the culprits were sentenced to imprisonment brought the prisoners in. I remember once a patrol down to Victoria to deal with some Indian troubles. The Chief of the Cree Indians there, was an old Indian named Pakan. He was advised by a missionary who was rather a troublesome fellow. Pakan was entitled to some consideration because in the Rebellion of 1885 he had refused to receive "runners" from Big Bear and Riel. He sought to capitalize on this by making demands on the Government. When the Mounted Police

did not do what Pakan thought they ought to do he used to write to the Prime Minister, the missionary doing the writing. Pakan was clever enough to quote from the Indian Treaty and raise points and questions which appeared to call for a reply from the Department of Indian Affairs. In short, Pakan became a bit of a nuisance. My father used to swear at him under his breath but otherwise treated him with a good deal of consideration. We were camped one time on Pakan's reserve and were much troubled by a steer said to be Pakan's private property. This steer would visit our camp at night, tear open a sack of oats and trample the contents into the dirt. On one occasion he got at a sack of hard tack and ate practically half of it before he could be stopped. One night he got in a wagon and attracted by the salt on the jute covering of a side of sow-belly bacon ate a portion of the sack and some of the bacon. Of course, he would be chased away but he would always return, being as cunning as a fox and as lithe as a wolverine. Since the animal belonged to Pakan, it was not considered desirable that he be injured in any way or that the negotiations with Pakan be complicated by the behaviour of his steer. My father appealed to Charlie Henderson, the half-breed scout and interpreter attached to the Mounted Police to whom I have referred elsewhere. Charlie was a man who could do anything. He could work in iron and wood and fix anything. He was thoroughly informed as to the difficulties of dealing with Pakan. The steer was standing in the outer rim of the firelight, waiting for an opportunity to get in his deadly work. Amongst the other things Charlie could do was pick up a red hot coal out of the fire with his bare fingers. On this occasion he selected a nice red hot coal and, carrying it in his fingers, walked over to the steer who was quite tame. Raising the steer's tail, he planted the coal firmly on his behind. The steer promptly clamped his tail down on the coal and kept it in place, and left for parts unknown at top speed and never returned.

On these patrols, if the trails were dry, we could do sixty miles a day for three or four days on end. The usual rate of travel for a police patrol was forty miles a day. The pace was a jog trot. We got up about five o'clock in the morning, and got on the move about seven and travelled until about half-past four or five. It was necessary to camp at

night near water and wood for the fires. The question of grass for the horses was also a factor, although in the old days the grass was fairly good everywhere. In the matter of water, any kind of water was considered good enough, except, of course, alkali water. Water which had been defiled by animals is usually fit for humans. Water defiled by humans, on the other hand, is bad for other humans. Humans are possibly the dirtiest of all animals. Some of our horses would be picketed at night and others would be hobbled. In the morning the hobbled horses would be found in the neighbourhood of the picketed horses. There was always the danger, however, that in a storm of wind and rain, accompanied by hail, the horses would stampede. The picketed horses would pull their picket pins and the hobbled horses that were experienced in wearing hobbles could go almost as fast and as far as unhobbled horses. Our food consisted of sow-belly bacon, hard tack, tea and sugar. Hard tack could be improved by frying it in bacon grease. Too much of it, however, would upset the men's stomachs. If shot-guns were carried prairie-chicken, ducks, geese and grouse could be added to the menu.

Chapter XXVII

ON these patrols, I rode my pony and was required by my father to look after him properly. On arrival in camp, I unsaddled him and rubbed all sweat marks dry with a bunch of grass, and patted, pounded and massaged the horse's back under the saddle, to restore the circulation. I examined his hooves and saw that they were clear of stones and that the shoes were fitted properly. In short, I was taught the whole ritual of caring for a horse on the march and in the lines. In later years, as a Squadron Commander, I was called upon for all sorts of first-aid treatment for the horses under my command. With the passing of the horse this knowledge ceases to be of very much use, but it is satisfactory to recall that in the days when the horse was man's most useful and faithful servant one could do little things to relieve pain and keep him afoot.

Having looked after my horse the next chore was to assist Charlie Payne, for many years my father's groom, to pitch my father's "A" tent which I occupied with him and to make our several beds on the grass in the tent. Three tent pegs were driven in the ground to make a washstand and the tin washbasin was set up thereon. A pail of water was brought from wherever the water supply was. It might have to be strained. My father was anxious to teach me all the tricks of the trade so I could pull my own weight. We had, as well, a grub box into which my mother had put pots of jam, pickles and the like, with perhaps a cake which helped out our feeding.

When the Dominion Government took over the North-West Territories, they sent a large number of Dominion Land Surveyors into the country to survey and lay out the country for settlement. The following is not an exact description of the system of survey but is probably sufficient for the pur-

pose. The unit of the survey was the township, which was six miles square consisting of thirty-six sections each section being a mile square. Between each section there was a road allowance sixty-six feet wide. A quarter-section consisted of one-hundred-and-sixty acres and a section had six-hundred and-forty acres in it. This meant that the road allowances ran north and south and east and west. This, regardless of whether there was a river, creek or a swamp, on the road allowance. Prior to this system of survey a settler might settle where he liked, and when the surveyors finally came along they might find that one of their lines of survey ran slap through his house. They, nevertheless, completed the survey and provision existed to give this squatter an amount of land equal to a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres. He might be given eighty acres in one quarter section and eighty acres in the neighbouring fragments of land. The Government never pressed for payment, and the squatter seldom paid until he got around to the place where he decided to put a mortgage on his land. Then the Title had to be cleared up. Squatters and settlers who were given formal Title, or the right to work for Title, on land were then permitted to fence their lands. This caused a great deal of trouble. The trails in those days were mere cart tracks, originally based upon game trails, for even game animals had sense enough to follow the high, dry land and the old trails followed the high, dry and well-drained land. These trails were usable even after long stretches of wet weather. These trails crossed rivers and creeks at fords and avoided sloughs, muskegs and wet ground. When the settler or squatter fenced his land following the boundaries set by the surveys, he frequently fenced off a trail which compelled the traveller to follow the road allowance which might lead the traveller to an impassable stream or an equally impassable swamp. Many old timers, on finding themselves cut off from a well-known trail, threw the fence down and travelled the old trail. The settler then restored his fence and took post on his land with his rifle in hand. The traveller usually had his rifle as well, and there were many cases where these hard-boiled individuals exchanged shots or battled with bare fists. The Mounted Police then intervened. There were a few prosecutions but frequently the Mounted Police had to give decisions. The Government was then compelled to

adopt the policy of surveying well-travelled trails and giving them the status of roads. The trail from Calgary to Edmonton was so surveyed and there were many other trails given a legal status but as settlement increased the travelling public were forced on to the road allowances.

There was insufficient money to build bridges or build roads through swamps and travel by trail became difficult. An administration had been set up at Regina with certain of the powers of a Provincial Government, but there was not enough money in the country to grapple with the problem and it may be asserted that millions of dollars were wasted in futile attempts to build roads through swamps. As the work proceeded, many swamps and lakes were drained off to permit of the road being built, and this draining off of the country has played its part in running off the water so urgently needed in later years.

There has never been any attempt in the settlement of the West so far as I know, to control the settlers in the matter of their selection of land, and it is a rather curious thing that most of these early settlers were rugged individualists in getting for themselves a suitable piece of land upon which to settle. They apparently attached no importance to distance or the value of neighbours. In fact, it used to be said that they liked to get so far away from neighbours that they could never see the smoke rising from the chimneys of the nearest neighbours. This fact has been of outstanding importance. In the old days when the settlers were but a thin trickle, one might drive for days along the prairie trails and suddenly come upon a settler who had built himself a house, barns and outbuildings and occupied his land with his wife and a large family, surrounding himself with stock, poultry and the like. They lived hard but simple lives and stood ready with their sons to defend their homes with their rifles in hand. This, in the abstract, was a fine thought but the practical result was not so good since it scattered settlement all over this great country and necessitated the building of roads and bridges, the establishment of schools and later the building of telephone lines to benefit a population which was so sparse that none of these expenditures were on a sound economic basis. Had settlement been controlled and had the system of survey been more elastic, roads could have been made to follow the high, dry ground. In every township a

home area could have been established and the settlers thereby induced to live in a community, allocating each settler three or four acres for the home buildings but compelling the settler to go out to his land in the morning, work upon it and return in the evening. This system would have avoided many problems which retarded the settlement of the West and added to the pain and grief of the settlers. In particular, the loneliness, from which so many women and children as well as men suffered agonies, might have been avoided. As usual, in such cases it is possible that new problems would have arisen, but on balance I still think that in the end we would have been better off. Land should not have been opened for settlement at distant points until close-in areas had been settled. Something might be done about this even yet.

Chapter XXVIII

IN 1887, June 20th, I think, we celebrated Queen Victoria's Jubilee, she having ascended the throne in 1837. Great changes had occurred in Western Canada during her reign and it was customary to mention the name of the Queen in connection with these changes. The Indian Treaties were all made in the name of the Queen and it was necessary for the commissioners to describe the Queen to the Indians, her wisdom, her generosity, kindness of heart, and her interest in all her children whether black, white, red or yellow. The treaty money of \$5.00 a head was paid by the Queen and the rations issued to the Indians in times of scarcity came from the Queen. The Queen had acquired the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company and had sent the Mounted Police in to the country to protect the Indians. There was scarcely a house in the West in which there was not a picture of the Queen, usually wearing a lace cap and a bluish dress. Consequently, when she had sat upon the throne for fifty years and a celebration of this event was to be held in Edmonton, Indians and half-breeds poured in from every direction as did also the white settlers. Money for the celebration was raised by subscription. The merchants contributed, probably in the hope that the influx of a number of people would improve business. Civil servants and Mounted Police Officers also contributed, believing no doubt that such demonstrations and celebrations eased the situation for them. The amount collected was absurdly small but it sufficed for prize money for various events. For little boys' under ten hundred yards race the first prize was fifty cents, second prize twenty-five cents. I remember this in particular because I won the first prize. In addition to running and jumping there were horse races. For the half mile dash the first prize might be as much as ten dollars. The race track was half a mile in the shape of an oval about one block north of the present Hudson's Bay store on Jasper Avenue in Edmonton. In the early days the finish was on the "straight" on the north side of the track. Very little work had been done on the track. A little ploughing here

and there, a scraper and a few men with shovels did what was necessary. There was no fence or enclosure about the track and therefore no payment for admission. There was, however, a wickey-up shed called the Judges' stand at the finish. For the trotting races the lightest four-wheel vehicle called a "buggy" was used and sometimes the owner of the horse invited a friend to drive with him. The invited guest usually smoked a bad cigar to give him an air of insouciance. In the horse races there was usually an entrant known as a "ringer." In the immediate locality everyone knew everybody else's horses, and a man who was pretty sure that he owned the best horse might be willing to bet a good deal on him. Certain enterprising individuals banking on this would get hold of a pretty good horse from some distant point and bring him in and gather in the money. A horse so brought in was called a "ringer." There were horse races for the Indians and squaws who rode all out. The Indians usually produced two or three men who were good in the foot races. I remember one Indian named Mooswa, who, strange to say, was very good for one hundred yards or two hundred and twenty yards but not much good in the long races. Most of the Indian runners were long distance men. They never trained or to put it the other way on, they were always in training. Mooswa was taken up by white men and travelled about the country. He preferred to run in bare feet which afforded other white men who were betting against him the opportunity of spreading broken glass on the track. To meet this situation Mooswa's backers provided him with spiked running shoes. Then wily white men, backing his opponent, cut up cork in thin layers and distributed it on the track. In the first fifty yards Mooswa would have picked up enough cork on his spikes to render them useless.

At this celebration fireworks were introduced for the first time. They came by train from Eastern Canada and were freighted by animal transport from Calgary to Edmonton. It was difficult to explain to the Indians, precisely, what fireworks were but enough was told them to provoke their greatest curiosity. For these occasions the Indians and half-breeds pitched their camps all around the race-track. The twentieth of June is a long day in our year and the hours of darkness are very few. It is possible to read a newspaper at ten-thirty and merely twilight at eleven. The sun rises

at two-thirty next morning. The spectators were very impatient for the fire-works to begin. The stuff was temporarily stored in a shed opposite the Judges' stand and consisted of rockets, Roman candles and fizz-wheels and other similar contrivances. Nobody knew very much about how these things worked. Finally, Sergeant-Major O'Connor of the Mounted Police and Medical Staff Sergeant A. E. Braithwaite (now Chief Coroner for the Province of Alberta) with some assistants were detailed to handle the fireworks. Several rockets were successfully fired. They sailed aloft to a great height, burst and broke into a series of flares of various colours. The Indians and half-breeds were profoundly impressed. They as a rule never express any surprise at all. On this occasion, however, they did and one little girl was heard to say: "That must have hit God in the neck."

Meanwhile, in the shed beyond trouble was brewing. The rockets, fizz-wheels and Roman candles had been uncased and the public had drawn as near as they dared to see the wheels go round. A spark from a torch fell into an open case of fireworks and the fat was in the fire. There were a series of explosions which burned the moustaches and some of the clothing of the willing workers. An old squaw some two hundred yards away, according to her story, was pursued by a rocket fired at ground level, from which she narrowly escaped with the greatest speed and guile. A general stampede of the Indian horses set in and for many years each Indian had his own story to tell of his successful escape from the white men's "medicine."

This was the grand finale of the Queen's Jubilee at Edmonton in 1887. When the Indians and half-breeds had finally recovered their horses and had induced their wives and children to come out of hiding they went their several ways homeward, voting the whole show a magnificent success and marveling at the ingenuity of the white man and his curious ways. In subsequent years, a fireworks performance which did not wind up with a conflagration and stampede was voted a bit flat and nothing like what one experienced in the good old days. The Mounted Police put on a sham battle with lots of blank cartridges. The Indians were intrigued by this show which it will be remembered was only two years after Duck Lake and Batoche.

Chapter XXIX

MESSRS. BROWN and Curry had a general store in a log building a few doors east of the Alberta Hotel in Edmonton. This building had the usual square front. Sometimes these fronts had dummy windows to suggest a second storey. Brown and Curry were said to have made their fortune in the Winnipeg boom of 1880 and 1882. Mr. Curry was seldom, or never, seen in Edmonton. He was something like the wicked partner in a story by Dickens. When Mr. Brown was in any difficulty or was required to make a decision he always took the ground that certain proposals would not be acceptable to Mr. Curry, or on the other hand that Mr. Curry was insistent that certain things be done.

The store was a long room; on the right as you came in, groceries; on the left, dry goods and down at the end, hardware. Two long counters occupied either side of the store. In the centre near the front was a large coal stove. On the dry goods side brass-headed tacks were driven into the counter at intervals to mark quarter-yards, half-yards and yards for the quick measurement of cloth. On the groceries side there was a set of scales. At the far end the hardware stock consisted of axes, hatchets, spades and shovels, pick-axe heads and handles, whetstones, scythes, blocks and tackles, gold-miners' pans, some firearms, powder-shot, caps and fixed ammunition. On the east side of the building there was a room which was a combined office and bedroom for Mr. Brown. In this room on the office side, was a desk and iron safe, marked "Brown and Curry." It was thought that Mr. Brown kept all his money in this safe. At the bedroom end there was Mr. Brown's bed and some trunks. Sharing this bedroom were not less than three large black retrievers. This gave Mr. Brown's bedroom and office a distinctly "doggy" smell. Mr. Brown wore quite good

brown clothes; his coats all being "cutaway," something like the modern morning coat. He wore felt hats with turned-up brim without any dents in the same. He always wore a "boiled" white shirt which, strange to say, was usually quite clean. Where he had his shirts done I do not know but I was always impressed with the shine on them. If my memory does not fail me, Mr. Brown also cooked his meals in his office bedroom.

He had one clerk, Fred Sache, who had served in the Fenian raids and possibly in the Red River expedition of 1870. Mr. Brown sat in a bar-room chair, both winter and summer, quite close to the stove and Fred Sache sat opposite to him in another bar-room chair. These chairs were usually tipped backwards and rested against the counters. If a well-known customer came in to get, let us say, ten pounds of sugar, having made his wants known, Mr. Brown nodded to the grocery side and the customer went behind the counter and poured ten pounds of sugar into the weighing scales. No wrapping paper or paper bags were supplied, each customer brought his own receptacle. Sometimes he took his neckerchief, which he had been wearing for several months, from around his neck, laid it on the counter and filled it with his purchases. If a woman came in and wanted five yards of red flannel, Mr. Sache heaved himself to his feet, went around behind the counter, pulled down a bolt of cloth which the purchaser examined with great care and then Mr. Sache measured off five yards using the brass-headed tacks for the purpose of measuring; producing a small pair of scissors he snipped the cloth at the right length and tore it off. Thus business was done. There was no rush or jostling, no hurry of any kind. The customer went out carrying his, or her, purchases unwrapped. I fancy that Mr. Brown gave a good deal of credit in the old days and never recovered the money or much of it.

No one knew whether Mr. Brown was married, a bachelor or a widower, and no one asked any questions. In later years, when Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen felt called upon to ask questions of this kind and was thought to be somewhat of a "nosey parker." She was being taken in to a civic luncheon by the Mayor of a small western town putting its best foot forward to entertain the "greats," and is reported to have said to the Mayor by way

of making conversation: "Are you married Mr. Mayor?" which caused the Mayor to swallow two or three times before he replied: "Not exactly."

Mr. Brown's consuming passion was shooting. In the fall of the year he went out with a few friends with a camping outfit and shot all kinds of feathered game. I remember one occasion when Mr. Brown and his friends went out to Beaver Lake and my father joined him there. Brown was a very kindly old man, and I remember that he had a bag of candy known as "bull's eyes" much in demand by the half-breeds and Indians. He issued me a couple of "bull's eyes" every morning.

Whether the firm of Brown and Curry made any money out of their Edmonton branch I cannot say. He was a shrewd old fellow, and probably did, although even then merchandizing was in process of change, and there was creeping in the type of merchant who goes after business by window-dressing, forms of advertising, the wrapping of goods to make brown paper parcels and the use of paper bags. When Jasper Avenue was surveyed it was found that Mr. Brown's store, which had been built by eye and not by measurement, was six feet out on the street; one corner being about six feet out and the other corner being about three feet out. Nobody liked to do anything about this because Mr. Brown was such a nice old fellow. Consequently, when the first sidewalk was built it conformed at that point to the vagaries of Mr. Brown's building.

In 1885-87 and thereabouts, an airplane picture of Edmonton in those days would have disclosed something like the following:

Edmonton claimed a population of about 200 to 300. There was to start with, the old Fort. The old Fort consisted of log buildings, wooden stockades and two bastions, and lay approximately on the high bank of the river immediately to the west and slightly south of the present Provincial Legislative buildings. The Fort was of wood and not of stone as some writers have erroneously stated. The ground upon which the Fort stood has largely been excavated and carried off, first by the railway which runs along the face of the high ground and subsequently by the preparation of the site of the power and heating plant connected with the Legislative buildings. On the high ground where the Legis-

lative buildings now stand was the "Big House," namely, the residence of the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. This building was built of logs and was quite the largest house in this part of the country. Chief Factor Richard Hardisty was in command. He had married one of the daughters of the Rev. John McDougall, Methodist missionary. Mrs. Hardisty had a piano and a canary in a cage and there was, I remember a large soda water bottle in which soda was made from metal containers. It was my idea of a palace. There were a large number of rooms which seemed to me, as a small boy, to be very elegant and spacious with real furniture not packing-cases. A number of Indian and half-breed women were employed about the place.

Immediately below to the south of the Big House and east of the Fort stockade was the Hudson's Bay garden, in which all sorts of vegetables were grown and many experiments in gardening were conducted. Undoubtedly, the climate of our country has changed slightly since those days. The autumn frosts do not come as early as they used to. Oats could be grown satisfactorily, but wheat with difficulty, since the early frost nipped wheat while it was still in the milk.

The next cluster of buildings was at the Roman Catholic Mission, where there was a church, a house for the priests and so on. The Misericordia Hospital now stands approximately on that site. In the immediate neighbourhood was the mercantile establishment of Norris and Carey. The chief employee of this firm was the late Thomas Hourston who had imported a set of bagpipes and was to be seen and heard playing the same almost any day. My father once asked Mr. Carey why he did this. Mr. Carey replied: "To let know that he is a Scotsman." My father enquired; "Isn't there any other way?"

The next cluster of houses was in the neighbourhood of the house in which the Honourable Mr. Justice Ewing now lives. Here was the headquarters of the Indian Department, the Indian agent being Mr. William Anderson who was known as "Nitchie Bill," "Nitchie" being the nickname for an Indian. Mr. Anderson's house sat approximately where Mr. Justice Ewing's house now stands and his office and warehouses were slightly to the west. In the same neighbourhood stood Phil Daly's drug store and bank. The

land and timber agent was Mr. Thomas Anderson who was known as "Timber Tom." His house and office were approximately at the corner of 100th Avenue and 103rd Street. Then there was a group of buildings in the neighbourhood of where the Alberta Hotel now stands. The first Alberta Hotel stood precisely on the site of the present Alberta Hotel. Immediately to the west on Jasper Avenue across the street was Ross Brothers' Hardware store, to the west of that, Raymer's jewelry establishment. Across the street from Raymer's was the *Edmonton Bulletin* office and in the near neighbourhood Frank Oliver's house. John Cameron's general store was in the same locality. In the Alberta Hotel area to the east, was Jack Looby's harness shop and Ed. Looby's blacksmith shop and Brown and Curry's general store. A bit further to the east was Jim Goodridge's Hotel, which was built of brick and was advertised as the only brick hotel in the North-West Territories. It had been intended to put a balcony—which was never built—on this hotel. There was a doorway from the second storey out upon the balcony which was to be but never was. One of our old-timers was staying at Goodridge's Hotel in a room on the second storey, sleeping off a prolonged bout or "jag" as it was called. This old-timer opened the door out on to the balcony which never was and fell to the side walk below. He staggered in to the bar and said to Jim Goodridge; "Jim, that is a hell of a high step you have on the door beside my bedroom."

There was, as well, the Methodist Church and parsonage where McDougall Church now stands. Nearby, was the Methodist Graveyard where Alberta College now stands. When this graveyard was established many deceased people, who had been buried pretty much where they fell, were disinterred and reinterred in this graveyard. Later, this graveyard was closed and the new Edmonton Cemetery was opened where it still remains. When the excavations for Alberta College were going forward some of these old graves were found. The story goes that a loose board was picked up which could not be identified with any particular grave, upon which this inscription was carved: "Sacred to the memory of Bill Stevens who, in his lifetime, shot eighty-seven Indians. He would like to have made it the even

hundred but he fell asleep in Jesus at the Pembina Crossing January 4th, 1863."

These clusters of buildings were separated one from the other by trails, running through the scrub and underbrush, which covered the present site of Edmonton. Jasper Avenue, although surveyed in 1880, had not been cut through. Cattle wandered over the present site of Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company made hay upon the present site of the C.N.R. shops and yards, and duck were shot in the sloughs in the immediate neighbourhood and to the north of the present Hudson's Bay store. Rugged individualists later built houses between the Alberta Hotel and Norris and Carey's place of business. The plumbing was all outside and water was delivered by watermen with horses drawing tanks of water. Water was fifty cents a barrel.

The first bank in Edmonton was owned by Phil Daly, who kept a drug store on 106th Street near the brow of the hill and diagonally across from the house in which Mr. Justice Ewing now lives. The thing that put Mr. Daly into the banking business, I think, was his possession of a large iron safe which he had got cheap in Winnipeg, after the bust up of the Winnipeg boom in 1882. How this safe reached Edmonton I do not know. If it came by animal transport from Winnipeg, it must have been quite a job. It may, however, have come by water by Hudson's Bay boat, down the Red River across Lake Winnipeg and up the Saskatchewan to Grand Rapids, and from there to Edmonton. You put your money into Mr. Daly's bank as you bank money nowadays and got a cheque book. There were, however, very few people who had any money to put in a bank and it was not an unusual thing for Mr. Daly to postpone the payment of a cheque on the ground that there was no money in his bank with which to pay it. However, if you had any money the great thing was to get it in to Mr. Daly's safe. So far as I know, Mr. Daly's bank paid back to depositors anything which they put in. This bank quietly went out of business when Messrs. Lafferty and Moore, lumber-men of Prince Albert, opened a private bank in Edmonton. They had a still larger safe and had many other interests as well as the banking business. They, in turn, were put out of business by the Imperial Bank of Canada, which arrived in 1891, when the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was built.

The Calgary and Edmonton railway, a C.P.R. subsidiary, was built to Edmonton in 1891. Its building was a mere repetition of building C.P.R. lines elsewhere. There was the usual land grant which is interesting today in that the Calgary and Edmonton Land Company still survives having retained the mineral rights on their lands when they sold the surface rights. The Calgary and Edmonton Land Company, therefore, has mineral rights to sell wherever coal, natural gas or petroleum are discovered. This line, as I have said, reached the high banks of the Saskatchewan river immediately south of Edmonton in 1891. The crossing of the Railway into Edmonton in those days was an absolutely impossible proposition. At this point the Saskatchewan River winds through the valley from one-hundred-and-fifty to two-hundred feet below the general surface of the surrounding country. The Railway Company, therefore, decided to stop on the south, or the right bank of the Saskatchewan River opposite Edmonton and to establish its town there. This was a mortal blow to Edmonton which then had a population of some five hundred people who believed, and had believed for many years, that Edmonton was to be the metropolis of the new north-west, occupying the same position in the new west that Winnipeg had occupied in the old west. But everyone could see that the building of a bridge across the Saskatchewan and the climbing of the hillsides was economically impossible. The Railway Company then proceeded to make a deal with owners of land in the neighbourhood of the terminus, suitable for townsite purposes. The arrangement made did not call for the payment of any money by the Railway Company. The Railway Company surveyed the required lands into blocks and lots, streets and lanes, and the owners of the land transferred alternate blocks to the Railway Company, retaining the remaining blocks for private sale. The central parcel of land was owned by Thomas Anderson, then Dominion Land and Timber agent at Edmonton. This is an important point and much turns upon it having regard to subsequent events. The Railway Company built a station and labelled it "Edmonton." This was objected to by the people of Edmonton and the new town was called South Edmonton, finally Strathcona. Railway shops were built and South Edmonton began to grow at quite a rapid rate, and with that growth there developed a tremen-

dous rivalry between Edmonton and South Edmonton. People who had travelled over land from Winnipeg, taking three months to make the journey, were bitterly resentful of the situation, and made no bones about their animosity towards the Railway Company and the luckless inhabitants of South Edmonton. This manifested itself in many ways. Football matches and hockey matches between teams of the two towns usually broke up in a free fight. The people of Edmonton watched every move like a family of eagles on a mountain side.

Passengers, arriving by rail, had to drive from South Edmonton to Edmonton, crossing the river on two ferries, one operating immediately below the present Legislative Buildings and the other operating at two points at different times, one immediately below the present Macdonald Hotel or at a point about half a mile below. These ferries are worth a word of description. They might be forty feet long and twelve feet wide. They were flat-bottom boats of the roughest construction. A steel cable was strung across the river and secured firmly on either bank. Steel blocks on a wooden frame ran on the cables. From this wooden frame to the ferry there was a rigging of ropes through blocks controlled by a single spindle or windlass on the upstream side of the ferry. To cross the river the windlass was operated by hand and the ferry was swung in to a position diagonal to the current of the stream, the bow of the ferry being upstream. The force of the current which is from four to seven miles an hour at Edmonton depending on the state of the river, drives the ferry across to the other side. The ferry is straightened out a bit as it approaches the opposite bank and finally comes to rest on the bank of the river, there being aprons at both ends of the boat which rest upon the shore and facilitate wheeled traffic in driving on and off the ferry. This ingenious contrivance has been in operation on our streams as long as I can remember. The idea is probably borrowed from the United States and is a very efficient and economic way of crossing streams. There, of course, must be sufficient current to drive the ferry across.

Merchants and others in Edmonton were invited to desert Edmonton and move to South Edmonton and a few did so, but the remainder decided to stick it out and to help themselves as best they could. The first move in that direction

was the construction of a steel and concrete bridge over the Saskatchewan River. The bridge was designed not only to carry ordinary wheeled traffic but a line of railway as well. There were endless negotiations with the Federal Government and finally an arrangement was come to whereby the town of Edmonton agreed to put up \$25,000 as a cash bonus towards the cost of building the bridge. I remember that the committee that had this matter in hand was headed by J. H. Morris one of the most enterprising citizens that Edmonton has had. It was necessary to make a firm offer on a certain day. Joe Morris and his friends went around and induced citizens of Edmonton to sign a joint promissory note for \$25,000 so that the committee could wire its offer to Ottawa immediately. When the offer was accepted the town of Edmonton passed a by-law covering the amount and ultimately the bridge, which now spans the river immediately below the Macdonald Hotel, was constructed in 1899. Edmonton was not very much better off, even then, since passengers and freight had to be moved by animal transport from South Edmonton to Edmonton, negotiating going either way tremendous hill roads to get on the level of Edmonton. Edmonton did not really feel itself safe until in 1905 the Canadian Northern Railway, crossing the Saskatchewan River at Fort Saskatchewan, entered Edmonton and passed on ultimately to Vancouver.

Chapter XXX

MRS. INGLES, our school mistress, had not been young when she came to Alberta and was getting no younger. She admitted to my father that she had taught me all she could, which was probably her way of saying that she taught me all I could hold. This necessitated consideration of the question of sending me to a boarding-school. The career my father had sketched for me was based roughly upon the idea that I would enter Royal Military College, at Kingston, at about sixteen and a half years and upon graduation in the top flight (and this, of course, was heavily banked upon) enter the Imperial Army. If I did not graduate in the top flight, I would go in for Civil Engineering. As there was much railway construction in hand or projected this looked like a good idea. Therefore, in September 1891, I was entered at St. John's College School, Winnipeg. The weakness of Mrs. Ingles' system then manifested itself. She had devoted special attention to me and I was her prize pupil but grades and classes were not known to her, so on leaving her school I had no academic standing whatever. I had the outstanding features of a Scottish education. I could read, write and do a bit of arithmetic, which I did not like and had a wide knowledge of many subjects which at the time seemed to have no particular value. At the age of thirteen I could handle a revolver, a rifle or a shot-gun creditably. I could break an untamed horse and clean a rifle to the best barrack room standards. My association with Jimmy York, the Veterinary Staff Sergeant gave me a certain knowledge of veterinary work. I knew cavalry drill and many other subjects of that sort. Among my other accomplishments, I was a trumpeter and bugler. "Shorty" Williams, the hospital orderly, had taught me. I learned also to play the piccolo well enough to be in the orchestra, and sawed on a violin for several months with no

results whatever. To avoid harrying the patients' feelings, I used to get in a tin water tank and make terrible noises with the violin. One day my father was inspecting the hospital with a string of officers and N.C.O.'s following him around, and suddenly he heard this noise coming from nowhere in particular. I think he jumped to the conclusion that some patient was dying horribly. At all events, he said to Williams; "Good God, Williams, what is that?" To which Williams replied: "It's your son, sir, at his violin lesson."

As a bugler and trumpeter I tongued my notes clearly with good volume and was allowed by the duty trumpeter to sound "reveille," sometimes "retreat," first and last "post," and "lights out." In the police in the old days the trumpet was used for barrack calls and the bugle for field calls. Following the Rebellion of 1885, the divisions were fairly strong and my father used to devote much attention to musketry and field training. He was a great believer in the offensive carried out at high speed, and thoroughly understood the psychology of the Indians who had a profound respect for the organization and discipline of the Redcoats. Thus, all movements were done by bugle-calls to which the men speedily set words, most of which are unprintable. I recall the words of the "right wheel."

My lads, my lads, my bloody lads,
My lads, my lads, my ladzo.

I rode with my father and sounded the necessary calls and these calls were repeated by the buglers with the troops. The calls used were the "advance," "retire," "the walk," "trot" and "gallop," the right and left "wheel" and dismounted "action." An afternoon's training always wound up with an "advance to cover at a gallop," the call "dismounted" action and the rapid advance of the men on foot towards the objective. As a boy of twelve, I was thrilled to play so important a part. When I sounded for "action" the men threw themselves off their horses; numbers one, two and four, handed their horses to number three and the led horses were brought under cover. Then the line advanced, one troop supporting another with fire until the final rush. This method had served in fighting against the Kaffirs in

South Africa and will normally serve in attacking against a badly organized and untrained enemy. The psychological effect of trained men coming forward in the face of enemy fire conveys the idea of vigour, determination and a desire to get to grips, which breaks the morale of the enemy. Had this principle been observed at Batoche, it may be asserted that the fight there could have been finished in one day with less casualties than actually resulted. At Batoche, some three or four days were spent by Middleton in various manœuvres which, he explained, he thought were necessary to get his raw troops in hand and give them experience. Ultimately, the fight was won by an assault which he did not order or contemplate. The impulse for the assault was said to have arisen unofficially in the Midland Battalion. The buglers in that unit began to sound the "advance." The call was taken up all along the line and before Middleton knew it he had won the battle.

All this was good training for my subsequent career but a bit puzzling to the masters of St. John's College School, who were endeavouring to put me in the form for which I seemed to be qualified.

Chapter XXXI

WHEN I finally reached St. John's College School they found me difficult to place so I went to the first form.

I took the train at South Edmonton and reached Winnipeg on the 8th of September, 1891. I remember, on boarding the train at Calgary, the dining-car steward was a man named Moggridge who was indebted to my father for some kindness shown him. Moggridge had a gigantic moustache, waxed at the ends and curled. The meals in those days were table d'hôte. The price of dinner was seventy-five cents and one could have everything from soup to nuts for that price. I was not unlike an Indian, and have only recently got rid of the idea that when a good meal presents itself one should eat enough to keep one going for the next two or three days. I think that Moggridge was greatly surprised that one small boy could carry so much food.

I was met at the station in Winnipeg by the Rev. Canon S. P. Matheson, who subsequently became Archbishop and Primate of all Canada. He was then deputy Headmaster. He was a very solidly-built man, who in his younger days had been a famous athlete. He had a long red beard that flowed over his chest down to his waist. He had a rich bass voice, and sang the service of morning and evening prayer and the Litany as I never heard it sung before or since. He was also a remarkable preacher. He was a member of the famous Matheson family, who have supplied so many clergy to the Anglican Church. He had a bit of a temper and maintained a vigorous discipline. St. John's College School had been established in 1832. The nominal Head Master was the then Bishop Machray who also was a remarkable man. He stood six foot three and was a wonderful swimmer, swimming a couple of miles for the fun of it. He jested in Latin, spoke Greek conversationally and translated Hebrew easily, and was as well, an outstanding mathematician. He was a graduate of Cambridge and on Boat Race Day,

to the end of his life, was a bit distrait. His thoughts, I fancy, were on the river at Henley. When word reached the class-rooms that Cambridge had won the race, we small boys burst into cheers. Successive generations of small boys had learned that it was a profitable thing to do and the old man smiled benevolently. He had independent means and lived at Bishop's Court in a good deal of state, having a carriage and a butler. When he rose to pronounce the Benediction at the conclusion of a service in St. John's Cathedral, he was a magnificent spectacle, with his great height and purple skull-cap and his episcopal robes. Having completed the Benediction, he took off his spectacles and tucked them in a silver case which closed with a snap that, in the silence of the moment, could be heard throughout the building. He was a Prince of the Church. He held a number of offices not connected with his diocese. He was Superintendent of Education for the Province of Manitoba, Chancellor of the University of Manitoba, and was consulted by both Federal and Provincial Governments in matters of policy. Curates and even rectors trembled before him, small boys in the choir quaked.

The food in the words of the school calendar was "plain but wholesome." To this day I can remember details of it. For supper usually there was tea, bread and butter and molasses, but on Tuesdays and Fridays there was beef-steak, sausages or liver and bacon.

The discipline was rigorous. No time was wasted on such notions as self-expression and the like. If you failed in a Latin exercise you were flogged for it, and I have a vivid recollection that after a flogging one did not fail any more. There may have been some boys with certain intellectual weaknesses who received special consideration, but the general rule was that for any inattention or misbehaviour a good licking was certain. Minor punishments were "gating" which was equivalent to confinement to barracks, the writing of impositions of several pages of history. Most of the masters specified the pages, specified pages contained solid reading matter. If the pages were not specified the favourite pages were those which contained details of the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland. These contained a series of short paragraphs and afforded a minimum of writing. Some bad characters were said to be able to write this page

without looking at the book. More serious crimes were punished by so many strokes with the tawse on the hands. For still more serious offences there was the flogging. Shortly before three o'clock every afternoon, the captain of the school came in to the class room with a card. At the top of the list was the name of the scholar or prefect who was in charge of the culprits from that form to be brought before the Headmaster. The names were read out and the culprits arose and shepherded by the form scholar or prefect headed for the Headmaster's office. The captain of the school was in charge of the whole party from all the forms, which might amount to fifteen or twenty boys. Boys sixteen and under were eligible for this punishment. Boys over that age were exempt. The captain of the school from the "gate book" made up the lists. The charges were breaking bounds, insolence, insubordination, inattention, falling below a certain standard in various exercises. These were sent upstairs to a room reserved for the purpose and proceeded to take down their trousers. The Headmaster then addressed the culprits: "You were insolent to Mr. So-and-so, or you were inattentive in study, caused a noise and disturbance," and so on. One went forward, dropped one's trousers and fell gracefully over the knee of the Headmaster who pulled up your shirt as far as it would go and proceeded with the whipping. It was a moot question as to whether one did better by remaining mute during this punishment or by kicking up a row and yelling for mercy. There were distinctly two schools of thought on this subject. I remember going in for a flogging with Walter Burman, present Headmaster of the school. Walter was of the opinion that if you squealed a bit you got off easier. Dunny McKay, who was a hardened sinner, thought that the proper attitude was silence. Colonel Boulton's boys, Lawrence and D'Arcy, believed in stoicism. I still am not quite sure which was the best policy. I remember being in one large party which produced a number of different types of criminals: breaking bounds, bird-nesting in Inkster's bush, late for roll call—or absent from chapel, swimming in the Red River below the outfall of the sewer, all were quite serious crimes.

St. John's College School was an Anglican Church school primarily designed to produce clergy for the church. Consequently, religious instruction was allotted a good deal of

time in the curriculum. Without any effort on my part at all I won prizes every year for religious instruction but for nothing else. I fancy that, unconsciously, I felt the stirrings of a long line of theologians. At quite an early age I could defend the validity of Anglican Orders. I was familiar with the great schism which resulted in the establishment of the Eastern or Orthodox Church. While we recognized the validity of eastern orders, we held firmly to the view that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father and Son and not from the Father alone which was the erroneous view of the Eastern Church. On the other hand, we were taught to think tolerantly of Greek culture and the Greek philosophy which influenced the Eastern Church as against the rigid discipline of the Roman Church. At the beginning of the day, from nine to nine-thirty, there was morning chapel, taken by one of the clergy of the Cathedral. The boys' choir of the Cathedral was found from small boys of St. John's College School. The singing was very good. During the day another hour was devoted to catechism, doctrine and church history, and the usual academic learning in the various forms. The masters stood over us armed with powers of "gating" and impositions and reference to higher authority for more serious offences. Under this system I actually worked hard and when finally I got in to the Fourth form where we were supposed to be treated like young gentlemen and this close supervision was withdrawn to some extent, I didn't do so well and I am now firmly of the opinion that each boy requires separate treatment. If he is willing to work and honestly devotes himself to the job he should be left fairly well alone. If, on the other hand, he becomes too much devoted to sport or starts running after the girls, the firm grip on him should never be relaxed. Some boys are naturally studious and others are not.

There was a good deal of fighting amongst the boys which while not encouraged was permitted or tolerated. Fights took place in the gymnasium and were fairly well handled. Decisions were not on points but the fight was to a finish and the winner when he emerged was a real winner. There was a good deal of boxing, which I went in for enthusiastically, but real grudge fights were with bare fists. Due to my curious upbringing, I was sensitive and quickly resented any form of bullying and had, as a result, a number of fights

which were pretty bloody affairs. In the middle of one of these battles the chapel bell began to ring. The captain of the school, accompanied by a couple of scholars and prefects, tried to get into the gym to chase everyone into chapel. A boy named "Buck" Dunsford, who was the self-appointed manager of all these contests, called for volunteers to hold the door until the fight was finished. When we finally trooped into the chapel my face was quite unsuitable for a choir boy and my head had a large number of knobs on it which didn't go down for several days. The Reverend Canon O'Meara was taking the Service that morning and knew that there was a fight on in the gym. He is said to have delayed the procession to the chapel until he was tipped off that the choir would be ready in a few moments for the formal procession. Paddy O'Meara was a great man in those days. He was typically Irish with all the proverbial Irishman's irresponsibility and illogicality in certain circumstances. He was an eloquent preacher and speaker and much in demand at functions. His gestures were terrific and he was undoubtedly an orator of note. Many yarns were told about his flights of oratory and purple patches. Here is one tagged on to him: "Down trackless ages of the past we can see the footprints of an unseen hand." Many of his sermons were unprepared and I never saw him using notes. We choir boys could see him before the sermon thumbing through his Bible looking for a text. I think he taught pastoral theology. I never got that far myself. Another clergyman of the Cathedral staff was Canon Coombs. I think he was an Oxford man who had done the one hundred yards slightly under ten seconds. His authority and prestige was entirely based upon that fact. The Lay Masters in my time were distinct personalities. Mr. Waburton was master of the second form. The boys always called him "Wabby" behind his back, of course. He took endless trouble with backward boys and really was much beloved, but he had a hasty temper and was known as a "slugger." That is to say, he was apt to give you a box in the ear or, if you were slightly out of range, to give you the toe of his boot wherever he could reach you. Cowley was the master of the third form and had come to St. John's from an English Public School. He was a great gentleman and managed to teach a good deal about how a gentleman should behave. Although well over forty-five, he played forward

on our rugby team and was always on the ball. His authority was unbounded. He was a lineal descendant of the poet Cowley and used to explain to us that the poet was what might be called a natural born poet as distinct from the man who burns the midnight oil to get a well-scanned rhyme. The poet's father, who didn't like poetry, and thought it was an evidence of some form of mental deficiency strove to thrash the poetic inclination out of his son and was engaged in this task one day when the embryo poet said:

Oh father, on me pity take,
And I will no more verses make.

Looking back after all these years, I think I can say that the greatest schoolmaster of them all was the late Eric Hamber, father of the Honourable E. W. Hamber, lately Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia. He was an Englishman, standing slightly over six feet, straight as a ramrod, not only in body but also in mind. He was a strict disciplinarian, and was feared and disliked by most of the boys at the time. He was a mighty Nimrod, and, during the shooting season, he used to take a late train out of Winnipeg on Friday to spend the week-end in the country in pursuit of prairie-chicken, duck and geese. He kept a number of high-class dogs and was a great gentleman. He condemned, with scathing contempt, all kinds of meanness and ungentlemanly behaviour. On Friday afternoon it was known to everybody that he had to catch the five o'clock train for the country but for misbehaviour he would "gate" boys and direct them to write impositions standing over them until they did it. He used pages of history for his impositions and sometimes a form of words bearing upon the offence such as writing, "I must not behave like a cad," five hundred times in good clear handwriting. He sat there with complete imperturbability as the minutes ticked by until the tasks that he had set were completed. Some mean boys thought that they were punishing him by delaying their tasks until he had missed his train. One day I saw him deeply moved, when about half-past four a boy spoke up and said: "Sir, I'll finish this job and you had better go and catch your train or you will miss your whole week-end." Hamber replied, "Thank you, Burnett, that is very good of you." Hamber was able to get the five o'clock train and get out to the shooting grounds.

Chapter XXXII

IN January 1892, at the age of fourteen, my voice "broke" and I became eligible for a release from the choir. My soprano voice was gone for good. What it was to be in the future was unpredictable but I thought that it was likely to be bass, or double-bass possibly. A lad named Johnny Reid and I went through this experience at the same time. We spoke to each other in deep bass voices and fancied that we were attracting the admiration of all other small boys. We used to practise out of doors, and at a distance, but made the discovery that when we raised our voices to get some range the bass voice cracked into a wretched treble which was a bit humiliating. I decided to sing bass solos and selected for my first effort, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." This particular song had the added attraction that it could be turned into a comic number by changing the words to "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep," which was well done, in those days, by a slightly bigger boy named Jim Vincent. Dime novels used to be smuggled into the school and passed around. I remember that one of these had a picture on the outside showing a very tough character saying out of the side of his mouth, "Tonight at midnight!" which could be said in two ways either with menace or in an intriguing and affectionate voice with a suitable amorous leer. I used to draw up beside some tow-headed little boy with "lips in that sweet pout formed by the mother's breast" and say to him with a terrible glower in my menacing voice, "Tonight at midnight!" The little fellow would give me a frightened look and put as much distance between himself and myself as possible. I had pleasant day-dreams involving imaginary conversations with Mr. Hamber, who was also organist and choir master both in the College Chapel and at the Cathedral. The tenors and basses in the choir were, of course, grown men and were addressed as "Mister." I used to like to think Mr. Hamber would approach me some day and say: "Mister Griesbach, I enjoyed your rendition of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' I thought your enunciation extraordinarily good and your notes clearly

taken," and so-on and so-forth. "I would like you to come back in the choir, a certain amount of solo work you understand, but doing bass work generally." To which I would reply: "I am taking up military work, as you know, and expect to have a heavy year and really will not have the time for any choir work for some time." I need scarcely say that this conversation never took place. Johnny Reid and I went into partnership on a razor, and were a bit disappointed when no one noticed any difference in our appearance after a sort of sketchy shave.

Cricket was played in the spring as soon as the snow had gone and the old English rugby game in September when we assembled after the summer holidays. This game was played until the snow came in October or November. During the winter we played association football and hockey. I was very fond of rugby football. We played hard from about half-past three until six. I finally made the second fifteen. I have never had any use for, or interest in, the present Americanized game. In the old English game one played in shorts, stockings and football boots and a uniform jersey, and anybody could play. There was no need for a rigorous training, dieting or the like. The forwards were the heavier men and some of the masters played in the forward line. The "three-quarter" backs were the lighter and faster men. I played outside right in this line. The changes which finally resulted in the present Canadian game began in my time. Our great opponents were the "Winnipegs" with their first and second teams. They turned out at one game in canvas laced jackets and were very hard to hold. One of our great supporters was Mr. Drury, of Drury's Brewery, whose boys went to St. John's. At half-time Mr. Drury turned up with half a bucket of resin which in breweries is used for coating the bungs in beer barrels. Our players were told to spit on their hands and rub them in the powdered resin. It was found that if you could get your fingers on a man in a canvas jacket you could finally get hold of him and down him.

The next change was to open up the play in a scrimmage and particularly to do away with the old-fashioned "scrim." The forward line was reduced from eight to six, the outside men being called "wings" and not taking part in the scrimmage. This was said to make the game more attractive to

the spectators. From then the game changed every year until finally the present Canadian game bears little resemblance to the old English game. The present game calls for the wearing of armour, for highly developed physical condition on the part of the players and for certain types of carefully thought-out plays, "the huddle" between plays in which players, who are all numbered, do certain things in sequence which results in a gain of yards. We have apparently adopted the American interference play. In the old English game the only man who could be tackled was the man with the ball. As I have said, we put in two to three hours day after day and were as hard as nails. Once a week there was a paper-chase. The hares being selected long-distance men who set out with a start of something like fifteen minutes, carrying bags of finely torn up paper. These laid the scent by throwing out handfuls of paper as they ran. The hounds were all the rest. "Whippers-in" kept the hounds in a solid pack and the scent had to be followed. It was a wonderful game for young fellows in the pink of condition. The day's runs averaged from ten to fifteen miles.

When the snow came we played association football and wore moccasins and rubbers; the latter with heavy corrugated soles. We were fairly warmly dressed. Young Englishmen who were going in for the church arrived every year in contingents. It was noticeable that for the first winter in the coldest weather they played in loose white shorts and a single jersey without underclothing. This was said to be because their blood was thicker. Later, when they had become acclimatized, their blood was said to be thinner and they wore the same clothing that the rest of us did. I think it can be said that the recently arrived Englishman stands our climate better than does the native-born Canadian.

We had several open-air skating rinks and latterly a covered rink, and good hockey was played. In the school we had a first and second team and several "midget" teams. Above the school was the college in which the fifth and sixth forms were carried. In the college the men were in the University or in the theological school. The fourth form was the highest form in the school. The boys of the fourth form were fifteen or sixteen years of age and were seniors in the school. The boys in the first, second and third forms were intermediates and there was an under school for little

fellows of eight and nine. A number of day boys came from the city but lived at home. The boarders looked down upon the "day boys" and were a pretty close corporation. Nearby the college was Machray's School, a public school. Fights were a common occurrence between champions in both schools and occasionally there was a mass battle.

Physical fitness was, I think, the great ideal. The acquisition of knowledge was quite a secondary matter which, as I have said, was licked into us by rigorous discipline. I cannot say that St. John's College School was a famous school, but I am now able to look back on its record for forty years or more. It turned out stout, resolute men with a splendid contingent in the forces in the War of 1914-18. It would seem that every man who was physically fit took part in that war, and in memorial plaques in the chapel there is a long list of men who gave their lives, and another list of those who won decorations and distinctions from the V.C. to the Military Medal. I fancy that, in the present war, our representation will certainly equal, if it does not excel, our record of the last war.

There were many quaint customs which were acquired in various ways. The English Public School traditions were brought to us by young men from English Public Schools, who came out to Canada for their theological training. Many of the masters and lecturers were English Public School men. The early background of the school was built upon the curious type of boy, sons of Hudson's Bay men who came from the most remote and primitive parts of Canada, sons of Mounted Police Officers and the like. At any moment it would have been possible to turn out a number of boys who were familiar with trapping fur, the handling of boats and canoes, the use of firearms, even the bow and arrow. These boys had to be handled and "broken in," and they were. As I meet them in my travels, I find them capable, trustworthy and solid citizens. Charlie Camsell, Deputy Minister of Natural Resources and son of the late Chief Factor Camsell who is referred to elsewhere, is one of our men. He was, in my time, a tall thin fellow as lithe as a panther and strong as a horse. He played all the games and when he shot a goal in soccer the ball came in like a cannon ball. I used to play goal and to stop a shot from Charlie Camsell was quite an accomplishment.

Chapter XXXIII

THE Honourable E. W. Hamber, son of Eric Hamber, the first form master, was ultimately Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and has been a success in the busy marts of trade. He sang in the choir with a strong but not too musical voice. He played all the games and was prepared to fight anybody of his own weight or near thereto. Subsequently, he took up rowing and rowed in fours and eights for the Winnipeg Rowing Club and, I think, the Toronto Argonauts at Henley.

The rest of us are a fair average. Of course, the school has changed with the times. The old punishments have disappeared and with them, I suppose, the old discipline. Walter Burman, the present headmaster, tells me that the boys of today are better than we ever were. Of course, that remains to be seen. At all events, they appear to be as good as other boys at other schools.

I remember an old brown hat—in those days called a Christie but in later years a “derby”—used to hang on a peg in the hallway. At the beginning of term this hat was to be seen lying in the hallway. Boys who had been for one term at least walked around the hat and said nothing, but some new boy, sooner or later, came along and taking a run at the hat undertook to kick it. One lad, I remember, wearing moccasins in the winter, allowed himself this privilege and retired howling with anguish for inside the hat was a brick. He had broken his toe and Dr. Lynch, the school doctor, was sent for. After certain adjustments, the foot was put in plaster of paris and the boy hobbled around for some weeks in that condition. Some of the Junior masters were quite indignant, I remember, but Canon Matheson—who came on the scene shortly after the kicking—was not greatly moved. He knew, by experience, that some boy was

ordained to kick this hat, and to learn by so doing that little boys ought not to kick hats that do not belong to them.

No boy considered himself properly launched in the school life until he had carved his initials on the brick work of the front entrance. For this he would be brought before the headmaster and informed that his father would be charged a certain sum of money for putting in a new brick and as well he would write five hundred times the sentence:

"Fools' names, like fools' faces,
Are always seen in public places."

It used to be said that enough money was collected from this source alone to rebuild the building. On the occasion of my last visit to the school I searched for and found my own initials as I had laboriously carved them many years ago.

When I had got over my first few weeks of homesickness and strangeness, I was very happy at St. John's. Indeed, I consider the days spent there the happiest of my life.

It has always been very interesting to me to see how my old schoolmates have grown into middle-aged and old men. I can still see in them some of their youthful traits. Against this is the influence of their wives and their subsequent environment. The romantic boys of my recollection have settled down to being fairly hard-boiled eggs. I remember one fellow who was the seventh son of a seventh son and considered his fortune already made. I have not even heard of him since. A great deal of a boy's success in after life can be laid upon the shoulders of opportunity. The parents' best contribution and the school's particular job is to prepare the boy to make the most of these opportunities and to stand up to the blows of misfortune when things go awry. Some of my old school fellows are failures and beaten men and very sad to see. The scripture reminds us that, "The race is not always to the swift or the victory to the strong. Time and chance are in all things." The latter part of this quotation is the important element: to recognize the opportunity, to seize it and exploit it is, it seems to me, the difference between success and failure.

Chapter XXXIV

THE big event of the year for small boys was breakfast with Archbishop Machray. We went in relays of eight. We were dismissed from morning study fifteen minutes ahead of time, went back to our dormitories, cleaned our boots and scrubbed our hands and faces. Then set out for Bishop's Court for breakfast at eight. Our ages ran from about twelve to fourteen. On the way over, boys who had been to breakfast on previous occasions discussed menus of the past and the likely menu for the day. All were insistent that everyone should play a "pass" game. Thus, if the platter containing bacon and kidneys stopped in front of a boy he was to immediately seize the same and urge the next boy to him to have some more kidneys and bacon; similarly with the marmalade and strawberry jam. These breakfasts usually took place in winter. We arrived at the front door and the boldest boy present raised a great brass knocker and delivered a rousing thump while the rest of us chattered nervously. A manservant opened the door and we were admitted, took off our coats, caps and rubbers and were ready. We were led into the library where the Archbishop was seated before a crackling fire reading the morning paper. He greeted us in a loud voice. We shook hands, bowing deeply. I remember good smells of cooking food. I may explain that our usual breakfast at the school would have been porridge and milk, bread and butter, and molasses and tea. The butler announced breakfast, and we rose and followed the Archbishop into the breakfast room. Boy! What a sight greeted our eyes. On the sideboard were platters of kidneys and bacon, ham and eggs and fish, stacks of buttered toast, tea and coffee. We began with porridge and cream and sat down to it. With grown-ups the Archbishop always took his porridge standing up. Then we began to sample everything there was and now the "pass" game

manifested itself. With amazing politeness we urged our neighbours on the right and left to have a bit more. We topped off the meal with toast and marmalade or toast and strawberry jam. In short, we gorged until we had attained that nice "sick" feeling that small boys connect with a good meal. On my first breakfast the Archbishop, addressing me, said: "Graizbeck" (which was as close as he could come to my name), "Do have some crabapple jelly. It is very good. I had an excellent crop of crabapples this year. Some wicked boys from town got into my garden and stole a lot of my crabapples." I was on the point of saying, "Oh, Your Grace, if we had known it was your garden we wouldn't . . ." Across the table sat "Pete" Hilliard. He gave me a quick glance with a world of meaning in it, so I swallowed my words before they were even uttered. While Pete and I were new boys we had spotted the crabapple trees laden with fruit and made a nocturnal visit, not knowing whose house it was.

The breakfast was brought to an end and I am sure that it had to be brought to an end in some fashion, by the Archbishop saying, "Well boys, you have chapel at nine I think, and we must bring this happy gathering to a close."

We rose, shook hands with the Archbishop, bowing deeply again and got back to the school in time for chapel. Later, we retailed to our friends what we had had.

Chapter XXXV

IN the summer holidays of 1892, I took up lance and sword exercises, mounted, and high jumping. I was determined that when I arrived at R.M.C. I should be a good man-at-arms. The trick of handling a lance in tent-pegging is based upon the speed and the weight of the horse, the rider merely has to strike his point accurately. The butt of the lance, which is heavy, must be outside the point. Whether you strike the peg or merely plunge the point into the ground the result is much the same since the butt comes forward at considerable speed and may get you in the back of the head. I nearly brained myself on several occasions until I finally mastered the art. I became fairly good with both lance and sword. My father was a remarkable swordsman and handled his weapon gracefully. In jumping, my father's theory was that if the rider's heart was over and beyond the jump, the horse would take it. This is very true since through the legs and hands of the rider the horse knows exactly how the rider feels. Horses will take all sorts of liberties with a rider who is timid or frightened but yields himself to a determined and courageous rider. Good horsemanship, in the old days, played an important part in the training and the making of an officer or indeed, any horse soldier.

I have already referred to the fight which Edmonton had to make to maintain its position against the establishment of South Edmonton as a rival. In May of 1892, some citizens learned that the Land Office under Mr. Thomas Anderson, the Dominion Land Agent, was to be removed from Edmonton to South Edmonton. The records, books and furniture, were loaded on wagons and were about to move to South Edmonton. The citizens of Edmonton didn't waste a moment. The town bell was rung by order of the Mayor Matthew McCauley, the Home Guard turned out, ammunition was distributed and a party of men were sent

to the land office in Edmonton where they unhitched the horses, threatened the teamsters, took the axle nuts off, pulled the wheels off and dropped the wagons on the ground, and notified Mr. Thomas Anderson that the citizens of Edmonton would resist by armed force any attempt to move the land office to South Edmonton. Mr. Anderson claimed to have authority from Ottawa for this move of the land office. Ottawa then issued an order to my father to proceed from Fort Saskatchewan with his men to protect Dominion Government property and to see that the order was maintained. On arrival in Edmonton, he talked with the Mayor and various prominent citizens and reached the conclusion that the citizens of Edmonton would fight. I have, in my files, a letter written me by W. J. Carter, who states that he heard Mayor McCauley instruct the Home Guard that when he issued the order to fire they were to "shoot to kill."

Beyond and beneath all this was the fact that it was known that Mr. Anderson was a part owner of the South Edmonton townsite under the arrangement made and described above.

What my father then had to do was to convince the authorities at Ottawa, that if the order to move the land office was proceeded with there would probably be a battle in which possibly a good many people might be killed or wounded. This seemed to have given the people at Ottawa quite a fright. It had, as well, a certain publicity value since it convinced everyone, particularly the Railway Company, the Government and the press of Canada that the people of Edmonton were determined to fight for everything they had and for everything that they could possibly get. It is no secret that thereafter the Government treated Edmonton with much more tenderness than they had ever done before.

The upshot was that the Government stated that the whole thing was a mistake and the land office would not be removed from Edmonton to South Edmonton. The Mounted Police were ordered back to Fort Saskatchewan and the whole agitation subsided. The affair was referred to for some time in the Edmonton district as the "Land Office Rebellion," and there was general agreement that the people of Edmonton had done the necessary thing and the right thing. Undoubtedly, my father's telegram to Ottawa had the effect of "cutting the cackle" and producing a showdown.

Here and there some people dug wells. Coal mines immediately under the settlement were opened in the face of the hills. One of the first was Donald Ross' mine, about 1884, which ran back as far as where the Memorial Hall now stands. In later years these workings affected the foundations of the first brick school building in Edmonton which stood approximately where the Memorial Hall now stands. The first school house was a wooden building which stood on the present site of the MacKay Avenue School. There was but one teacher. Richard Secord of McDougall and Secord was one of the earlier teachers. Mr. Carson was another and Mr. Martin was still another. In 1885-86 I went to this school under Mr. Carson.

With the arrival of the railway in 1891, the trickle of immigrants which we had previously had began to thicken up and became a small stream. I remember one colony which came in from Parry Sound. These were all Canadians of the old school from Ontario. They had originally gone to Parry Sound as a colony from the older parts of Ontario and now came to the Edmonton area and settled in the neighbourhood of Fort Saskatchewan. They were nearly all Orangemen, Conservatives and Anglicans. They did a good deal of rough and tumble fighting. If "so-and-so" was referred to as a "good man" it did not by any means mean that he was a good moral man. It simply meant that in a rough and tumble fight he would usually come off best. They were a very closely knit body of men and women and invariably presented a united front. They were, on the other hand, very hard working and industrious people and were better fitted to grapple with the hardships of settling in the West than any other body of people we have had. I remember at the Queen's Birthday sports at Fort Saskatchewan, one of these settlers entered a mare he had in the mile trotting-race. She was attached to a buggy and behind her galloped freely a yearling colt which was still at heel. The mare herself bore unmistakable evidence of an expected increase in her family but she had a turn of speed and great courage and trotted in ahead of the field. Her name was "Minnie S." As she came under the wire, a big fellow from Parry Sound threw his hat in the air and shouted: "Hurrah for Minnie S. She comes from Parry Sound and so do I."

Chapter XXXVI

IN 1893 or 1894, I suffered a severe blow. In 1883, or thereabouts, my father had been left a substantial sum of money by a relative in England. He believed firmly in the future of the western country and had invested most of his money in farm land, hoping for an early profit. He had also joined various small syndicates to prospect for gold, coal, oil and other minerals. I remember one syndicate which gave great promise, a mica mine in the Peace River country. One can see now that many of these projects were things of the future rather than the then present. In point of fact the development of the west was a slow process. The ownership of land was attractive but there was a tremendous lot of land and people were very slow in coming in to make use of it. Consequently, in 1893 or 1894, my father was confronted with the fact that the whole of his fortune was locked up in very slow-maturing investments. He was scarcely able to afford the fees required to send me to the Royal Military College and should I have succeeded in entering the British Military Service he could see no prospect of giving me an allowance sufficient to buy my equipment, uniform and a yearly allowance to tide me over the period of my service as a junior officer. The idea of going to the Military College, therefore, had to be given up. I had lived and worked to go to R.M.C. and to become a soldier. When I had to abandon this career I felt distinctly let down and the future seemed to contain little for me.

Some time in the period from 1884 to 1886, there came into my life a curious old chap named Doctor Tulloch. He was appointed assistant surgeon which, in those days, meant that he remained a civilian while being employed by the Mounted Police as a medical officer. He was a Scotsman with a deep bass voice and a heavy moustache. He had been a ship's surgeon on one or more Arctic expeditions. His talk

about the Eskimos, who were then in a perfectly primitive condition, was interesting. He observed that at that time the Eskimos were doing very fine work in Arctic ivory. They made spear-heads, arrow-heads, needles and the like from ivory. The women did very fine leather work making seal-skin boots and other clothing of furs. The expedition gave them files, rasps, awls, gimlets and other tools, with which they did better work much faster than with the tools which they made themselves. Doctor Tulloch was quite sure that they could learn any form of handicraft. In later years, it has been discovered that the Eskimo is a natural born mechanic. Once shown how a gasoline engine works they thoroughly understand the principles involved and can make permanent repairs. Many of them since have acquired schooners which, for the most part are built in Edmonton and shipped down north until the MacKenzie River is reached where they proceed under their own power. They pick up an engine which has been discarded by white men and make amazingly ingenious repairs. The most remarkable repair I ever heard of them doing was a split cylinder-head. For this they made a metal cover, binding the head together. Then they drilled a series of holes in the cylinder head in which they poured melted babbit. The babbit flowed into the holes and solidified, was held in place by the cover and thereafter the engine worked perfectly and is probably still in use.

Dr. Tulloch expressed the opinion that the Dominion Government should have a knowledge of this extraordinary capacity on the part of the Eskimos and should find employment for them which would enable them to make use of their natural talents as mechanics. This, to some extent, I think, has been done and many of these Eskimos have become quite well off and are paying income tax. They have gramophones and radio sets which they keep in repair. Unfortunately, their contacts with white men are likely to be unfortunate. The Eskimo in his aboriginal state, it is said, considers that the highest expression of hospitality is to lend his wife to a visitor to whom he had taken a fancy. This will probably result in the introduction of venereal disease and many other complications. Dr. Tulloch was, I think a natural observer. Whether he ever committed his conclu-

sions to paper I do not know, but I have a lively recollection of his interesting conversation.

He parted his hair in the middle and continued the part down the back of his neck and vigorously brushed his back hair forward. He used to read out loud to us children. To my little sisters he read a book called "How Marjorie Helped" and to me he read a wretched book by a distinguished clergyman, I think it was Dean Farrar, called "Eric" or "Little by Little" which was supposed to be a boy's book. My recollection is that Eric was a bit of a mug. He was always in trouble about something and shed "scalding hot tears" which struck me as being quite a good stunt.

The doctor had many meals at our house. I remember one Sunday night we were having supper and the meal concluded with biscuits and cheese. A mosquito buzzing around, finally lit on the top of the doctor's head. Slowly and ponderously he brought the palm of his hand down on the mosquito and the corpse fell on the doctor's plate. He was busily engaged at the moment in collecting the crumbs of biscuits and cheese and butter into a ball so as to clean up his plate. The body of the mosquito was gathered up in this mess and the doctor was about to put it into his mouth. I couldn't restrain myself any longer and began to call out "Oh, doctor, doctor!" My mother intervened with the observation that "Little boys should be seen and not heard." My father also took a crack at me for barging into the conversation of my elders. However, I was greatly distressed and my mother, who had a fine nature, knew that something was wrong. She then asked me to tell her what the trouble was. I then informed her that Doctor Tulloch had just eaten a mosquito and then I think I burst into "scalding hot tears."

The doctor, who was a Presbyterian, used to attend the Anglican Church service in the barracks. With good natured tolerance he knelt, prayerbook in hand, and took part in the responses. His deep bass voice always started a little bit later than anybody else and he read very slowly and distinctly. This finally got on everybody else's nerves and nobody else would begin the responses until the doctor had launched himself.

This reminds me of a man with a similar name whom I will call "Doc Jones." This man drank heavily and sank

pretty low. He became an expert in cadging drinks. One day he entered the barroom of the Grand View Hotel, which was a large white wooden building, standing upon the present site of the Macdonald Hotel, and was kept by a Jew named Zeigler. The bartender was one, Walter Clark, who was a skilful performer on the cornet. Clark had just taken over his duties as bartender when "Doc Jones" came in and ordered a glass of whiskey and soda. In those days, the bartender gave you a glass, handed the bottle to you and you helped yourself. The price of one drink was fifteen cents or two drinks for twenty-five cents. The glasses were very thick with very thick bottoms to prevent overcharging the glass. "Doc Jones" mixed his drink as strong as he could and downed it and then told Clark to put it in the book. Clark stepped out into the hallway and shouted to Mr. Zeigler, who was upstairs, "Is 'Doc Jones' good for a drink?" To which Mr. Zeigler replied, "Has he had it?" Clark, "He has." Zeigler, "Then he is."

Chapter XXXVII

IT WAS finally arranged that I should leave St. John's College School in 1895, return to Edmonton and study law. The method then in vogue was to become articled to a practising lawyer or firm at very small pay. In return for such work as might be done, the man to whom you were articled was supposed to give you some instruction. There was, of course, something to be learned by working in the office but a great deal of study under one's own steam was required. I returned to Fort Saskatchewan for the summer holidays in 1895, and in September of that year entered the office of Messrs. S. S. and H. C. Taylor, Barristers and Solicitors in Edmonton, as a junior articled clerk. I was physically very fit at the age of seventeen and a half and very fond of all forms of athletics. I boxed with men older and much stronger than myself. I could do the hundred yards in a trifle under ten seconds. In the running long jump I did twenty feet and played all the usual games fairly well. My law reading was, I fear, very sketchy. There was, so far as my office work was concerned, one thing in my favour. To keep myself fit I ran whenever I went out of the office for any purpose. Thus, going to the Court House or the Registry Office to file documents, I proceeded on the run and was back in the office in such a short time that the office staff were amazed at my promptitude.

I remember on one occasion I was required to serve a paper upon a Belgian who was rather a bad lot. Harry Robertson was the head clerk and I remember asking him how one served a paper upon an individual. He informed me that I must leave the document upon the person of the individual. I inquired what I should do if the person to be served refused to take the document. His answer was, "That is quite simple. Simply leave it on his person." I asked for further instructions and it was explained to me

that I might stick the document under his waistcoat. I set out on this job quite joyfully because I knew that I could not serve this document on this man without a struggle. He was a big fellow, perhaps forty years of age and usually pretty well soaked in beer. I found him with some of his cronies and asked him to accept the document which I tendered to him. He was quite offensive and spoke quite harshly of my employers. He then indicated an alternative course in respect to the document. I closed with him, tripped him up and nearly brained him as he fell against a concrete wall. Before he could recover I had opened his shirt and stuffed the paper into the opening and left triumphantly. On my return to the office there was a good deal of merriment, but I did receive a lecture on the virtues of tactfulness as against bull strength from one of the principals of the firm.

I found the reading of law uninteresting. In the work that I had to do the reading of the Ordinances of the North-West Territories was useful but there was no system of organized study and of course no lectures as one finds in a law school today. I was vaguely attracted to criminal law but generally found the study of law tiresome, uninteresting and began to suspect that I was not cut out to be a lawyer.

Some time in 1898, I entered the Imperial Bank as a junior at twenty dollars and forty-two cents a month. I had observed some lettering on the Bank's window to the effect that office hours were from ten to three. It occurred to me that these were very reasonable hours and that such hours would leave plenty of time for the various amusements in which I was interested. After I had joined the bank, however, I found that the legend about these hours was a snare and a delusion. I was required to be on hand at nine in the morning and seldom got out until five or six in the afternoons. On balance days I might be seen balancing pass books at two o'clock in the morning. I found banking a pretty drab business and the bank probably found me a pretty difficult person to deal with. I did, however, have some constructive ideas. One of my jobs was to write the supplementary cash book which meant entering-up all the cheques which were cashed for that day. The total of these cheques balanced with something else. There was what we called in those days, a "remittance" Englishman in Edmonton who issued a great many one dollar cheques

to pay for drinks when he was stuck in playing the game of "Pedro" at the Alberta Hotel. He was a football player and I knew him quite well, so I took him aside one day and explained that these cheques made my life more difficult and suggested that he come into the bank in the morning and draw say twenty-five dollars in one cheque and pay his "Pedro" debts in cash. This he did, reducing my labours accordingly. Emboldened by this success, I then called on the accountant of Ross Bros., hardware people, who also issued a great many small cheques and made a similar suggestion to him. He, however, reported me to the Manager and I was had up on the carpet for sticking my nose into matters that didn't concern me. I remember pointing out to the Manager that the issuing of a large number of small cheques was unprofitable to the bank and so on. Apparently I was born thirty years too soon, for nowadays the issuing of small cheques is penalized by the bank in some fashion.

On another occasion I went to a Presbyterian Church bazaar and in some way won a curious contraption made of red crepe paper. It was called a fly catcher. When hung up in a room where there were many flies the idea was that the flies would all congregate there and thereby refrain from making themselves objectionable. This thing was about thirty inches in diameter and a foot thick. It was, of course, of no earthly use to me at the time that I got it but I had a bright idea about it. I took it to the bank and suspended it from the ceiling at such a height that I was able to put my hand into it. I concealed in it a forty-five calibre revolver and the idea was that in the event of a hold-up of the bank, the robbers would begin by ordering everyone to put their hands up. I knew enough of my fellows to know that they would all put their hands up, including myself, but when I put my hands up my right hand would be grasping the butt of my revolver. My plan then was that at a suitable moment when the robbers weren't looking, I would suddenly draw my revolver and open fire. If as a result of my action the robbers were frustrated, I would become eligible for a reward of five thousand dollars from the Canadian Banking Association for having prevented a robbery. Again I was on the carpet in the Manager's office, and had to take down my fly catcher and keep my revolver in my lodgings.

There was a slight diversion in the appearance of another junior. He was a little Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, whom I thought was a bit nutty. I assumed that he would be junior to me and that his education more or less devolved upon me. I remember one day a consignment of stationery arrived from head-office. It was the junior's job to unpack such consignments. I passed this job on to the new junior, showing him how to draw the nails and open the boxes. There was in the consignment the usual amount of paper, cheque forms, draft forms and the like, but there was as well a consignment of toilet paper in sheets. On the outside there was a legend that each package contained one thousand sheets. The new junior tried to give me a bulk statement such as one hundred and fifty thousand sheets of toilet paper. I asked him how he knew, had he counted the sheets? He said, "No, the package says so." I explained to him that he would never be a banker if he accepted statements of that sort. I required him to break open each package of toilet paper and count the sheets. He borrowed the teller's sponge and proceeded with the job. The Manager happened to walk past the office late on a Saturday afternoon, looked in the window and saw the new junior busily counting the sheets of toilet paper. As a matter of fact, some of the packages contained a few extra sheets over the thousand and other packages slightly less. The Manager investigated the whole story and again I was on the carpet. I came to the conclusion that these people didn't really know how to run a bank and that I was wasting my valuable time with them so I decided to give up banking.

The book of rules of the bank, which we were required to read on joining, I never did, always amused me. One of the early statements in the book or elsewhere was said to be "that now that the Imperial Army had been withdrawn from Canada (this would date the book 1870) the officers of the bank would take the place socially of the officers of the army." The Bank apparently held their heads very high socially in those days. There was a small restaurant in Edmonton run by a mulatto named Robinson. His nickname was Monte Carlo. He was an excellent cook and in his way quite a character. He ran this restaurant by himself. There were two tables and a counter which would accommodate about six people. When you ordered your

meal he repeated the order in a loud voice to an imaginary cook in the kitchen and then went out and cooked the meal himself. I think he had heard me teasing the other officers of the bank about the social ambitions of the man who wrote the book of rules and I used to refer to the others as officers and bank officers. One day a fellow stuck his head in the door on a Saturday afternoon and inquired of Monte Carlo if Mr. Boyle was here (Mr. Boyle was the ledger-keeper), and if he was not here had he gone to his lodgings or had he returned to the bank. Monte Carlo volunteered the information that he was not here and had probably gone back to the bank because when he left the restaurant he was wearing his sword behind his ear.

I got out of the bank in 1898, and went back to law. I sat down to study seriously for my intermediate examinations and, in June of 1899, I passed these examinations well.

Chapter XXXVIII

IN 1897, an incident occurred which had far-reaching effects and, for the benefit of young men starting out in life, I will retail it here. I have already spoken of the depth of feeling between Edmonton and South Edmonton or Strathcona as it had since become. In the sports meeting in Strathcona, in 1897, I was competing in the various events. The Strathcona people had taken under their wing an Indian named Wee-pa-mace. He was really a long-distance runner and could run all day but for the shorter races, the hundred yards and the two twenty, I could always beat him. I had met him at a number of minor sports meetings throughout the country. My Edmonton supporters gathered round me and assured me that an arrangement had been come to whereby the starter, who was a bartender and looked like one, would fire the starting pistol when Wee-pa-mace jumped off the mark. This, of course, was an old trick and enables the favoured individual to gain from two to three yards on the start which is vital in the hundred-yard dash. What my Edmonton friends and supporters wanted was that I should run behind Wee-pa-mace and allow him to beat me; that thereafter by suitable conversations, talks, and jeers, a matched race could be arranged for substantial side bets, in the course of which the Strathcona people could be "taken into camp" for a nice sum of money. At the conclusion of the first race the Strathcona people were in high glee. Their man had beaten the Edmonton man and that was a good day's work in itself. However, my supporters from Edmonton were experienced and cunning. Their conversations finally led to a proposal for a matched race between Wee-pa-mace and myself with a selected individual who could be relied upon to give a fair start. My recollection is that the side bet was two hundred dollars which was a lot of money in those days. The matched race took place at seven-thirty o'clock

in the evening. The starter standing with his pistol pointed upward gave the usual orders, "On the mark, ready, Bang!" We were off the mark together and running all out. I beat Wee-pa-mace by some three or four yards. The thing looked pretty obvious and to cut a long story short the Edmonton contingent fought a rear-guard action down to the Saskatchewan River Ferry just below the Macdonald Hotel.

This, however, is not quite the end of the story. Nine or ten years later, in 1907, I was mayor of Edmonton at the age of twenty-nine and was known as the "Boy Mayor." In 1907, we were engaged in building our Municipal Street Railway in Edmonton. A local syndicate in Strathcona had applied to the Strathcona Council for a franchise to establish a street railway system in and for Strathcona. The Edmonton City Council felt that a street railway service in Edmonton alone would not and could not be profitable; that it was necessary that the Edmonton Municipal Street Railway should have a franchise to operate in Strathcona. I was, therefore, detailed by the Council to arrange for a public meeting in Strathcona to urge the people of that town to instruct their council to accept our offer for the franchise in Strathcona. In due course this meeting in Strathcona took place. I attended the meeting and was finally asked to speak. I outlined our proposal. I intimated that a union of the two towns was ultimately inevitable and urged that a beginning be made by giving the street railway franchise to the Edmonton Municipal Street Railway. The audience sat in dour silence which was interrupted by a man in the audience who rose up and addressing himself to me said, "Look here, 'Grisby,' I wouldn't believe you on a stack of Bibles. You're the man who 'gypped' us in the matched race with Wee-pa-mace some nine or ten years ago." There was a howl of execration. My olive branch was rejected and the meeting proceeded to pass a resolution requiring the Strathcona Council to grant the franchise to the local syndicate which was accordingly done. I felt the weakness of my position and swore a great oath that I would so conduct myself in the future that the finger of scorn could never be pointed at me again. There is a moral in this story which young men might take to heart.

In the end the two towns were united. Strathcona got the University ultimately and the street railway system is

common to the united town. The only relic that remains of the old antagonism now is the provision incorporated in our charter that two Aldermen, I think it is, must be elected each year from Strathcona. Ultimately, I fancy this provision will disappear.

In 1898 one of the biggest things happened, up to that time at all events, to Edmonton. The rush to the Klondyke gold fields had set in. The hardships of the Pacific Coast-Whyte Pass route profoundly effected the rush and many prospective prospectors were induced to look at the map and consider what we called the "Edmonton" route. The Honourable Frank Oliver in his newspaper, the *Edmonton Bulletin*, wrote glowingly of the ease with which people could get to the Klondyke by travelling via Edmonton. we had two routes to offer. One was the over-land route by pack horse. In a general way it could be said that this route followed the present Alaska Highway but nobody was quite sure of that. We could give them a good start, however, from Edmonton to Fort St. John. After that, no one really knew. The water route, however, did make sense. One could travel over land from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing one hundred miles. There, boats and barges could be built, and the rest of the journey was down stream practically to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and then by going up a small river, known as the Rat River, the height of land could be crossed and the Klondyke area approached from the east by utilizing streams in that locality.

In due course the rush came upon us. The town was shortly filled with prospectors who arrived on every train. Many of them were wild-eyed individuals with preconceived notions. They refused to take any advice from us at all. I remember several of the proposals that were actually attempted. One man arrived with barrels of salt pork. He proposed to put an axle through each barrel, to link the barrels together by side-bars, to follow the frozen streams of the north country, the contraption being hauled by a team of horses, each barrel revolving on its own axis. On top of the barrels was a box which would carry hay and oats, camping equipment and the like. This outfit started out one day and came to grief in the outskirts of Edmonton when one of the barrels was stove in by a bump in the road.

This convinced the inventor that he was off on the wrong foot.

Another ingenious contrivance merely illustrated that the inventor had been born thirty years too soon. It was simply this: that a steam engine be installed on a set of sleigh runners with a large cogged wheel in the centre shod with heavy spikes drawing several cabooses in which the adventurers would live in comparative comfort. Here again the route was to be down the frozen rivers. The engine burned wood which could be cut as the party moved along. Nowadays we have this method of travel highly developed, but it turns upon the use of the caterpillar tread and the internal combustion engine. Many such trains are now in use in our north country. Everybody turned out to see this party start. I think these men came from Michigan. The smoke poured out of the stoves in the cabooses in which the men were warm and comfortable as long as they kept the fires going. The locomotive whistled, everybody shook hands with everybody else and wished the adventurers bon voyage, the throttle was opened and the big driving wheel began to revolve. It tore a hole in the frozen ground but the train did not move. Indeed, it never moved. The engine simply was not strong enough for the job. Finally, the whole train was dismantled and bought up by some of the local boys for some other purpose.

The parties that finally succeeded, were men experienced in the north country and having had something to do with boats. They set out from Athabasca Landing in boats and barges built there and started down stream. Many of them were drowned or lost their boats and cargoes in passing the dangerous rapids to be found in the course of the voyage, but actually some of these parties got to the mouth of the Mackenzie River and then proceeded to drag their boats up some of the rivers running from the west eastwards into the Mackenzie River. After severe vicissitudes, they ultimately reached the gold fields.

Of all the parties that set out overland the most notable and colourful was the "Helpman" party, so called after the leader. This was an English party largely consisting of army officers either retired or on leave. They wore a useful and attractive uniform. The cap was a beaver cap, rather of military cut which could be pulled down over the ears. The jacket and breeches were heavy khaki cloth of

good material and quite serviceable. They wore long stockings, puttees or leggings and felt boots, a good outfit for continuous cold weather. They had nothing, however, for spring weather or a period of alternating slush and cold. I have been speaking of the officer class. They took with them a number of engaged men who were to handle the pack horses, cook and serve as batmen and servants to the officers. They brought all their stuff from England, including a large quantity of champagne, brandy and whiskey. Some of their champagne was touched by the frost in Edmonton so they sold it to the Hudson's Bay Company. For a while we had fairly cheap but good champagne in Edmonton. Some of these officers had a letter of introduction to my father who induced them to vary their arrangements for the winter at all events, by using flat sleighs or toboggans. The load a pack horse could not reasonably exceed was two hundred pounds but a pack horse could pull on a flat sleigh as much as six or seven hundred pounds. These flat sleighs were built by John Walter, whose factory and mill was to the east of the south end of the present high level bridge. These men were also satisfied that they knew what they were about. Several officers had served in pack (mountain) artillery in India and elsewhere and they were not disposed to take any advice from anyone who knew the country. They were induced, however, to pick up some good men in Edmonton who were experienced in the handling of pack horses. Before leaving Edmonton, there were several rows in the party in the course of which one gentleman threw an axe at another gentleman. Some of the party decided that they had had quite enough hardships already and returned to England. In due course the Helpman party set out by way of St. Albert. They became entangled in the bush in very cold weather. The servants were not able to make the officers comfortable, a bath was out of the question, shaving only with difficulty. Gradually, the party went to pieces and blew up somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lesser Slave Lake. Most of their stores, of which they had a tremendous surplus, were sold in Edmonton.

With the exception of the few experienced men, who went by boat, none of these parties ever got anywhere. One or two joined the Hudson's Bay Company, a few joined

the Mounted Police and the rest returned to Edmonton in dribbles and finally returned whence they had come. There were many American parties, most of whom came to grief in much the same way. On the river route the Mounted Police intervened, checking the stores of the parties to see whether they had enough to eat and this no doubt saved the lives of many of them.

One of the most amusing incidents was the case of a worthless Englishman in Edmonton. He embezzled some money and disappeared one day. He walked to Athabasca Landing, one hundred miles, arriving there with absolutely nothing and without any money. He picked up a few logs at Athabasca Landing, bound them together and was last seen drifting down the Athabasca. How he kept himself alive no one knew. His precise route was never known but one day, many months afterward, he walked into Dawson City where he began to insure people's lives. What became of him I never heard. Like the war cry of Karl Marx, "he had nothing to lose but his chains," that he would have had if he had stayed in Edmonton and a "World to win." It need scarcely be said that these thousands of prospectors left a great deal of money and property in Edmonton. All sorts of local people opened offices to sell pack saddles, maps and the like. The maps were largely imaginary as to data and were frequently based upon the stories told by old fur traders who professed to have travelled the area at one time or another in their careers. Any old timer who had ever been in the north country was invited to join these offices and, in a new suit of clothes and smoking a cigar, could be seen for a price. Some of these prospectors never left Edmonton and for many years could be seen around Edmonton following various sorts of more or less legitimate, and sometimes illegitimate, business.

By the end of 1898, the "Edmonton" route to the gold fields had died a natural death. I remember one incident that sticks in my memory. I was watching one of these parties packing their ponies and getting ready for the start. Everything seemed to be packed up and one pony remained without a pack. A bewhiskered individual approached me and said, "Sonny, do you want to buy a horse?" I said, "How much?" He replied, "Ten dollars." I happened to

have ten dollars that day, for some reason or other. The transaction was completed and I led the horse away. A hundred yards or so down the street was another party getting ready to leave. All their pack horses were packed but a good deal of stuff was still lying around. I led the pony into this "layout" and asked several men if they wanted to buy a horse. They said they did, "How much?" I said, "Twenty-five dollars." The deal was made and I walked off, fifteen dollars to the good.

Chapter XXXIX

WHEN I came back to Edmonton from St. John's in 1895, I was welcomed in all the athletic activities of the community. I weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds and boxed a good deal. I fought a number of bouts, which nowadays would be described as prize fights, and was able to hold my own. I played hockey indifferently because my ankles were not very strong. I played the English game of rugby football and in association football played outside right-forward and also played in goal. In due course, I became captain of the association team. We, of course, played with Strathcona and I took part in all the brawls that followed. We also went to Calgary and Medicine Hat and played there. I observed an interesting thing which sheds some light on economic conditions. Our evenings are very long in the west and we were able to play some game every evening. When I was captain of the Edmonton Soccer Team, we built up the second eleven which fed the first eleven, and our best practices were had when the two teams played each other; the first eleven forwards playing with the second eleven backs and the second eleven forwards playing with the first eleven backs. We had a very good forward player named Huston. He worked in a gentlemen's furnishings store in Edmonton. He invariably arrived on the football field from a different direction from which he had come on the previous practices. I finally spoke to him about this and asked him where he lived. He explained that, at the moment, he was boarding with a certain individual who owed his boss some money, and, as he put it, he was "eating out the bill." I fancy a good deal of that sort of thing was done in the old days.

There used to be a good deal of fist fighting. Sometimes one ran into a rough and tumble fighter, that is to say, a man who kicked expertly, did a certain amount of wrest-

ling, might bite a piece of your ear off and attempt to gouge your eyes. I remember a glorious row that took place in the barroom of the Alberta Hotel. A piper turned in there to have a drink. He was in full Highland costume and was, as is usually the case with pipers, a good looking man of great dignity. A discussion arose as to whether he wore anything under his kilts and a rude fellow walked over to him and pulled his kilts up to see. The piper smote him on the jaw, somebody else intervened and immediately there was a row. Everybody seemed to hit everybody else for no particular reason. In due course the police arrived. The proprietor of the hotel was a man named deRoux, an old country Frenchman. He made a speech in which he pointed out that the whole crowd had been stricken with some form of hysteria, that nobody was really cross with anybody else and that everybody should shake hands and that he would put up the drinks for everybody. Everybody did shake hands and had a drink on Monsieur deRoux. There were a few black eyes and bloody noses but the incident ended there.

Having some reputation as a boxer, I found myself pitted against all sorts of people in rows of this type.

In about 1897 or 1898, I joined the Edmonton Volunteer Fire Department. This force consisted of some forty men. The chief had a part-time salary, the engineer and the driver of the hose wagon were permanently employed. The rest of us were volunteers and received fifty cents an hour for our attendance at fires and practices. We wore the usual fireman's uniform of double breasted blue serge, blue trousers and a peaked cap. Our equipment consisted of a hose wagon with horses stabled immediately behind the wagon which, upon the alarm, trotted out and took their place under the harness. The harness was fastened with snaps and the wagon was ready to move in a matter of seconds. A number of the volunteers were given quarters in the fire hall and the rest of us sought quarters in the immediate neighbourhood. In addition, there were two fire reels with seven hundred and fifty feet of hose on each reel. These reels were pulled by hand. There was a chemical engine and hook and ladder outfit, also pulled by hand. We had, as well, a steam fire engine which was one of the best pieces of fire equipment I have ever seen. It was very strong and rugged in construc-

tion and never failed us. Standing in the near neighbourhood of the fire engine in the fire hall there was a furnace connected to the engine. This furnace was always fired and the water kept almost at the boiling point. A fire was laid in the engine and when the engine went out the connection with the furnace was shut off, and as soon as the engine left the hall the fire in the fire engine was lighted. This engine was drawn by the first team of horses that could reach the hall. For this the owner received two dollars. The water supply consisted of three, or possibly more, ten thousand gallon wooden tanks. One of these tanks was located at the corner of Jasper and one hundred and third street; the second tank in front of the Imperial Bank; the third tank in the neighbourhood of the Alberta Hotel. When these tanks were to be filled the fire engine was taken down to the river where the suction hose could be lowered into the stream, a line of hose was laid from the engine to the tanks. The hose came up the face of the hill and past where the Macdonald Hotel now stands. This engine could throw seven hundred and fifty gallons a minute, and when operating from one of the tanks we could tear the shingles off the roof of a house. Normally, we ran the hose from the tank to the neighbourhood of the fire and put on a branch for two hose, reducing the output to three hundred and seventy-five gallons per minute to each nozzle. We sometimes put on extra branches to get four lines of hose. On several occasions, these tanks caved inwards due to the pressure of the earth around about them. On several occasions, we pumped the tank dry and had to shift our base to another tank.

We trained once a week and rehearsed all possible happenings. We were organized as hydrant men and nozzle men and generally we received a good training, and were for a volunteer fire department a very efficient lot.

On returning to the fire hall after a fire, we were required to lay out all the hose which had been used and scrub it clean and hang the wet hose in the hose tower for drying. Dry hose from reserve was then folded in the hose wagon and reeled on the reels and everything made ready for the next fire. In the summer the work was quite easy but in winter it was another story. For winter work I had a suit of duffle plus woollen underclothes, two pairs of socks and a sweater sewed together so that when the alarm went I

jumped out of bed, kicked off my pyjamas, got into my firefighting suit, pulled on my rubber boots and could usually manage to catch the first hose as it left the fire hall. In very cold weather one got thoroughly wet and then clothing froze solid. Unless the water in the hose was kept under constant pressure it would freeze solid and was as difficult to handle as a piece of railroad track. Inhabitants nearby usually gave us hot coffee and sometimes hotels contributed whiskey.

There were, of course, a number of amusing incidents as there must be under such circumstances.

A certain man and his wife lived in a certain house. She was rather a flighty type and her husband was out of town a good deal. She had a lover who used to visit her when the coast was clear. One night a house close by caught fire and we arrived, as we usually did with all gongs striking and a good deal of noise. It was said of us that while we might have walked in the front door of a house we scorned to do that, rather we got out our red-handled axes and chopped a hole in the side of the house. In those days there was an institution known as the "charivari." Charivaris were of two sorts. When a well-known and popular couple got married the local lads formed up somewhere and marched to the house to wish the newly-weds happiness and long life. The newly-weds frequently supplied either liquor or coffee and everybody went home. The other charivari, however, was of a different type. It was designed to deal with cases of moral turpitude and sometimes could be a very savage performance. The charivari party arrived, surrounded the house, beat on tin pans and invited the gentleman to come out. Sometimes they went in and got him and likely mauled him pretty severely. There might be, indeed, a coat of tar and feathers. In this case, we arrived at the neighbouring house and the guilty man in this case immediately jumped to the conclusion that a charivari party had arrived to deal with him. He escaped through a side door and, believe it or not, he has never been seen or heard of since. Thus: "conscience doth make cowards of us all" and "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

One Sunday morning, in fifty below zero weather, the dressing rooms and offices of the skating rink caught fire. The hour was about ten o'clock. The rink was located in

what would be the immediate front entrance of the Macdonald Hotel. There were, however, a number of other buildings close by which were endangered by the fire. The department arrived and the hose was laid from the Imperial Bank tank. One of our troubles was interference by the civil population. Everybody knew everybody else and there were always a certain number of bystanders who had ideas they thought the department should have. There usually was enough confusion without any help from the spectators. We had the fire fairly well under control and a man named MacIntyre and myself were nozzle-men standing out on the ice. The hose was hard to hold in any case and our footing was very insecure. "Professor" Brenton who was the town waterman, suddenly drew himself up to the top of the high board fence which surrounded the rink. He had a white beard and was wearing a rat skin cap with the ear-lugs flying in the breeze. Shortly before this, Zeigler the proprietor of the Grand View Hotel, then standing upon the present site of the Macdonald Hotel, had supplied us with a lot of whiskey which probably saved our lives, since everybody was wet and our clothes were frozen. MacIntyre, my other nozzle-man sang tenor in the Presbyterian Church choir, usually a very dour individual but under the influence of liquor disclosed certain humorous traits. The "Professor's" head having appeared above the fence, he offered some advice: "Boys, play here." We did and the Professor disappeared in a cloud of smoke, burning boards and the like.

Another memorable fire was the burning of Matthew McCauley's livery stable in the near neighbourhood of where the Edmonton Club now stands. The place was very inflammable with large stores of hay and straw. We could hear the horses crying out in the stable which is a dreadful sound. In a fire, cows are very easy to handle; one may enter the stable and find them perfectly placid and one may lead them out into the open and they will keep away from the burning building. Horses, on the other hand, become crazed with fear. They kick and lash out at anyone who comes near them. You may slip the halter over the head and turn the horse loose but he will merely crowd in with another horse. If you can lead a horse out of a burning stable you must hold him securely, otherwise he is likely to break away and re-enter the stable. A fire in a stable provides the most terrible sights

and sounds. It became necessary to lay some more hose so I was sent back to the fire hall to bring up one of the reserve reels. I only had two men with me and we were obliged to drag the reel by hand. There was a provision in the town by-laws which authorized firemen to call on a citizen for help in the case of a fire and provided penalties for refusal to assist. On our way back to the fire, I called upon a certain citizen who was an unpopular fellow named, shall we say, O'Kelly. He looked at us but stalked stolidly onward. I decided to prosecute him. Shortly afterwards when we had laid our hose and were playing a stream, I saw this individual standing watching the fire, warmly clad in a fur overcoat. The two nozzlemen were the two men who had helped me bring the hose up. I went over to them and pointed out Mr. O'Kelly and suggested they give him a washing out. The water was coming out of the nozzle at about three hundred gallons a minute and when the stream struck O'Kelly he went down like a poleaxed ox. Keeping the water on him they rolled him over three or four times and then they put the hose back on the fire. I decided that a prosecution would not be necessary in that case and O'Kelly said no more about it. He was a sorry looking spectacle when he got on his feet and left for home.

The fire chiefs of my day were T. G. Lauder, George Parslow and J. A. Wilson. My service with the Fire Department was broken in 1899, when I left for the South African War. I returned to the Department on my return from the war in 1901, and when I ran for the Council, in 1903-04-05, I got what was known as the "hose reel" vote. In 1906 I think, it was decided to establish a permanently employed Fire Department, and the Old Volunteer Department went out of business after many years of faithful and at times arduous service. From this service I learned the lesson that with a body of volunteers, who wear a uniform and are under discipline and have something definite to do, you get amazingly good service at a very low cost. We have the same problem in our reserve army today. No one takes the trouble to convince them that they have a real worthwhile job to do so their work is done without enthusiasm and the opportunity to do something with them worthwhile has been lost. There are, of course, other factors in the case.

Chapter XL

THE YEAR 1891, was the year in which the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was built from Calgary and reached South Edmonton. The coming of the railway had a distinct effect upon Edmonton, in ways too numerous to mention, as might be expected. In the amusement field, travelling companies came from the east and played for a week in Robertson's Hall. Among these pioneers was Jimmy Fax and his company, Tom Marks and Company, Clara Mathies and Company, Harold Nelson and Company and many others, including single-handed artists such as phrenologists, lecturers and such. I remember a negro who wore a frock coat and played the violin. His interpretation on that instrument of a small pig caught in a gate was a winner and the prayer of a negro clergyman could not be beaten. Phrenologists were always long-haired gentry with a line of glib talk. Since everybody knew everybody else there could be much amusement in these shows, especially when people from the audience were invited up to the platform to have their heads read. I remember one two-fisted pioneer girl, with whom I went to school, was having her head read. The phrenologist brought down the house when he said: "If this young lady has not already chosen her life's work I suggest that she become a blacksmith." I remember another sporty chap was having his head read and the phrenologist said: "I suggest that when this gentleman's wife is selecting a hired girl that she select a Chinaman." And so on. Harold Nelson's company put on Shakespearian plays and made an excellent job of it. He had a deep rich voice and strange as it may seem, the audience, consisting largely of pioneers and roughnecks, sat spell-bound throughout some of the great speeches. Before the railway came in, and afterwards, we had amateur theatricals. If the company did well in the home town they travelled as far as Calgary, and one of

our amateur shows travelled through the mining towns in the Kootenays. I was induced, on one occasion, to play the part of General Bunthunder in the comedy, "Three Hats." I was discovered in the first act with a heavy white moustache, white eyebrows, red nose and red face, soaking my bare feet in a mustard-water foot-bath, surrounded by a screen. Later, I stepped out from behind the screen and continued my lines. I, at once, decided that the lines to be recited behind the screen need not be learned. I would merely read them from the script which seemed to make things fairly easy. Unfortunately, some ass knocked the screen down just as I had begun to read my lines and I was discovered by the audience in this predicament. They appeared to think this was extremely funny which put me off balance. When I came to recite the lines without benefit of screen I forgot them and gave a brief synopsis instead. The stage manager was an old country Frenchman named de Journal. When I finally escaped from the stage I met him in the wings. He only had a few words to say. They were: "Eet is r-r-r-otten." I never had any ambition to be a play actor and was not at all hurt when I was never invited again to go on the stage. Similarly, I took piano lessons at St. John's for two years. These wise people were guilty of a singular error since music lessons were given after classes at three in the afternoon. As one worked laboriously on wretched scales and things of that sort, one could hear the shouts and cheers on the football field. When I came home my father gave me a peremptory order to play the "British Grenadiers." I was obliged to confess that it was beyond me. He then asked for "Bonnie Dundee." This also was beyond me. He then asked me to play anything that I could play. I obliged with "Rousseau's Dream." It then dawned upon my father, that as a performer on the pianoforte, I was a dud. He was not entirely displeased because he knew, as I have since found out, that in nine cases out of ten, a man who can sit down at the piano and play any tune that is asked for or accompany any person who is singing is usually so popular that he is spoiled and no good for anything else. If I ever had any ambition to be a musician, my instruments would have been the violin and the pipe organ. As it turned out my instruments were the bugle, the trumpet and the piccolo, which is first cousin to the fife. When Lord Bennett closed a

patriotic speech with a reference to the "Martial Airs of England," I comforted myself with the reflection that that happened to be one of the things I could do.

Churches put on bazaars to raise money, to which the young people went merely to see each other, and occasionally some clergyman lectured on missionary work in China or some other remote place. Occasionally, an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show came to town and some amazing fellows who put on a street show and sold medicine. These were known as medicine shows. Among these were Dr. True and his wife. The doctor professed to be able to pull teeth painlessly with his bare fingers. I have seen some terrible struggles take place between the doctor and the patient. Another man named "Pen Parker," also put on quite a good show. He sold fountain pens, which were then somewhat of a novelty, for five dollars each. On opening the package one might find a ten dollar bill wrapped around the pen. The winners chortled with delight and there was a rush to buy fountain pens. Some of these shows blew up in Edmonton and one got a close-up view of these poor wretches. There were many sordid details.

In 1898, I think it was, we saw in Edmonton the first movie. It was a picture of the Queen's Jubilee. All the figures were distorted and moved at high speed. The gentleman who turned the crank of the machine, in periods of complete darkness, told us what the next picture would be. In this case, what we would now call the commentator was an Irish gentleman named Hogan. We were told that we would now see "the escoort to the body gaard" and things that were certainly horses trotted past. We were all greatly impressed with this wretched performance and I remember, going down the stairs afterwards that people said one to another, "What will they do next!"

Chapter XLI

MR. and Mrs. Grasshopper were Cree Indians, both of uncertain age. Mr. Grasshopper stood about six feet tall and was straight as a rush. He wore his hair in two long braids hanging down on his chest. Mr. Grasshopper always wore moccasins of the Cree type and his manner and deportment suggested the thundering herd, the clash of war parties, the thump of the Tom-Tom on a summer's night, and the brave old days. When he walked on the board sidewalks of South Edmonton (Strathcona) his pace was gracious and sumptuous and all that he did seemed to indicate an occasion of ceremony. Mrs. Grasshopper might be anything from fifty to one hundred. She was a small plump woman with three green stripes tattooed on her chin. These two lived in a teepee about where the auto camp in Strathcona now stands. Daily they went into town. Mr. Grasshopper, in front, carrying a staff and wrapped in his blanket which he wore like a toga. Behind, with becoming humility, walked Mrs. Grasshopper also wrapped in a blanket but around her waist she wore a stout thong of raw hide. In the top half of her blanket above the thong she could carry an amazing amount of stuff. Indian women always carried their children this way. On reaching town, they paid a visit to the back door of all hotels and restaurants and stood watching. It was not long before the hotel or restaurant man came out with half loaves of bread, indeed sometimes whole loaves of bread, remains of roasts of beef and other fragments. These, Mrs. Grasshopper tucked in her blanket and when the rounds had been made, or Mrs. Grasshopper seemed to be carrying all she was able to carry, they returned to their teepee. I think it may be said that they were a happy couple. Occasionally, when Mrs. Grasshopper could be caught off balance, she might be induced to scrub floors or do rough washing. Any money she might make in this way was taken from her

by Mr. Grasshopper who needed it for tobacco. There was always the possibility that he might, by some devious means, manage to buy a bottle of whiskey. Mrs. Grasshopper probably shared in both. One day the couple became separated in South Edmonton, and when Mr. Grasshopper returned to the teepee, Mrs. Grasshopper had not yet arrived. Time means nothing to an Indian so Mr. Grasshopper raked the embers of the fire together in his teepee, lit his pipe and sat down to wait for her. Came the night and still no Mrs. Grasshopper. To cut a long story short Mrs. Grasshopper never returned. After a few days of waiting and food running short, Mr. Grasshopper again visited town and then did what he thought he never would do. He called on the Mounted Police and told them Mrs. Grasshopper was missing. Their behaviour was just what he expected and more or less feared. They asked him a number of searching questions about the last time he was drunk: Where did he get the liquor? Who gave it to him? And so on. Several portable articles were reported as missing about the town and Mr. Grasshopper was asked whether he had any explanations to offer. Coming down to the question of the missing Mrs. Grasshopper the Mounted Police turned out a couple of mounted men who rode through the back lanes of the town and then through the underbrush in the environs. Still no Mrs. Grasshopper. Some days later, it was observed that Mr. Grasshopper was cutting some wood in the neighbourhood of his teepee, a job that his missing spouse had always done. Then white men realized that the iron had indeed entered his soul. Mrs. Grasshopper had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up and this, in a manner of speaking, was exactly what had happened.

Mr. William Halliday was an Englishman, who lived and practised his profession as a tailor in South Edmonton. Mr. Halliday was not exactly a typical Englishman but there are many Englishmen of his type. In those old days ready-made clothing sold by the local merchants was based upon two factors, chest measurement and length of leg. Thus, if you had a thirty inch chest you ought to have a leg of a certain length. If you had a forty-two inch chest you ought to have a much longer leg. This, of course, was all right for people who conformed to these arbitrary measurements,

but there was no place in the picture for a man with a body like a barrel and short legs and arms or who might be six feet tall and weigh only one hundred and thirty pounds. Such men required suits of clothes to be made to measure and Mr. Halliday was there to deal with just that situation. At precisely five o'clock, every day, he got down from the bench upon which he had been sitting, and putting a notice in the glass door of his shop, "back in five minutes," he took off his apron, put on his coat and walked down to the barroom of the South Edmonton Hotel. There he met his friends and cronies and they had a round of drinks and much good fellowship and interchange of the news and gossip of the day. One of his friends was a Mr. McHardy who had a small foundry where he made brass tops for the contrivances which shut off and turn on the water in the pipes which supply water to individual users. The waterworks had just been put in and there were many old-fashioned fellows who didn't pay their water bills when due. A servant of the Waterworks Department then came around removed the brass top and with a specially-made key some six feet long pushed it down the pipe and turned off the water until the bill was paid. This was considered an outrageous piece of business and indicated a lack of confidence on the part of the waterworks people. Mr. McHardy was a black Scotsman, and when the time came for him to order his drink always ordered a glass of whiskey and a glass of beer. He explained his liking for this curious combination by saying that he had discovered that when he drank too much whiskey he got drunk and when he drank too much beer he got full. By drinking beer and whiskey together he got both drunk and full at the same time.

Mr. Halliday read a good deal and in his business had much time for reflection. His views on science, art and literature were listened to with great interest and respect. The most important thing about Mr. Halliday was his capacity and ability as a chairman of meetings. In all western communities in the old days and, to some extent at the present time, at least one Englishman lives who is an expert in handling public meetings. I sometimes think that these men have done more for democracy and for orderly progress than any other type of man I know. If a public meeting were called for any purpose Mr. Halliday was present. A meeting called for eight o'clock never got started till nine or nine-

thirty. The average man who has a good deal to say for himself in private conversation becomes self-conscious to the point of dumbness in the presence of a gathering of his peers. So the audience sat and spoke to one another in whispers and finally, apparently no longer able to stand the tension, a man rose in the back of the hall, cleared his throat and said: "I move that Mr. Halliday take the chair." This produced certain deprecatory noises from Mr. Halliday. He was overheard to ask those about him why he, of all people, should be called upon to take the chair when there were so many others more capable than he. After a pause, another gentleman rose and said: "I second the motion." After further pause, the proposer then said to the meeting, "All in favour, please signify by raising their hands." Thereupon, a forest of hands went up and Mr. Halliday, taking a hasty glance at this expression of approval, rose up and advanced purposefully to the chair. All his modesty and humility had disappeared. He was not unlike the ordained who had received the Apostolic Succession from not less than half a dozen bishops. He was now clothed with authority supported by a mandate from the people. As a democrat, he knew that he could have no greater authority. In crisp terms he required the audience to elect a secretary *pro tem*. There was in those days and there still is in small towns a type of man who is always elected secretary on such occasions. The secretary *pro tem* immediately moved up to the chairman's table, produced a pencil and a quantity of paper and was ready to record the proceedings. Mr. Halliday then desired the audience to state what the business of the meeting was and he saw to it that the secretary finally reduced to writing a clear statement of what the meeting proposed to do. Mr. Halliday made a brief but suitable speech on the purpose of the meeting and then declared the meeting ready for discussion. Mr. Halliday saw that the resolutions offered were properly worded: he ruled against amendments which merely had the effect of a negation of the motion and ruled people out of order when necessary, sometimes his very best friends, not excluding Mr. McHardy. This was considered to be an outstanding example of the firmness and impartiality of the chairman.

Mr. Halliday had on his property a well, a very good well which the neighbours all used. It was about thirty-

five feet deep, four feet square, well cribbed with a stand of about ten feet of good water which never showed any decrease in quantity no matter how much water was drawn from it. Then strange to say, the water began to have a curious taste and as time passed it got "curiouser and curiouser." The optimists in the town had, of course, an explanation. They said, "This is mineral water. It probably has highly medicinal values. In fact South Edmonton might ultimately become a rival to Banff with its hot sulphur springs." The said optimists envisaged a spa with a ring of high-class hotels and sickly tourists coming from all over western Canada to drink the waters of Halliday's well. A few of the more practical sort suggested that Mr. Halliday might bottle some of this water and send it to Professor Kenrick, public analyst of Manitoba, there being no analyst nearer to have a careful examination made and a report prepared. This was done. In due course, the report came back disclosing certain percentages of this, that and the other thing which were as Greek to Mr. Halliday and his friends. Still more practical people said, "Bill, if I were you, I'd drag the bloody well to see if there is anything in it." So a contraption of fish-hooks with lead sinkers was made and lowered to the bottom of the well. After some futile fishing the fishers got a strike and began to turn the windlass. The object encountered by the drag was fairly heavy but something appeared to happen at the bottom of the well and what came up first was a blanket, a dirty white Hudson's Bay point blanket. This seemed to confirm the suspicion that there was something in the well that shouldn't be there. The drag was again lowered and after more fishing there was another strike and poor Mrs. Grasshopper was wound to the top.

The *Eye Opener*, Bob Edward's paper, was then being published in Wetaskiwin. This paper gave the incident a paragraph headed, "Cherchez la femme." The article concluded with the remark that a man of Mr. Halliday's wide knowledge should have known that there was a woman at the bottom of it.

Chapter XLII

IN ABOUT 1897 or 1898 the *Edmonton Post* newspaper was established. This was primarily due to the arrival in the town of Thomas Anderson Gregg, who was an experienced newspaperman. He proposed the establishment of a newspaper to support the Conservative Party. I was, at that time, Secretary of the Young Men's Conservative Association of the North-West Territories and Secretary of the Edmonton Conservative Association. Tom Gregg was a remarkably interesting man. He had travelled in South America had observed the Fenian Organization in Ireland, and had visited all sorts of remote places. He had worked on a number of Toronto newspapers, was an outstanding Shakespearian scholar, took part in the controversy which turned on the question as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare had actually written the Shakespeare plays. He also was a well-read Bible student. It amused him, at times, to apparently quote in beautiful English a paragraph which seemed to bear upon the subject under discussion and then to invite us to say where the paragraphs came from. Some said Shakespeare and others the Bible. We then learned that Tom had simply composed the words on the spot. He also could write poetry.

There was a tradition in those days that printers were about one step higher than the ordinary tramp, going from place to place working at their trade for a few weeks and then moving on. Newspapermen, that is to say, the writers, were a slight notch higher. We proceeded with the organization of the *Edmonton Post*. I subscribed two hundred dollars out of my slender means. If anyone were to tell me now that I was the only person to put any real money into the project, I should be inclined to believe him. A lot was purchased on Jasper Avenue. The price would not be greater than two hundred dollars and a down payment of say twenty-five dollars might be made under an Agreement of Sale.

D. R. Fraser & Company supplied the lumber for the building, more or less on "tick." Some carpenter contractor was induced to build the building. On completion of the job he promptly filed a mechanic's lien. A firm in Toronto supplied the printing-press, type and the general fittings of a printing office. Tom Gregg was the editor, Frank Fraser Tims was business manager and Miss Ann MacLeod was the editor for women's interests. She subsequently married my friend, Colonel Fred C. Jamieson. They are still my valued friends. In the back office was J. McKay McCorkindale, Wally Young and George Birdie McLaughlin. The latter had been, amongst other things, a Deputy Sheriff in the United States. George was quite a witty after-dinner speaker. In due course, the paper got under way and was published on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The idea, of course, was that it would make so much money so quickly that all its debts would be paid in practically no time. My recollection of the paper is that it struggled along under the utmost difficulties until finally it sold out to the *Edmonton Journal*.

I used to write, at the age of twenty, an occasional leading article. I remember one, in particular, was a warning to Germany that some day she would go too far and that we should be compelled to knock her block off. This article probably postponed the outbreak of war until 1914. Another of my articles was headed "Foster Must Go." But Sir George didn't go. He died peacefully as a member of the Senate, on December 30th, 1931, still going strong at the age of 84.

The printing-press was operated by Young. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of publication Mr. Tims would step into the back shop and addressing George McLaughlin, would say, "George, go out and get the power." The Gallicians, as we then called them, now Ukrainians, were coming into the country in a steady stream. They came from Central Europe, where they had been brow-beaten and abused for perhaps a thousand years. They were timid and frightened. When they met a Mounted Policeman, on patrol, they drove clean off the road on to the prairie and sat in their wagons bare-headed. If a Canadian citizen, wearing fairly decent clothes, gave them an order, they would immediately obey until they began slowly to learn what their rights were.

The market square in Edmonton was established on the present site of the Macdonald Hotel. On any day of the week this area would be filled with Gallicians buying supplies and moving out to their homesteads. One might see there a horse and an ox hitched together in a team. I have seen a horse and a cow drawing a wagon. George, having washed the ink off his face and hands and dried himself on the office towel, put on his coat, went out the back door and strolled over to the market square. He would pick out two or three stout looking Gallicians and motion them to follow him. Without any hesitation they did so. They were led back into the printing office, hung up their sheepskin coats and were introduced to the handles of the printing press, and there they toiled until six in the evening and were surprised and delighted to receive fifty cents each for this service in real money.

Tom Gregg got a tremendous amount of fun out of baiting the Liberals. Our Liberal friends would hold a meeting behind closed doors. Like a parliamentary caucus, a certain amount of information leaked out, and Tom would reconstruct the story. He would report it as though he had been present. Arthur G. Harrison was the Secretary of the Liberal Association. The account would proceed: "Arthur Harrison then stepped up to the piano and, accompanying himself, led the audience in singing the campaign song which he has recently composed, sung to the air of "The Campbells are coming."

Frank Oliver is running, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Frank Oliver is running, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Frank Oliver is running, Hurrah, Hurrah,
Frank Oliver is running, Hurrah, Hurrah.

This used to make Arthur Harrison mad as a hornet because he didn't sing and he didn't play the piano and he had never heard of the wretched rhyme before.

Another prominent Liberal was also fair game for Tom Gregg. He was "Professor" Brenton. "Professor" Brenton was the town waterman. He drove a team of horses hauling a tank of water and delivered it by the barrel at fifty cents a barrel. He was called "Professor" because he had opinions about everything, some very sound and others not quite so sound. Tom Gregg put a ridiculous speech into the mouth of the "Professor" the absurdity of which

was obvious to everyone. Poor "Professor" Brenton was much annoyed by some of these reports and complained to the office. Tom Gregg's comment was this: "We are sorry to hear that some of our Liberal friends are questioning the accuracy of our report of their meeting on Monday night. "Professor" Brenton called upon us this morning and stopped his paper and paid us thirty cents he has owed us for the past three years."

Upon defeat of the Conservative Party in 1900, the local Liberals, in the dark of night, dressed the *Edmonton Post* building in crepe. When Tom Gregg came down in the morning and saw it he ordered the crepe to be taken down and stored away as it might be useful in the future. In 1901, when Queen Victoria died, this crepe was brought out and used by the *Post* to drape their building. •

Every once in a while, the back office would kick over the traces and demand some money for their services. Frank Tims, having no money, simply didn't know what to do but it was an old story to Tom Gregg. He sent for the black gang and required Frank Tims to bring in the ledger. The mutineers came in with their ink-covered faces and hands. Meanwhile, Tom was thumbing through the ledger. The ledger was opened at the account of Phil Wagner, the tailor, who owed about forty dollars for advertising which he had not paid. Tom Gregg, addressing McLaughlin would say, "George, you ought to have a new suit of clothes." George would turn his thoughts to his wardrobe and would agree that perhaps he did need a new suit of clothes and Mr. Gregg, addressing Frank Tims, would say, "Frank, make out an order on Mr. Wagner in favour of Mr. McLaughlin for a suit of clothes." Turning to Mr. McCorkindale he would say, "You are boarding at Bridget's? Well, Mac, here is an order on Con Gallagher, the butcher, for fifty dollars for beef." Poor McCorkindale would say, "Good God, Mr. Gregg, I can't eat fifty dollars worth of beef," and Gregg would say in reply, "Of course you can't, but Bridget can make use of fifty dollars worth of beef so we will give you an order on Con Gallagher and you can deal that in with Bridget." Wally Young was disposed of in the same way and the printers went back to the back office. They would have liked to have had a little spending money but the arrangement made was better than nothing.

I have said that the *Edmonton Post* was taken over by the *Edmonton Journal*. Later, this paper was acquired by the Southams. Meanwhile, South Edmonton had become Strathcona and the feeling between the two towns was still pretty strong. To increase the circulation of the *Journal* the proprietors adopted this expedient. An arrangement was come to with the Simmons Soap Company. Canvassers went out and called upon the citizens and put to the householder two questions. "Have you a copy of today's *Journal*? If the householder said, "Yes," he was required to produce it. "Have you a cake of Simmons' soap?" If the householder replied in the affirmative, he or she was required to produce it. Then the canvassers awarded a prize to the householder. At the same time the *Journal* carried on a vigorous campaign of publicity. The people of Edmonton hastened to subscribe to the *Journal* and buy Simmons soap, which, of course, was the object of the campaign. Having worked Edmonton over thoroughly, the *Journal* decided to put on the same campaign in Strathcona, since there was no daily news paper in Strathcona. There was, however, a weekly paper there—the *Strathcona Chronicle*. The editor and proprietor was one James Weir, who was an old-fashioned newspaperman with an active mind and a good deal of wit and humour in his make-up. He resented the *Journal's* invasion of Strathcona and disposed of the matter very effectively. In the *Strathcona Chronicle* there appeared one day an item to the following effect: "The Journal-Simmons Soap Campaign canvassers appeared in Strathcona yesterday and began their campaign here. They met, however, with very little success, since they discovered that the Strathcona people who read the *Journal* do not use soap, and the Strathcona people who use soap do not read the *Journal*."

Strathcona people chuckled for many a day over this article, but it had the effect of accentuating the inter-town feeling to such an extent that the Journal-Simmons Soap Campaign in Strathcona quietly blew up and Jimmy Weir was left, for a time at least, in possession of the field.

Chapter XLIII

NO story of the development of our western country would be complete without some reference to missionary activity. We are all familiar with our Saviour's injunction to go out and preach the Gospel to all the world. This directive is taken very seriously and very literally by many Christians and not so seriously and not so literally by other Christians. To the observer on the side-lines one fact emerges, namely, that it is a serious matter when any individual, or group of individuals, sets out to destroy the faith, social customs and taboos of primitive people, without giving very much thought to what is to be given to them in lieu and how they will stand up to the impacts of a new religion, and new social and economic order. If we were all of one Christian body we might approach the matter more realistically but, in point of fact, we are a number of Christian bodies and a form of competition almost of necessity arises. The Indian himself in the last hundred years, has passed through a series of stages. In his original condition the buffalo were numerous, easily killed and supplied approximately all his wants. They had a form of writing, which the missionaries developed, but the Indians had no written records as to their own past—they had nothing but folk-lore. Polygamy existed to the extent of a man having from two to five wives. This absorbed all the single women in a tribe. I never heard of an Indian "old maid." Marriages were sometimes arranged by the parents and in other cases there was a form of elopement. From the economic point of view the wives pulled their own weight and then some. They bore and cared for their children without any diminution of their economic value. They cut up the game, made pemmican, did all the camp chores and turned their lord and master out properly dressed every day. On the march they packed the pack-ponies or travois, and themselves carried enormous burdens

on their backs and marched on foot. The husband might beat his wife when he deemed it necessary, or, possibly, to work off some annoyance with someone else, but he never laid a hand on his children.

The Indian of the old school had a hazy idea of the Great Manitou God. There were, in addition, the manitous which could be seen in the lightning or heard in the thunder, and there were manitous of certain places such as falls and rapids, lakes, rivers and mountains. Manitous were a fairly ugly lot who had to be placated. I never heard of a manitou who was gentle or kindly or went about doing good. As usual, the medicine men in the tribe were on fairly intimate terms with the manitous and interpreted them to the Indians. We find the medicine man or the witch doctor or the sorcerer in all primitive people. What is known of the medicine man and his art comes to us for the most part from ignorant interpreters who themselves probably believed in the medicine man. I am satisfied that the word "medicine" as used by them is a misnomer. By the use of charms, beating of tom-toms and the like, the medicine man made medicine which was good medicine or bad medicine depending on circumstances. For instance, if there was to be a horse-race the owner of the horse consulted a medicine man to ensure victory. This victory might be had by endowing the horse with an extra shot of speed or endurance for the day. On the other hand, the medicine man might see to it that there was some bad medicine for the opponent's horse. As a small boy I firmly believed in the powers of medicine men. The half-breeds and Indians told extraordinary stories of the power of good medicine or the disastrous effects of bad medicine. Thus, when the winning horse romped home ten lengths ahead, it was alleged that its owner had a medicine man who had used good medicine and probably had used bad medicine on the losing horse. It follows from this that the Indian believed in miracles and here was the opening for the introduction of the Christian religion, but in point of fact when the missionary arrived on the scene he had nothing to tell but unpleasant things. He speedily recognized the medicine man as his opponent and preached the doctrine that there was neither good nor bad medicine and the medicine men were a gang of fakirs. The missionary also taught that polygamy was wrong and that every Indian should be satisfied with one wife.

This doctrine was unpleasant from many points of view and from the economic point of view was almost impossible. When the missionaries taught that there was one Great Manitou over all, and the little manitous of place or time had no real existence, the Indian was prepared to listen, but when the missionary went on to explain the doctrine of the Trinity he was in a bad way. When the missionary tried to explain the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, this was contrary to all his experience but of course a good medicine man might be able to arrange a virgin birth. When the buffalo had disappeared and the white man had arrived with his domestic cattle, seeds and tools, the Indian wanted to find in the Christian religion something that would feed him and house him and enable him to live. Protestant missionaries arrived more or less empty-handed. Meekness and humility were their outstanding manifestations and the Indian distinctly did not like meekness and humility. The Roman Catholic missionary, however, got to work on an economic basis. The latter established missions and built substantial buildings with trade shops. Nuns arrived and opened schools for the teaching of a rough sort of domestic economy to the girls and in the trade schools useful trades in wood, iron working and leather working could be taught. The nuns also gave a certain amount of medical treatment. At these missions, cattle, pigs and poultry were kept, and crops were grown. The St. Albert Mission, some nine miles north of Edmonton, was a good example of this policy. Here the Indians could see something practical and useful and here the French half-breed could bridge the gap. Thus, the Indian learned on entering the Church to dip his fingers in Holy Water and cross himself. He learned to genuflect before the altar and to kneel in a pew with apparent devoutness. He had possibly been baptized. The Roman Catholic Church taught monogamy as a desirable condition to be attained some time in the future. I never heard that they discriminated against the second, third or fourth wives or their children. They were all souls to be garnered in. If an Indian, in distress of any sort, could reach a Roman Catholic Mission he might have his injuries attended to and he might even be fed by the exponents of this new religion. That was something anyway. The Indian was always intrigued with the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priests

and nuns. Here was a great sacrifice that the Indian could understand and here there were things the Indian could do. He walked boldly into the church, crossed himself with Holy Water, genuflected before the altar and made suitable noises for the responses. He could see the priests at the altar. The explanation was simple. They were "making" medicine, good medicine for good Indians and bad medicine for bad Indians. The Nuns were able to cure all sorts of infantile complaints and the priest could do a certain amount of rough surgery. There were butter, milk, eggs, bread and beef. On the whole, therefore the Christian religion as presented by the Roman Catholic Missions made a certain amount of sense. The Protestant Missionaries, on the other hand, were advised to take their wives with them. Each mission, therefore, was sustained at considerable expense. Without having any definite figures, I think I may say that the Gospel was taken to the Indians at very much less expense by the Roman Church than by the corresponding Protestant organizations.

At the St. Albert Mission there was a lay brother who was in charge of the blacksmith shop. He had a country-wide reputation as a puller of teeth. I may as well describe his methods while I am at this point. Very few Indians have bad teeth or toothaches but once in awhile some old fellow might need to have a tooth out. He visited the blacksmith who conducted an examination and located the offending molar. He then produced a coil of brass rabbit wire, very light and very strong and took two half-hitches around the tooth and fastened the flowing end of the wire to the anvil, requiring the patient to bend over the anvil. There might be eighteen inches of slack wire between the anvil and the tooth. The blacksmith then put a horseshoe in the forge fire and pumped vigorously until the horseshoe was sizzling red hot. Seizing the red hot horseshoe with a pair of tongs the blacksmith, without warning, suddenly wheeled about and put the hot iron immediately under the nose of the patient who started back with a howl of fright and there was the tooth dangling at the end of the wire. There were variations of this procedure. Substituted for the hot iron, another lay brother approached the Indian who was leaning over the anvil and jabbed him in the backside with a sail needle. This had much the same result and the tooth was out.

When I was about six years old I suffered from snow blindness. Sister Dillon at the Mission had the reputation of curing snow blindness. In due course, my father and mother took me out to see her. She was a healthy, strapping young woman, and her habit looked like an angel of mercy. However, I resisted all attempts on her part to pour some stuff in my eyes. I fancy that it was nothing more than boracic acid. She suggested that if my father and mother would leave the room she might be able to do something for the "dear little boy." As soon as my father and mother were out of the room this angel of mercy transformed herself into an avenging angel. She finally cornered me, got me by the scruff of the neck and downed me on the floor. My present recollection is that she put her knee on my chest and turning my head sideways poured the medicine into one eye and told me to blink. I blinked. Turning my head over she gave me another dose in the other eye. When my father and mother were readmitted, I had had the treatment and was on the way to recovery. She had many cures to her credit and the Indians agreed that she could make good medicine.

The Anglican Church also established missions of the same type but were handicapped by the low church element which opposed celibate male and female Orders.

The outstanding question it seems to me was how progress was estimated in missions. As I have said, the Indian who could enter a Roman Catholic Church properly and kneel apparently devoutly, was counted as a convert and could appear in statistics. How Protestant denominations counted their converts I really don't know. In the islands of the Pacific the missionaries sought to induce their alleged converts to wear clothes. Thus, a Sandwich Islander who appeared in a dirty pair of overalls was said to be a Christian. The women were urged to wear a sort of Mother Hubbard wrapper and some "intimate" things. They, too, were said to be converts. I observed, however, on visiting these islands, that the native women had discovered that making the Mother Hubbard wrappers tight fitting that some of the purpose of the wrapper had been defeated and they had learned the trick of handling their clothing to make themselves somewhat more attractive than they were in their bare pelts. I fancy that the Roman Catholic clergy knew what their advantages were in dealing with the Indian.

They were led and well directed by experienced men. In all this scheme, the peasant type of priest from Quebec fitted easily and priests from old France of gentle blood found no difficulty in accommodating themselves to the situation. Undoubtedly, the Roman Catholic clergy impressed the Indians, not only by their vestments and ceremonies but by their real worth. In the Rebellion of 1885, the Roman Catholic clergy really believed that they held such a position in the estimation of the Indians that they could control them. It was, therefore, a distinct shock to them to find that in the Frog Lake massacre, at least, two priests were shot down with the others. Bleasdale Cameron, in his book *The War Trail of Big Bear*, describes dramatically how Wandering Spirit, the war-chief of the Crees, attended the last Mass of these priests. He entered the Church, crossed himself with Holy Water and knelt on one knee in the aisle, holding his rifle in his hand. He glared at the congregation and the priests, with snake-like ferocity, and probably it was he who fired the fatal shots in the general shooting which took place. Cameron further tells us of witnessing a dance put on by certain of the Indians who took part in the Frog Lake massacre, wearing the Mass vestments of the murdered priests.

I have always felt that the conversion of Indians to the Christian religion was not much more than skin deep.

As the economic situation of the Indians changed, they stopped wearing blankets and put on hats, coats and trousers. They turned to trapping for a living and once in a while could be hired to do a bit of work for a white man. In due course, small children could be got into a mission school and taught things useful to them. The women contracted venereal disease and passed it on. They bedecked themselves with cheap jewelry when they had the money and retained a few of their ancient skills in beadwork and the like. Taking one thing with another, I would say that the Indian knew as much about the plan of salvation as did the white men, who flowed into the country in due course and laid the foundations for our social and governmental structure.

Chapter XLIV

WHEN the Honourable Clifford Sifton was Minister of the Interior, he brought about the immigration of the Ukrainians not in dozens or hundreds but in shiploads and trainloads. He arranged for special rates on ships and trains and distributed these people throughout the Canadian West. The immediate effect was to increase the business of the railway companies, not only in the carriage of the immigrants themselves but subsequently in the exportation of their production and of the carriage to them of the goods which they required, such as lumber, agricultural machinery, clothing and the like. These people came from Central Europe, the province or the area then known as Gallicia and Ruthenia. At times their country had belonged to Russia, sometimes to Austria-Hungary and in some periods it belonged to Poland. They had always been serfs, or, at all events, very small peasants and had always been roughly treated. They had little or no education but they were, for the most part, industrious and hard working. The most of them, I think, belonged to the Russian Orthodox Church and the remainder to the Greek Uniate Church, under the supervision of the Archbishop of Lemberg. The Greek Uniate Church, now known as the Greek Catholic Church, had been an autonomous church with its ritual in the language spoken by the people. This church was in communion with Rome. It is safe to say that most of these people scarcely knew what church they belonged to. The Greek Uniate resembled the Russian Orthodox Church in that the liturgy was in the language understood by the people, but its spiritual leadership came from Rome. One of the differences, which I observed, was that these people genuflected before the altar by kneeling upon one knee, whereas the method of genuflection in the Russian Orthodox Church was to bow so low before the altar that the palm of the hand of the worshipper was laid flat

upon the ground. Later on, there were a number of law-suits between the Russian Orthodox Church and the Greek Uniates, backed by the Roman Catholic Church in Canada.

As I have said, these Ruthenians and Gallicians, now called Ukrainians, streamed into the country in thousands. There was a certain amount of opposition to this immigration on the ground that they were illiterate and incapable of assimilation. For the most part, they established themselves in communities where they were largely immune from the normal rules which operate to assimilate immigrants. To this day many of the older people have not learned English. Our people seemed quite to understand that Negroes, Chinese and Japanese could not be assimilated, but the majority of our people seemed to think that because the Ukrainians were white there was no reason at all why they should not at once understand our social customs and our political methods and become good Canadian citizens overnight. As well, the banks, railway companies and big business generally, were all in favour of the immigration.

The C.P.R., in particular, benefited since they still held, almost in its entirety, the land grant of twenty-five million acres which that company had received for the construction of the railway. These Ukrainian immigrants bought very little of this C.P.R. land. They had been promised free homesteads and they got them, but wherever the Ukrainian immigrant settled, he improved his land and that, in turn, developed the surrounding land. It was not long before the C.P.R. was selling its land grant at three dollars an acre. From that day, the common stock of the C.P.R. began to go up and to pay a dividend. The value of C.P.R. stock continued to climb, until the shares of C.P.R. stock were sold upon the market for as high as three hundred and eighty-four dollars. Fortunes were made in Canada out of this appreciation in the value of C.P.R. stock, and I think that it may be assumed that those "in the know," who got in early, were the lucky ones.

In political matters it was soon discovered that the Ukrainians' political training and understanding of our system were precisely nil. Before these people could get titles to their lands, they had to be naturalized. Naturalization in those days was a pretty flimsy business. Naturalization was carried out in a wholesale fashion by the lowest types

of men. Thousands of Ukrainians were naturalized by individuals appointed commissioners for taking affidavits. The names of the applicants were mis-spelled and there was a great deal of sculduggery, consisting of perjury of the blackest type. The Ukrainian, normally, had not the foggiest notion of what was going on. He had no idea of what citizenship meant. Voting at elections was merely a sort of game. Court procedure was another huge jest. He could not understand the meaning of evidence or its value in deciding cases. Through bad interpretation or deliberately prepared perjury wholly improper decisions were given by the courts. A certain lawyer, practising in the Ukrainian settlements, was said to have explained the size of his bills in a lawsuit by saying that a certain proportion of his bill was accounted for by the sum of money which he had to give the judges to get a favourable decision. The whole of our legal procedure was considered to be so much mumbo jumbo—a sort of racket in which judges and lawyers shared the proceeds.

In the election of 1904, Richard Secord was the Conservative candidate and the Honourable Frank Oliver was the Liberal candidate. The country at that time was mad about railway building. It was thought that it was only necessary to build a railway into an area without a railway to make everybody rich. A band of young enthusiasts, of which I was one, had induced Mr. Secord to put up a large sum of money for political organization amongst the Ukrainians. The idea was to establish a Conservative organization in every township. We proceeded in what we considered the normal fashion. Meetings were called in each township among the Ukrainians. A president, vice-president, a secretary-treasurer and committees were elected, and so on. The idea was that, if we could form enough of these associations, the Ukrainians would roll up on election day and cast their votes in favour of Mr. Secord; but they didn't. They had been brought into the country by the Liberal Government and the same government had given each of them one hundred and sixty acres of land. They felt under a certain obligation to that government and party.

A week or so before the election, certain individuals appeared in the areas which had been organized by us. These individuals seemed to be organized in parties of three

or four. Each team had a theodolite. They drove into the Ukrainian settler's farmyard and apparently took sights with the theodolite. In many cases it looked as though the sight taken would run a line through the Ukrainian's buildings. It was not long before the Ukrainian farmer timidly approached these pseudo surveyors and asked them what they were doing. They announced that they were locating Mr. Oliver's new railway. They were invited to look through the theodolite and discovered that the line of sight ran through the Ukrainian's barn. They asked if this were so, and were assured that it was so. They were told that railways must proceed by the shortest and straightest line. When the Ukrainian learned that the new railway was going through his barn, he broke down and begged for mercy. The pseudo surveyors then suggested that if the immigrant could get in touch with Mr. Oliver, or some of his friends, perhaps some different arrangement might be made. The immigrant then visited the nearest settlement, got in touch with a Liberal agent, whom he found very accommodating, quite willing, in fact, to put Mr. Oliver's railway practically anywhere the Ukrainian would like to have it. The gratitude of the Ukrainian was boundless and on election day he voted for the man who was willing to put the railway wherever he would like to have it. Whether Frank Oliver himself ever knew anything about these machinations may be doubted, but the fact remains that on election day they voted the Liberal ticket solidly and the aforesaid enthusiasts, of whom I was one, were left in some doubt as to whether we had gone about the business in the right way. The fact of the matter was that these Ukrainians were wholly unfitted for democratic institutions at that time.

The only people they really understood, feared and respected were the Mounted Police. The Ukrainians were a peasant people. They were, for the most part, industrious and energetic but they remained central European peasants to the end of their lives. We now have before us the second and third generations. Many of these people have adopted and made their own some of the worst traits of the lowest types to be found in our original Canadian population. On the other hand, there is a distinct glimmer of hope for the future. Many of these young men served in the First Great War where for the most part they behaved well. In the

present war many of them are serving in the Army, Navy and the Air Force. A number of them have attained commissioned rank and have been decorated. In other words these two wars have done more to assimilate these young people and to give them a pride in their citizenship and an understanding of their place in the community, a place which we are ready and anxious to have them assume. Many of their young men have become medical doctors, dentists, lawyers and the like. Whether they have quite got the spirit of the older professions may be doubted. Some of their lawyers are crooked but smart enough to evade the consequences. Some of their doctors are hard and grasping fellows with little regard for the traditions of our old fashioned doctors. I am persuaded that the remedy for all this and for all other immigrants brought in on a large scale is universal compulsory military service. This form of service would take their young men out of their peasant homes and teach them personal cleanliness, discipline and so forth. It would also teach them to speak English and would give them a sense of citizenship which otherwise they would not get. Looking at the results upon them of their service in the two recent wars I cannot understand how anyone could be in any doubt on this point. Many Ukrainians are clever. They can learn anything. For hundreds of years they have been brow-beaten, ill-treated and have, as a result, contracted an inferiority complex. To escape this they are likely to become insolent, overbearing and ugly tempered but underneath all is the undoubted capacity to learn and understand our social life, and our political system. I am in no doubt on that point. Already I observe the increase of marriages taking place between men of British names and Ukrainian girls and the converse of that, the marriage of girls of British names with Ukrainians. This is the test of assimilation. Indeed there is no other test. Give us compulsory universal military service and we shall shorten by years, if not decades, this process of assimilation.

The stories told of the heroism and the fortitude of the earlier settlers in Ontario is equalled, if not surpassed, by the story of Ukrainian settlement in western Canada. Nearly all of them arrived in the West without a cent. Having found a place to park their wives, the young men went to work on the railways. When the summer's work was over

the young Ukrainian went to work on his land, cutting and fashioning timber for the house with an axe. Later on, he built a stable and acquired a cow, some chickens and pigs. The most interesting feature in his house was a furnace made of clay. It was an enormous affair with several fire-boxes and ovens and might be six feet square. In cold weather the whole family slept on top of the furnace, which the fires burning by day kept warm throughout the night. He made benches, stools and tables with his axe. The floor was of earth. The outside of the building was covered with smoothed clay whitewashed. The roof was straw thatch, extraordinarily well done. I might observe at this point that in 1920-21, or thereabouts, we had a fodder shortage in the West and many Ukrainians unroofed their original houses and sold the straw roof at four dollars a load. Ordinary hay had already gone to seventy-five dollars a ton. Outside every village and town in the West an area was set aside as a "refuse dump." The Ukrainians visited these dumps and gathered tin cans and tin boxes out of which they made tin plate which served many purposes around their houses. They picked up empty whiskey and beer bottles and carried them off. These they dealt with very cleverly and made goblets and jugs. The method was simple. They soaked wool yarn in coal oil. This they wrapped around a bottle at the desired point. They then set fire to the yarn and let it burn. When the maximum heat had been applied to the bottle they plunged the bottle into cold water. A slight tap on the neck of the bottle resulted in an even break all around. With a rough stone they smoothed the break in the glass. The result was a drinking glass or goblet which would hold nearly a pint. They made plates and dishes out of tin plate that they had salvaged.

They dug their gardens with a spade. The men worked on the railways between times and gradually began to acquire oxen, horses, plows, harrows, mowers, hay rakes and other agricultural machinery. I have seen the young Ukrainian and his wife building a house. They got the timber in a nearby bush and man and wife carried on their backs the individual pieces of timber to the house-site. The women found time to do a certain amount of quite interesting needlework and weaving.

When they came to the country the men wore long linen

trousers, knee-boots, sheepskin coats with the fur inside and fur caps. The feet of the boots were of enormous size and in winter were stuffed with straw. The women wore skirts but otherwise were dressed like the men. Like all women, in a low state of cultural development, they were sturdy and strong and for ordinary labour were probably as good as a man.

In the years that have passed, they have received a certain amount of education from our public school system and our habits of life and living have impinged upon them. Many of the women are quite good looking as are the young men and slowly but surely they are emerging from their status, as ignorant peasants, into participation in the cultural and political life of the country.

I think it can be said that their integration into our society is a three generation job. We are dealing now with the third generation. In manners and deportment they are likely to be as uncouth as the lower classes of our own Canadian people. But speaking by and large, they are doing very well.

Politically, they have a tendency towards socialism without knowing very much about it. When we get down to brass tacks, it will be found that they are not socialists at all. Many of them adopted Social Credit as a political philosophy without knowing very much about that. They are not being particularly blamed for this since very few people can understand what social credit is except that it is a movement of protest or revolt. From the political point of view the Ukrainian of today is not a stable element.

Our best immigrants are Norwegians, Dutch and Danes. They come from small countries, learn English easily, and are fully prepared for constitutional democratic government. The German has it in him to be the best immigrant of all, but what is wrong with him is this: He comes from a great race with a great history in art, science, literature and military and scientific achievement. On arrival here he thinks that we have made a mess of the development of our country and is firmly of the opinion that if Canada had been a colony of Germany we should have done much more and much better. As well, the German never forgets his homeland and his wholehearted loyalty to the country of his origin, dies slowly in the same proportion and at the same rate of his acquisition of loyalty to Canada.

Thus, throughout these last two wars it is an established fact that the German who immigrates to Canada is loyal to Germany at all costs. His son still remembers Germany but he acquires a certain loyalty to Canada. It is not until you reach the third generation of Germans in Canada that you have a man that you can trust. The Swede is a fairly promising type. The policies of his own country are bedevilled by the weakness of his nation and the powerfulness of his neighbours. My observation is that you cannot count upon the Swede until the third generation and meanwhile he is likely to ally himself with all sorts of curious notions and political ideas. The Norwegian, the Dutchman and the Dane in the first generation can normally be counted upon one hundred per cent as soon as he gets settled in Canada. As for the others some are good and some are bad. Frequently just another Dago. Most of them carry knives and when enraged use them. It begins to appear as though we shall have difficulty in getting any substantial British immigration in the future. This, of course, is the ideal class. Again I say, that in handling immigration of any kind, universal compulsory military service is the key to a rapid assimilation of newcomers.

Chapter XLV

HAVING worked hard at my law I was ready for the Intermediate examinations which took place in June 1899. I had no difficulty in passing quite well and had I continued my reading industriously I might ultimately have known some law of a useful kind. Following my usual bent, I dabbled in international law, criminal law and other forms of legal learning which had nothing to do with my examinations. By this time I had become, to all intents and purposes, a professional athlete. In those days in the West all prizes were cash prizes. I travelled all over the West competing in running, jumping and boxing. The purses kept me in a certain amount of ready cash and I finally got to know all the rogues and rascals west of Winnipeg.

The situation in South Africa began to warm up. There were exchanges of correspondence in which it finally appeared that Kruger and his friends had established in the Transvaal an oligarchy which was determined to suppress the British element. The British element completely controlled the mining industry in the Transvaal which in turn supplied the major portion of the Boer government's revenue. The best that Kruger and Company could offer in the way of naturalization was a fourteen years' residence in the country and a number of other minor stipulations which made it practically impossible for the British element ever to have any say in the government of the country. Curiously enough, there were British subjects in the Transvaal who considered the country better off as an independent country and took sides with the Boers. Some of these men actually served in the Boer forces in the War that finally ended the discussion. Kruger had equipped his people with the latest German Mauser rifles with enormous quantities of small arms ammunition. His artillery were French Cruzot guns of various calibres and the German Krupp gun, both very

good guns. They had, as well, a number of long-range guns, the barrel being carried on an ox wagon and mounted on the carriage when going into action. They had a few machine-guns and I remember coming under the fire of a machine-gun firing Martini-Henri ammunition which sounded like a swarm of bees. They went in for the one-pounder Maxim in a big way. This gun fired automatically fourteen-ounce explosive shells which were usually fired in bursts of seven. The British Government originally rejected this weapon because on test it didn't disclose itself to be very destructive. On the other hand the power of this gun lay in its demoralizing effect, a point which could not be brought out in tests conducted in peace. The British Government knew that this equipment was arriving in large quantities and from that they also knew that the Boers intended to fight.

In 1881 in the First Boer War, the Boers had definitely come out as winners, having inflicted severe casualties on the British, particularly at Majuba Hill, and in several other encounters. The Boer of those days had a hearty contempt for the Britisher. The British then began to move troops from India and Kruger and Company delivered an ultimatum to the British Government demanding that no further British troops be brought in and those which had arrived should be returned to whence they came. This ultimatum was rejected and the War actually began in October of 1899. An alliance had been come to between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal and these two states acted together. President Stein of the Orange Free State, was a man of some education and probably realized from the beginning that the War might be long and disastrous from the Boer point of view. Kruger and his friends had no such fears. The Boer military organization was simple. Every Boer citizen, of sixteen years and upwards, was liable for military service. I formed the opinion that the physical and intellectual development of the Boer was hastened by the fact that to all intents and purposes both the Transvaal and the Free State were slave states. The Boer boy had learned habits of command at a very early age and similarly was taught to act like a man at the age of fourteen and fifteen. The Boers were a pastoral people. Their whole history turned upon fighting with the natives and the hunting of wild animals. The whole country

was divided into six-thousand-acre farms which could be acquired by a mere entry by the young Boer citizen. One of these farms having been selected, the young Boer got married. The parents contributed between them an ox wagon which was an enormous affair. The hind wheels were six feet six inches high. Over the rear axle there was a sort of cabin which was wind and weather-proof. The wagons were home-made and could carry five or six tons of goods. Each wagon was drawn by from ten to sixteen oxen. Three natives were the crew of the wagon. The *voorloper* led the first pair of oxen, the second native wielded a whip on a bamboo stock, nine to twelve feet long with a lash probably fifty feet in length. It was said that these whipmen could pick a fly off an ox's ear at extreme range. The third native walked behind and applied the brake to the hind wheels which was operated by a big screw with a handle. The parents supplied this outfit plus some ponies, cows, oxen, sheep and goats, and a few agricultural implements. The young Boer, with his bride, then set out for his selected farm.

Upon his arrival he found an absolute bit of waste country upon which there might be living at the time several hundred natives in kraals or villages. Under the law, each native man was liable to pay a hut tax to the proprietor of one pound a year, which he was required to work out by day labour and was paid sixpence a day with smaller amounts for women and children. The native was not allowed to move about or move off this land without a pass in writing, signed by the proprietor, permitting him to do so. Every Boer was clothed with police powers and upon meeting a native he stopped the native and demanded production of the pass. If the native had no pass the Boer then dismounted and gave the native a flogging with his rhinoceros-hide riding-whip which could cut like a knife. If the native resisted he was likely to be shot and every Boer from fourteen years up carried his rifle slung over his shoulder. Under this system of labour the young Boer built a house, a series of sheep kraals in which the sheep were impounded every night.

Another feature of the landscape was the dam. The proprietor found a swale or a spruit which was probably a dry creek-bed. He built a dam at the lower end of this feature and impounded the water which fell in the rainy season and this was the water supply for nine-tenths of the Boer

farms. All this work was done by the natives on a basis of sixpence a day wages in settlement of the hut tax. Domestic servants, sheep and cattle-herders were from the natives on the same basis. For fuel an interesting system was devised. Every night the sheep were driven into the sheep fold which were stone enclosures. The sheep would be packed pretty closely for the night. Periodically the natives were set to work to dig out in oblong blocks the accumulated manure from the bottom of the sheep kraals. These blocks were then set out on the walls of the sheep kraals to dry and when dried out they supplied all the fuel which the Boer needed. The family stove was something like a blacksmith's forge. This manure fuel burned with a dull glow and gave off a certain amount of smoke and a terrible stink. Over this fire the Boer matrons did their cooking which consisted mainly of fried mutton and other forms of meat and dough-nuts boiled in sheep fat.

Having built his house, kraals and dam, a certain amount of fruit and vegetables were grown and the young Boer settled down to a comparatively happy life with little to do, drinking coffee on the front porch of the house, called a *stoep*. Talking gossip and politics, and sometimes religion, was the only intellectual relaxation that he had. The women wore mother-hubbard dresses of cotton and home-made sunbonnets. The Boers had very large families and it was said that there were a large percentage of children who were mentally deficient, or physically unfit.

The great event of the year was the celebration of Holy Communion. The Boers gathered from miles around at some central point, driving in in their wagons. They spent several days on this occasion. Political meetings were held and there were speeches and sports. This occasion was known as the *Nagmaal*.

The whole country was divided into districts presided over by an officer known as Field Cornet. This officer did a variety of things. He seemed to be a registrar of deeds and contracts of all sorts. He was also registrar of births, marriages and deaths and was also a military officer, keeping the rolls of the fighting men in his area. Each Boer was required to turn out for military duty, bringing with him, at his own expense, his rifle, one hundred rounds of ammunition, and riding a pony with a saddle and bridle and so many

pounds of food, which consisted of dried meat called biltong and rusks which was twice cooked bread. Later on in the war they established their own military commissariat. On the occasion of these annual gatherings, the fighting men were formed up in a line and the roll called and the men were inspected as to equipment. Some Field Cornets carried out a few simple movements, such as the advance in line and in column of fours. This was a bit too much for some Field Cornets. So many Field Cornetcies formed a commando under a general, who was selected by the government. A commando might number two thousand men. Discipline, as we knew it, scarcely existed and the only punishment was flogging or shooting. In peacetime the citizen (burgher) who neglected or refused to turn out equipped as required was disfranchised, was incapable of holding public office and was ostracised by his neighbours. The citizen who could not afford to equip himself as required by law was provided with a rifle by the state and required to serve on foot. He was known as a *voet-ganger*, literally a "foot-goer" or an infantry man. In addition to this citizen force, both states maintained a small permanent force of artillery. These normally were foreigners and one met among them representatives of every race in Europe, except the British. The Free State had a small permanent police force. The Transvaal maintained a large mounted police force, known as the South African Republican Police which when pronounced in Dutch, the initials spelt the word "Zarp," so they were always known to us as "Zarps." Both these permanent forces were well trained, well disciplined and uniformed. Both consisted almost entirely of foreigners and fought extraordinarily well. As I have said, the Boers had a profound contempt for the British Army. They described the British soldier as the scum of the population from which they were drawn. They said that nearly all British soldiers and officers suffered from some form of kidney trouble and that most of them were impotent in the sexual sense. They considered that the discipline of the British Army was merely an evidence of the worthlessness of the individual soldier; his incapacity to do anything without orders and his submission to discipline was a mere example of his mental and physical incompetence. We found the Boer to be a gallant fighting man. He was narrow, mean and tricky in many ways, but they

held their positions well and in many cases attacked with vigour and determination. They thoroughly enjoyed the War, as far as I could see, until it began to bear heavily upon their wives and children, their flocks and herds and the destruction of their farms. The Boer was a tall, bearded man, quick and active on his feet, and he rode a pony which was said to be descended from Arab horses brought out in the early days. These ponies were all taught to "single foot," which is akin to our gait known as "pacing." I have seen a commando on the move, riding like a mob—no military formation of any sort but single footing along at, I would say, not less than six miles an hour. These ponies could gallop across the veldt, strewn with boulders and holed by many sorts of wild animals. In that respect they were very much like our own prairie broncos. The British cavalry horse might be a half-bred or a hunter, but such terrain was simply impossible to him.

As I have said, war was declared in October, 1899. The power and capacity of the Boers to make war was underestimated by practically all observers, although General Sir Forester Walker had predicted that the War would probably last three years, as it did. But it was agreed that the war would mark the end of the pioneer era in South Africa and would bring many changes. It was, I think, in the *San Francisco Call*, a poem appeared in the closing months of 1899. I recollect the first verse, which read something like this:

Lay my rifle down beside me, put my Bible on my breast,
For a moment let the wailing bugles cease,
As the century is ending I am going to my rest,
Lord, lettest now thy servant go in peace.

I remember at the time that there was some discussion as to who wrote this poem. It looked a bit like Kipling but this was denied. There were some five or six verses altogether and the end of an era in Boer history was clearly envisaged.

There was some hesitation on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government as to the position Canada would take. Since this had been expected the reaction of certain elements of the public was quicker and more vigorous than otherwise would have been the case. There were demonstrations in Montreal, confined no doubt to the English-

speaking population, in Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Finally, a contingent was authorized. This contingent was to be a battalion of infantry, a thousand strong with one hundred and twenty-five men drawn from each military district. This contingent became known as the Second Battalion Royal Canadian Regiment. At that time, the militia system had not been extended to the Territories and consequently we had had no representation in this contingent. The agitation to send more troops to the War continued with growing intensity to the surprise of the Government and many other observers. This resulted in the determination on the part of the government to authorize the second contingent which was to consist of three batteries of field artillery and two mounted regiments. One mounted regiment was allotted to the West. The First Canadian Mounted Rifles, consisting of two squadrons and headquarters, was based upon the Royal Canadian Dragoons. This regiment supplied a number of officers and men. The remainder being volunteers specially recruited mostly from the militia. The Second Canadian Mounted Rifles was based upon the North-West Mounted Police and certain other ranks specially enlisted. Curiously enough, these two mounted regiments were called battalions; "A" and "B" Squadrons being in the first Canadian Mounted Rifles and "C" and "D" Squadrons in the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles. About eighty per cent of the N.C.O.'s in the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles were from the Mounted Police. Colonel Lessard, from the Royal Canadian Dragoons, commanded the first C.M.R. Colonel Lessard is probably the best French Canadian soldier we have ever produced. In appearance, manner and voice, he was a typical French Canadian, but in his methods and attitudes towards military duty was up to the best traditions of the British Army. He assumed complete responsibility and insisted upon the meticulous performance of all duties. He tolerated no sloppiness or neglect in organization, administration of discipline of any sort, and completely bridged the gap between the French Canadian and the English-speaking Canadian in military matters. But for an unfortunate quarrel which he had with Sam Hughes, Lessard might well have been placed in command of the First Canadian Division in the war 1914-18, and might ultimately have passed to the command of the Canadian Corps. Had this happened, the

relations between French Canada and the remainder of Canada might have been very different from what it is.

The Second Canadian Mounted Rifles was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel L. W. Herchmer, then Commissioner of the Mounted Police. Herchmer had served for a short time in the British Army and had been commissioner of the Mounted Police from about 1887 onwards. He was a terrifically energetic man but his best friends would not deny that he was a bit of a tyrant. His administration of the Police had been investigated by a judicial commission and, as the newspapers had it, had been "whitewashed" by this commission. A reading of the evidence given to the commission today is an astounding revelation. I assume that he had a free hand in the selection of his officers who were largely drawn from the Mounted Police. These officers were too old for the ranks which they held, in most cases, and their training had been strictly, or at all events largely, in police work. There were three outstanding exceptions to this general observation. Colonel G. E. Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O., elsewhere referred to in this story, commanded "D" Squadron and was a very sound officer. He was a graduate of R.M.C. His second in command was the late Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Macdonnell, K.C.B., also an R.M.C. graduate. Captain T. W. Chalmers had been a Mounted Police officer but had retired. He came back to the Second C.M.R. as Troop Leader in the rank of Lieutenant. He also was an R.M.C. man. Subsequently he was killed in action. He was always cool and collected and had the certain touch of a man who knew his job. In December of 1899, my father received instructions to recruit a troop in Edmonton for the Second C.M.R. Provision was made for the enlistment of a certain number of members of the Mounted Police, the remainder to be civilian volunteers. Immediately recruitment began and men rolled up, from all parts of the Edmonton district, to join this troop. One of the amazing things about the enlistment of soldiers is the fact, that men who have been doing work calling for the highest condition of physical fitness, are turned down by the medical officers on attempting to enlist. The result was that many men who considered themselves, as the expression was, "fit as fiddles," were rejected and some quite poor specimens were accepted. The military medical officer proceeds by rule of thumb.

He could, with instruments, detect bad heart action, blood-pressure and forms of disability which the applicant never heard of. The one thing which the medical officer does not even attempt to do is to measure spirit and character. I suspect that in tight places men of high spirits and strong characters will go much further than some poor-spirited individual who happens to be able to pass stereotyped tests by which the medical officer is governed. This, however, is an old story. Probably, many of the Boers, who ran rings around us on the veldt later on, could not have passed the doctor.

When I went up for my medical examination the first thing that confronted me was the eye test. The examiners were Dr. E. A. Braithwaite, now Chief Coroner for the Province of Alberta and the late Dr. J. D. Harrison. For the purposes of the eye test they had an old calendar dated 1895 or 1896. These calendars, as everybody knows, are supplied mainly by insurance companies. This was a life insurance calendar. The name of the company was in large letters. In smaller type was information as to the assets of the company and so on. There was in the smallest type a four-line poem which discussed in a general way the imponderables of life and wound up with the assertion that the only certain thing was death. One of my besetting sins has always been my unwillingness to concentrate on disagreeable reading. Frequently I found myself, in reading law, staring at some object in the office and thinking of something else. The thing I seemed to stare at most was this very calendar which hung on the wall in front of my desk in the office. The result was that I had memorized every single word on it. When the medical officers began to test my eyes I simply astounded them. No matter how far back I stood from this old calendar I could read the smallest type and the doctors very generously said that they had never met a man with such marvellous eyesight.

I knew that my exact weight, stripped for the ring, was one hundred and thirty-eight and a half pounds. The last part of the examination consisted of "weighing in." In my birthday-suit I followed one of the doctors through the hallway of the police barracks, through the mess and the men's kitchen into a shed behind. I knew that the scales were kept there upon which the intake of rations was weighed.

The doctor preceded me and as I passed the coal-box I picked up a sizable piece of coal and held it in both hands behind my back. I stepped on the scales and the doctor found that I weighed one hundred and forty and a half pounds (a hundred and forty pounds being the minimum weight). As I walked past the coal box I dropped the lump of coal back in its place. That lump of coal weighed exactly two pounds I would say. I enlisted in the closing days of December 1899. On January 3rd, we left by train for Calgary. There was a large turnout to see us off from the station in South Edmonton. As the train pulled out of the station my mother broke away from her friends and started to walk down the track following the train. It was her only display of emotion as she came of very hardy warrior stock. I think she fully believed that she was seeing me for the last time. It was my wife-to-be who finally retrieved her and got her into her sleigh and accompanied her back to the Alberta Hotel. January 3rd was my twenty-second birthday.

On the morning of January 4th, I learned that the Benchers of the Law Society of the Territories were holding a meeting in Calgary. I descended upon them and asked them to give me a pass for my final examination in law, pointing out that during the Fenian raids of the 'sixties all undergraduates at Toronto University who were serving in the forces which resisted the Fenians were graduated without further examination. The Benchers said they had never heard of that before. They did, however, offer to give me a special *viva voce* examination while I was at Regina. I might as well finish that story now. We proceeded to Regina by special train, and arrived at 8.00 p.m. on the fourth of January. On the following days, I got in touch with certain Benchers from Regina, and two of these gentlemen were detailed to examine me in the evenings in the Law Library, at the Court House. One of them was a Mr. Johnson, K.C., and the other gentleman's name I fear I have forgotten. My difficulty was that I had not read for the final examination and had not read certain of the books prescribed. Three I remember were on Wills, Personal Property and Evidence, and there may have been several others. Sherwood Herchmer, son of Colonel Herchmer, had just passed his law examinations, and Frederick C. Jamieson of Edmonton, was also recently graduated in law. The three of us walked from the barracks

to the town on the night of the examinations and as we walked they endeavoured to pump into me all they thought I might be examined upon. The examiners were very kindly gentlemen, who, I think, profoundly sympathized with me but were pretty well satisfied that I knew very little law. On the way up to the Court House I had heard about Holograph Wills, Nuncupative Wills, *Donatio Mortis Causa*, and so on. Just about that time a book with the title *Mr. Meeston's Will* was being read. The plot in this story was that a party of people who had been ship-wrecked were drifting around in a life-boat. Mr. Meeston had disinherited his nephew and now desired to change his will to reinstate him. After some discussion a young lady consented to have Mr. Meeston's codicil, or new will tatooed on her back by a sailor. Mr. Meeston's nephew married the girl with the tatooed back and they lived happily ever after. I cunningly involved the Benchers in a discussion of this sort of will which lasted through the period set for this examination. Finally, on the day that we pulled out from Regina, while the children sang patriotic songs and waved flags and speeches were made, these two gentlemen made their way over to the window through which I was hanging, shook hands with me and assured me that I had passed. I wired my father from the next station asking him to pay the registration fee before anybody could change their minds. On this very slender foundation, by the exercise of a certain amount of physical and mental agility, I became the senior member of the law firm of Griesbach and O'Connor and, from time to time a number of other people, which did a large and profitable business for a great many years. Following the last war I was created a K.C., for the simple reason that the then Attorney-General had once done me a dirty trick and was sorry for it.

Chapter XLVI

LIFE in barracks at Regina was pretty hectic. The quarters were very crowded and did not permit of the expansion necessary for the intake of a large number of recruits who were to be given a short military training as quickly as possible. The temperature went down to twenty and thirty degrees below zero and doing any amount of drill in that weather was a pretty cold job. In addition, many of the horses were practically unbroken. Most of us, however, were fairly good horsemen but those who were not suffered severely. The Mounted Policeman of that day was a pretty stout fellow. The N.C.O.'s were for the most part old Imperial soldiers. I remember one amusing incident. The stable parade would normally fall in at a strength of two-hundred-and-fifty men. A Mounted Police corporal was the orderly corporal who called the roll. Normally, the roll is arranged alphabetically but this corporal saw certain possibilities in the names of the men. Very cleverly he made amusing sentences out of the names. I remember one sentence made up of four names, "Butler Hazza Brown Bottom." There was in the parade an Irishman named Goghan and there were two Englishmen named Going. Having arranged his Roll by putting all the colours together, cunningly using names for verbs and adverbs, he concluded the roll call by calling out "Going, Going, Goghan." The late Lieutenant-Colonel Belcher, C.M.G., was adjutant, at that time in the Mounted Police. He ordered a sergeant on parade to put the orderly corporal in the guard room. Nothing much followed I fancy since the corporal proceeded with the contingent, became a sergeant and served with distinction as a commissioned officer in the First Great War. The troop train from Regina to Halifax carried "C" Squadron with its horses. The men were in colonists' cars, the seats being of wood not upholstered. A wooden upper berth could be pulled down

and accommodated one man comfortably. There were three of us to a section. The bottom seats could be pulled out to make a bunk. Two men slept in the bunk below and one man in the bunk above. There was a cook-car in which food was carried and prepared. The cars were swept out and tidied out daily by the men. The horses were carried in what were called "palace" horse-cars. We follow the Americans in the glorification of railway equipment by highfalutin names. Hence the "drawing room," the "palace" horse-car and the like. In the palace horse-car there were four outside doors; the horses stood in narrow stalls, four horses with their tails to the front and four horses with their tails to the rear: the heads in a central space on to which the doors opened, sixteen horses in all. In this central space we had a barrel of water, sacks of oats and bales of hay. I spent most of my time in the horse-cars on stable fatigues looking after my own horse and others. At the time of my enlistment my own riding-horse had also enlisted so we went off to the war together. The horses were fed frequently with a little hay and three times a day a reduced ration of oats. The horses travelled well and generally maintained their condition. It was noticed on arrival in Halifax, that many of them had scuffed their tails against the back end of the stalls. This could have been avoided by stuffing an empty oat sack with hay and fastening it on the rear end of the stall as a sort of pad. Subsequently, in moving horses in such cars I saw to this preventive measure.

We had left Regina on the fifteenth of January, 1900, and reached Winnipeg on the sixteenth. A number of St. John's boys had joined the regiment at different points and the boys from the College School met us at the station with a large banner. They apparently were quite proud of us. Other St. John's boys had joined the Dragoons, others were serving in the artillery. "D" Squadron of the Mounted Rifles joined us in Winnipeg and the Battalion was together for the first time. We dined that evening at the armoury in Winnipeg, where I met a number of old friends. We arrived in Ottawa, on the 19th of January, and received a magnificent reception on marching through the streets of the city. We were inspected on Parliament Hill by the Governor-General, Lord Minto. At Montreal, the officers of the Victoria Rifles visited our train and passed out bottles

of whiskey and other "goodies." Our journey through Quebec was uneventful. No one took any notice of us. In a letter to my mother about this time I informed her that I had not had a bath since I left Edmonton which must have been getting on to three weeks. I appeared to be none the worse for that.

On January 22nd we reached Halifax. We were billeted in the armouries and put our horses in the Exhibition Grounds stables. Two old friends turned up there to see me. One was Charlie Payne who had been my father's groom for many years in the Mounted Police, and the other was Tom Rogers who had been steward on the boat which travelled from Winnipeg to Fort Pelly which I have discussed at page 61. Both these gentlemen got very tight and were full of emotion. I got a cab and sent them home.

The organization of the Battalion was completed in Halifax and a uniform was issued. The service-dress was khaki drab, the material was a light duck which kept out neither heat nor cold and turned practically white with washing. We also received a sort of walking-out uniform. The trousers were dark green with red piping stripe. The jackets were dark green with a white pipe-clayed up-standing collar and red piping lace on the sleeves in the familiar pattern. We also received a service cap of dark green similar to that worn now. There was, as well, an issue of socks, under-clothing, shirts, boots, great-coats and the like. We were inspected by General Hutton who was "at war" at the time with the Canadian Government. Halifax was then a British Naval base and was garrisoned by British troops and was a pretty wild place. Each unit supplied a picket which marched slowly through the down-town part of the city preventing fights and gathering up drunks. There was, in those days, no organized methods of entertaining young soldiers. The belief was commonly held that the soldier was young, irresponsible and distinctly low-class and but two jumps ahead of a criminal. However, there was much excitement and colour, bands playing and many women much interested in us.

On the 27th of January we went on board ship, each man leading two horses. I was astounded to see this long procession of horses, like a body of ants disappearing into the ship. Most of us had never seen a ship before nor the sea. Our ship was the *Pomeranian*. Ships are like humans. They

are born and they are young and then they grow old and decrepit. The *Pomeranian* might have been a smart ship in her young days but when we knew her she had carried cattle and immigrants and was said to have sunk twice and been salvaged. We went on board about three-hundred and twenty strong, one of our troops travelling by another ship. The *Pomeranian* was between four thousand and five thousand tons, if my memory serves. The horses were in the main part of the ship in the hold. At all events ours were on the very bottom of the ship. The stalls were in blocks of twenty with nineteen horses in each block, there being one empty stall. The partitions between the stalls were movable and so were the fronts and backs. There were alleyways between the blocks of stalls. Thus, there was a row of horses with their tails to the side of the ship. In front of these horses was an alleyway. Across the alleyway were blocks of stalls with a row of horses looking into the alleyway with their tails to another row which looked into another alleyway and on the opposite side of the ship was another row of horses looking on to the last alleyway with their tails to the side of the ship. The stalls were slightly raised and the bottom of the stalls cleated to give the horses a foothold. There was no drainage and ventilation was by canvas wind-sails, as they were called, which came up above the upper deck and had a scoop effect which found the prevailing wind. This brought a certain amount of fresh air down into the bottom deck. The shoes of the horses had been removed at the suggestion of somebody who claimed to know something about shipping horses. The net result was that these unfortunate horses stood practically in their own wet manure for thirty days and when we landed at Cape Town their hooves were soft and tender and could not be shod until the hooves had hardened up a bit. Our horses were prairie horses and had come in off the prairie in the middle of winter. The hair on their bodies was about three inches long and there was not a pair of clippers on the ship. The method of cleaning out the stalls was as follows:

A party of three men made a team. One man carried a lantern, another man carried a basket and the third man a hoe and shovel. We moved off into the darkness between the row of horses with their tails to the side of the ship. Many of these horses were outlaws and had resisted arrest

and imprisonment and had kicked out the ends of their stalls. Arriving at number one stall the lantern man held the light into the stall. The hoe man then began to cautiously hoe out the manure and the muck in the bottom of the stall. This was difficult because, as I have said, the stalls were cleated to give the horse a foothold. In addition to this, many horses began to kick so one used the hoe protecting oneself behind the neighbouring stall and only venturing the hands and wrists in the hoeing job. As much manure as possible was hoed back to the rear of the stall, gathered up on the shovel and put in the basket. A ditch, or drain, behind the stalls had collected horse-water and this was gathered in a bucket. Having reduced the stage of this water substantially, the moment came when one could get only a few pints of water in the bottom of the bucket. The practice then was to send a man up to the men's mess deck and go to the other squadron and take some of their enamel drinking cups off their tables, bring them down to the horse deck and use them to fill the bucket. When the buckets and baskets were full they were carried up to the upper deck and emptied over the side of the ship.

As we moved south it began to get very warm and airless. We worked with our trousers rolled up above our knees in our bare feet and without shirts. The horses were fed a little hay, not more than a few handfuls, about five times a day and a very small allowance of oats; this to prevent the horses over-heating. The result was that the horses became very hungry and feeding them was a risky business as they would snap at one like a dog and many men were severely bitten.

The drinking water on the ship was distilled from sea water and was usually short in quantity, much of it had to be drunk practically boiling hot. We lost nine horses on the voyage. Other ships lost them by fifties and hundreds. In the view of the men the hero of this inferno was Veterinary Staff Sergeant Tracy of the Mounted Police. He took complete charge of the care of the horses. He was a small man, with a ferocious handle-bar moustache, and was on the job day and night. He used violent language to everybody and was to be discovered in the middle of every commotion with the horses. He had the profound respect of every soldier on the ship. Horses suffer from sea sickness but cannot

vomit, therefore have no relief of any sort. They appear to be half dead. If we had had clippers and could have clipped them we could have made them happier. We tried to pluck them but got very little hair off them. I went to work on my horse with a pair of nail scissors and finally cleared a patch about as big as a plate after a couple of days' work. They stood in their stalls with their heads hanging down, the sweat running down their faces. My poor fellow greeted me when he saw me with a mere flicker of recognition. I tried to get him cold water to drink but there was very little of it.

If a horse got sick the first manifestation of it normally was weakness in the legs with a tendency to collapse. Tracy would then order him to be slung. There were fixtures over each horse. Slings were provided and roped up and a block-and-tackle rigged but nothing could be done with the horse until room could be made. The procedure then was to open the partition between the last horse and the empty stall to which I had referred. The partition having been removed, the first horse was moved into the empty stall. The work went forward in this way until every horse up to the collapsing horse had been moved. Most of these horses had to be moved by main strength of the men. Having reached the sick horse and taken down his partition, it was possible to get the slings down under the horse and up to the block and tackle. The horse was then hoisted or supported in the slings and hung there.

Sometimes we might arrive too late on the scene. The horse would sink on his legs and the hoofs would move out in the front of the stall or in the sides. As the weight of the horse was left on these brittle leg-bones, there would finally be a snap and it would be found that a leg was broken. The horse had to be killed and the carcass removed. The dead horse was dragged out into the alleyway and a rope rove through block and tackle from a deck engine, down the hatchway, through another block to the carcass. The rope was secured around the horse's neck with a slip knot with a long flowing end. A man was sent to the upper deck to control the engine and look down the hatchway where Tracy gave the signal. The engine began to run and the horse was dragged down the alleyway to the first block, which was then removed. The rope passed from there to a swing

sheer and the horse was run up to the top of the sheer. The man at the top, seizing the flowing end of the rope, waited for the roll of the ship. When the sheer swung over the side and the horse was hanging over the water, he jerked on the slip knot and dropped the horse into the sea. This was what happened if the job was neatly done and there were no complications. As the ship rolled and the dead horse swung over the sea I began to jerk on the slip knot but instead of working freely it stuck and I continued to jerk, not noticing that the ship had rolled the other way and the horse had swung inboard. When finally I did jerk the horse free, instead of dropping him over the side of the ship into the sea, I dropped him down the hatchway from which he had just come. There were probably half-a-dozen men standing around the bottom of the hatchway, all looking up fortunately. They saw the horse hanging over them and Tracy, who was a quick-witted fellow, shouted to them to get out of the way. The horse arrived at the bottom of the hatchway having fallen perhaps thirty feet. Tracy's observations to me were sulphuric and I felt dreadfully humiliated because I had a profound respect for him and would have done anything to win his approval. He relented sufficiently to send me back to do the job over again and this time I made a success of it. The poor horse who came from the sun-lit prairies of Alberta fell into the South Atlantic with a loud splash and the last I saw of him was a black object which appeared and reappeared surrounded by a gang of sharks who were tearing him to pieces. It took me some time to live down this dreadful *faux pas*.

One day we sighted a full rigged sailing ship coming up from the south. One could see her topsails first quite distinctly. Gradually she rose from below the horizon until finally she crossed our stern at a distance of about a mile. We had read enough sea stories to know that she was probably undermanned, her men were underfed and underpaid and that there was probably a good deal of brutality to the men, but nevertheless she was a beautiful picture as she plowed her way northward with a bone in her teeth.

In due course we unloaded our horses in Cape Town. Their hooves were soft and their feet were sore and they could only limp with difficulty over the cobble stones. They were so happy to be on land again and to breathe fresh air

and have cold water to drink. The amount of love that a horse-man can lavish on his horse is one of the most beautiful things in soldiering. We clipped them and groomed them and babied them and loved them. We exercised them by walking them on the sand of the seashore at Green Point Camp until finally Tracy adjudged them fit to be shod.

Eight days later, we entrained them for the front and set out on the long marches which had to be made. They were never given an opportunity to become acclimatized or to recover from the sea voyage. We rode them all day and because of the nature of the service, stood them on horse lines at night. We fed them oats and little else besides. We tried to graze them when we could and endeavoured to save them in every way, but at the end of 1900 we only had fifty-eight Canadian horses left. Had it been possible to turn them out to graze for two or three months they might have lived and done a good job of work.

The time came when I had to give up my horse. He had become practically a skeleton. His back was covered with stinking sores and I could do nothing for him. If I turned him into the pool or turned him loose someone else would get him and try to get a few days work out of him. I took him out into the veldt, out of sight, and shot him. Finding a low spot I put my arm around his neck and tried to explain things to him. He promptly laid down. There was in his manner something apologetic, "I wouldn't do this if anyone were looking at me." I rubbed his eyes and induced him to put his head down. He seemed to say "I am very tired." Like an assassin I completed the job and left him to his rest. I think he had a suspicion of what I was going to do. At times and in certain humours throughout the years that have passed, I see his reproachful brown eyes as they looked at me before I put him to sleep.

Chapter XLVII

I HAVE said that the *Pomeranian* alternated between being a cattle ship and an emigrant ship, and was distinctly a bad character. When the military lads at Ottawa got through with her it is difficult to say how she might be described. The hospital had been rigged up somewhere in the bottom of the ship immediately over the propeller. When she took a header into the sea the propeller came out of the water and revolved at terrific speed. When it was the turn of the stern to go down the propeller struck the water with a thud that shivered the whole ship. Patients fled from the hospital as though the place were accursed.

The feeding of the men was done by the ship. The food consisted of meat and potatoes boiled together three times a day. The potatoes were not washed or peeled and they appeared in the men's dixies with a certain amount of earth adhering and the sprouts sprouting. The stuff was almost uneatable. For a shilling, however, one could approach the ventilator in the sergeants' mess galley and get a plate of roast beef and mashed potatoes. One lowered the shilling first. The cook apparently was not trustful. He was a Greek who wore a beard and when he handed your plate up to you there were splashes of sweat which had fallen from the end of his nose. One wiped these blobs off with a dirty handkerchief. The canteen was sold out in the first three days. Consequently we were always hungry. Lusty young men, I fancy, are always hungry anyhow. We raided the officers' galley. One evening Douglas (Bogus) Clark, another St. John's boy and I, came up from the lower deck where we had been plucking our horses. Looking down the alleyway we saw a cook bring out an enormous glass dish in which there was a pudding of some sort. The coast being clear, we made a quick rush, seized it and were down amongst our horses in jig-time. Having no utensils with us we pawed it out with our dirty hands and devoured it.

We put out from Halifax in a roaring gale. The only food available for the first day was pickles and cheese and hard-tack. As soon as we struck the rough water everybody was dreadfully seasick. We rushed to the side of the ship and vomited for the most part up-wind which resulted in every man covering himself and everybody else with what was being thrown away. Months afterwards, on a muggy day on the veldt, one could still smell an odor from our great-coats faintly reminiscent of pickles and cheese.

The hammocks below were put up by some amateur. Instead of staggering the same so as to arrange that the thick part of a man would be opposite the thin part of his neighbours, the twelve hammocks swinging there ensured that everybody's hips would be opposite. The result was that unless one got into one's hammock bright and early it was simply impossible to get in it at all when half the men had made the grade. I slept for the first couple of nights on the floor under the mess table until driven out by the sea water which broke over the stern and flooded the mess deck to a depth of six inches. Finally, a sergeant got hold of me and drove me down into the depths below for stable picket. Here the horses were also sick. Even Staff Sergeant Tracy was sick and that only made the little man more ferocious and more of a slave-driver than he normally was. Horses started to go down in their stalls and had to be hoisted up, and put in slings, and so the first nights passed as much like Dante's *Inferno* as anything I have ever experienced.

The fairy hand of Ottawa was over everything. Specially built latrines of the "open-air" type had been built on the upper deck. Sloping boards carried the excreta over the side of the ship. The said excreta being blown through the port-holes into the mess deck down below. This necessitated closing the port-holes and added to the problem of ventilation there. Articles used to fall out of the men's pockets and slowly glide down the inclined plane into the sea. Sergeant O'Kelly of the Mounted Police had been given a gold watch and chain by the citizens of a small town in Saskatchewan where he had been in charge of the police detachment. Sergeant O'Kelly's gold watch and chain fell out of his trousers' pocket and slowly but surely slid down the boards. Several men shouted, but he was too late and the gold watch and chain fell into the sea. A witty fellow wrote

a little poem. There were three verses in the poem, six lines to the verse. The refrain at the end of each verse was "Just to pass the time away."

Two washrooms, built on the top deck, for three hundred odd men were about eight feet square each. There was seldom enough fresh water and as one joker said: "If one tried to hang a glass on the wall one couldn't really know whether he was shaving his own face or somebody else's face."

Presently, we got out of the area of storms and cold and headed into the tropics. Here, "every prospect pleased and only man was vile." We did a certain amount of arms drill in the morning. The afternoons were usually free. We swarmed all over the ship, wrote letters, read a few books that we had, or snoozed in the sun. A certain number of musical instruments had been brought on board and in the evening there was an impromptu concert. The same men sang the same songs every night. One man who was a salesman in a boot and shoe shop in Calgary and who originally came from the far East of Canada and had never been before on speaking terms with a horse, sang a song entitled: "I'm only a poor cowboy and I know I done wrong." It was a very sad song and had about forty verses and everyone was very sorry for him before the song was finished. Years later, Sir Archibald Macdonnell had to convey to me an official reproof for having started a fight one night in No Man's Land in the Ypres salient which finally grew into substantial proportions. The complaint was that I had not notified Brigade H.Q. of my intentions beforehand. He wound up his tirade of abuse by saying, "What would General Byng (who had just taken over the command of the Canadian Corps) say to this sort of thing?" I was standing rigidly to attention taking this reprimand in a soldierly fashion, not greatly conscious of my sins. I replied to my General by saying, "You might tell him, sir, that I am only a poor cowboy and I know I done wrong." My General was an old and dear friend who had served under my father. He left abruptly, telling me as he went to "Go to Hell."

One of the features of the voyage was the publication of the "Pomeranian Sponge." It was written by hand and reproduced on a gelatine pad. There were five or six copies only, which were sold by auction, the proceeds going to some

worthy cause. The publishers were B. C. d'Easum and an extraordinary man named Williams, both being troopers.

Williams was an American. I have never known a man with such assurance, such brass, coupled with a minimum of real efficiency. He left us in some mysterious fashion at Cape Town. Months afterwards we were bivouacked in or near the town of Middelburg in the Transvaal. The train running through the station dropped off a private car and a number of gentlemen, wearing white helmets and white clothing, walked over from the private car to see us. Who should be the top-dog of this party but Williams. He was a Chief Engineer and was looking over the roadbed and the railway operations generally. When we asked him to explain matters, he merely assured us that there were some bright lads around Cape Town who were putting the right men in the right positions. Years later, I met him again on the way down to the Somme in 1916. The staff had allotted to my battalion and a battalion of the British Army, a certain village which would only hold one battalion. The Town Major was a subaltern of the Grenadier Guards, obviously promoted from the ranks. The Battalion Commander of the other battalion and myself were engaged in a heated argument with the Town Major who was obviously bedevilled beyond measure. We were getting nowhere, when rapidly there breezed into the discussion a Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers who had nothing whatever to do with the difficulty at all. He was quite tight and proceeded to adjudicate. He referred to the Town Major as "the Major here" which apparently pleased the Town Major, who was merely a subaltern. His solution was to divide the town in half and crowd everybody in. Williams produced a bottle of whiskey and gave everybody a drink or several drinks. Then he and I mutually recognized each other. How he got there or what he was doing I never found out. At this very moment he may be at the head of some great corporation, or he may be a dollar-a-year man at Ottawa or Washington, or he may be a bit of human wreckage drifting along the stream to nowhere in particular.

The big event of the voyage was the day we spent at Porto Grande in the Cape Verde Islands. We were visited by a lot of Portuguese officers who were little dark fellows covered with medals and wearing large swords. Black

fellows surrounded the ship and, stark naked, dived for coins. It was not long before our fellows were wrapping Canadian copper cents in tinfoil which annoyed the natives very much. Other natives sold oranges. An empty five-gallon oil can was filled with oranges of wonderful quality. Usually, the oil can was sent up first and the shilling dropped in. Once in awhile I run into an orange of something like the flavour of these oranges and, immediately, I think of the sparkling blue waters, the white houses and the greenery of Porto Grande. The British Cruiser *Cambrian* was lying in the harbour. From our ship we witnessed boat-drill. The drill ended with several boat races. The handling of the oars and the speed of the boats were a marvellous exhibition, especially to those of us who had never seen anything of the sea before.

Chapter XLVIII

WHILE serving in this campaign, I wrote a series of connected letters to the *Edmonton Post* which were published with the heading "From our special war correspondent at the front." I kept a small pocket diary, many of the entries in which are now illegible. I carried a small can of grease in my haversack, which was useful for cooking. The grease leaked out and got into the diary. We sailed into Table Bay, Cape Town, at 6.00 o'clock, on the morning of the 26th of February, 1900, having been at sea exactly one month. The whole regiment was kept on board for still another day while fatigue parties unloaded the ship. We were issued with Colt forty-five revolvers and Stetson hats, of the type now worn by the Mounted Police, which pleased us very much as we had been threatened with helmets which would have made us look exactly like the ordinary British soldier. We had, previously, been issued with the long Lee-Enfield rifle. It was an excellent weapon but without clips or chargers. The magazines had to be charged by hand. The magazine held ten cartridges. There was a magazine cut-off and with it one could fire single shots, or, by opening the cut-off could deliver rapid fire up to ten rounds. We had, as well, a bayonet which we didn't think very much of. It was, however, a useful tool for opening biscuit boxes and for other jobs.

The day of our going ashore in Cape Town, which was the 27th of February, was the anniversary of our defeat by the Boers at the battle of Majuba, in 1881, but on this very day the battle of Paardeburg had been fought in the present campaign and General Cronje of the Boer Army had been captured with three thousand men. In Cape Town flags were flying. There were processions, speeches and that sort of thing. We led our horses ashore and were sent to Green Point Camp. Both the horses and ourselves were

delighted to get on shore. We were, however, hungry and there was nothing to eat in camp. I remember buying from some bearded fellow a boiled lobster which I consumed, plus three bottles of ginger ale and a bag of ginger snaps. We had about eight days in this camp, during which we were getting ready to move up country. The horses hooves were hardening-up and we completed our organization into permanent groups of four men. The cook service was organized. Jim Blake was the Sergeant Cook. He was a man of quite good family who had made a lot of money out of real estate in Regina and had begun to hate the whole campaign vigorously. The idea was that men were to be detailed daily to assist the Sergeant Cook. Nobody seemed to want this job and the manner of expressing this distaste was to bedevil Jim Blake. One of the favourite stunts was to throw a live cartridge into the fire in front of Jim which went off with a loud bang. If the base of the cartridge happened to be resting against something heavy the bullet might fly ten or fifteen feet. During the night, fires were kept going and the meat ration was boiled in great chunks as big as a man's two fists. It was served hot for breakfast, lukewarm for the mid-day meal and cold for the evening meal, if it lasted that long. As, however, food could be bought in numerous joints nearby no one minded very much.

A certain number of passes were granted daily to go downtown and the remainder broke out of camp anyway. Sometimes these camp "deliveries" were done artistically on a large scale. The men who were going to break out were assembled outside the lines. A snappy looking rascalion stepped out and ordered the party to "fall in." He "numbered" them off, "told" them off and gave the order "Sections right!" in a loud voice, "By the left, quick march!" and the party marched off. Even in the camp no one seemed to know to what squadron they belonged or what they were up to. Throughout the day parties were being marched hither and thither on various jobs and nobody seemed to think it was his business to enquire. The party soon marched out of sight, broke up and spent the evening in town. On returning to camp at night there was for a time an exciting moment. Out on the point there was a light-house with a revolving light. For a matter of seconds the whole camp area was as bright as day. The light moved on and left

the camp in darkness. The game was to advance towards the camp at top speed during the moments of darkness and lie low while the beam was on the area. As the beam passed another rush was made. Meanwhile, the camp was surrounded by sentries and one could hear the footfalls of the absentees and their loud breathing as they ran towards the sentry-line. Then along the line there were the loud shouts of the sentries as they challenged "Halt! who goes there!" The positions of the sentries having been disclosed the absentees made their final rush between sentries, dived under the tent curtains and were speedily between their blankets apparently sound asleep. This went on every night and one might be a sentry one night and rushing the sentry-line the next night. Occasionally the expedient of "check rounds" was attempted. This meant that the orderly officer accompanied by the orderly-sergeant with a lantern went around, say at midnight, or later, and visited each tent to see if there were any absentees. I remember one night in which there were two or three men absent in my tent but their places were occupied by cleverly constructed dummies. Corporal Taylor who was in charge of our tent would be asked if everybody was in. His reply was, "I think so, Sir, would you mind shining that light in here so I can have a look." The rays of the lantern shone over the just and the unjust, and the officer could count for himself. I remember one night the officer of the day stepped in and engaged Taylor in conversation. The officer leaning against the tent pole changed feet and stepped upon a dummy. He turned and apologized, "Sorry, old man." Under the circumstances this was extraordinarily funny.

Downtown there was not a great deal to do. There was a place of entertainment on the English Music Hall style called the "Peek Inn." One night at the "Peek Inn" three of four Canadians were invited to join a party of Highlanders seated around a table at which beer was being drunk. In the Highlanders' party were two Gurkhas, dark little men who came from the neighbouring state of Nepal and joined the Indian Army in the Gurkha battalions of which there are some twenty-five. It should be borne in mind that the State of Nepal is an independent state north of India and these men are not British subjects. They are, however, excellent soldiers. Their faces, while dark, are not

negroid. One of the Canadian party had lived in the southern states and having a certain amount of beer under his belt volunteered the observation that he would not drink beer with a nigger. A terrible row broke out immediately. There is a certain sentimental understanding between the Scottish Highland soldier and the Gurkha. The Gurkha has no caste inhibitions and eats, drinks and smokes quite freely with the British soldiers. Both races are hillmen and both have fought together for many years. Each Scottish Highlander present claimed the privilege of knocking the block off our Canadian comrade and when the Gurkhas got the drift of the conversation their yellow eyes glittered ominously. It took a good deal of tact to settle the difficulty. Some of the Scots were for throwing the Canadian out into the street. Others thought that he should be compelled to drink with the Gurkhas by force and some thought that the matter ought to be peaceably settled. This view prevailed in the end and our somewhat Americanized comrade eventually considered himself lucky to escape with a whole skin. The Gurkhas were not used against the Boers since it was important that it should be kept a whiteman's war. They are, however, now serving in the 8th Army beside Canadian troops who will ultimately return with many tales of the courage, vigour and determination of these stout little men.

We had amongst our horses some light grey and white horses. It was pointed out to us that to ride a white horse in action against the Boers was practically certain death as the white horse would draw the fire of the enemy. The Sergeant-Major was instructed to get rid of these horses in any way he could. I overheard a conversation between Sergeant-Major de Rossiter and the Colonel. The Sergeant-Major was explaining that he was down to one white horse and couldn't get rid of it at all. We had a quite worthless fellow in the regiment, a man of good family with a good deal of influence whom we may call Adamson. The Colonel dismissed the matter by saying, "Give it to Adamson." We also had a number of outlaws. These are horses who have been allowed to grow to maturity for the most part, without training or breaking. These are very difficult to handle. Other outlaws are natural-born rebels. They normally have quite good conformation and simple-minded people are apt to pick them out and take them away, later

to discover that they have all the ferocity and strength of a tiger and the cunning of an African bison bull. One of these horses was a strawberry roan standing about fifteen three and weighing perhaps thirteen hundred pounds. He had already knocked a man down, knelt upon him and bitten him severely in the arm. He was well known to the men in the ranks who carefully steered clear of him. He was finally issued to Jack Russell, a man in my troop. Jack was a hardy Westerner but not a horseman at all. He was a boatman on the northern rivers and a boat-builder, a man of great courage and strength. This outlaw allowed himself to be saddled and led outside the camp. He allowed himself to be mounted by Jack and then proceeded to put on a terrific performance of bucking. He had a roaring grunt and a squeal like a carnivorous animal. Jack's feet were out of the stirrups and he was clinging to the horn by main strength. The horse was bucking terrifically and lashing out with his feet, showing his teeth—a fearsome spectacle. In the course of his bucking and kicking he got his near hind foot into the near stirrup and continued to buck and kick on three legs, going around in a constantly lessening circle. Finally, Jack realizing that he was serving no useful purpose relinquished his grip on the horn, described a graceful parabola and lit in the sand upon his ear. We were fearful that the outlaw might close in upon him and savage him. By this time the saddle had turned and was under the horse's belly. His hoof was still in the stirrup and he was putting on a terrible exhibition of rage endeavouring to tear things to pieces. We groundlings closed around Jack and began to upbraid him for failure to ride the horse. His reply was a knock out. "I can ride anything with hair on it but when a horse puts his foot in the stirrup and tries to get on behind I'm getting off."

After much smooth talk Sergeant-Major de Rossiter traded this horse to a nearby battery of Canadian artillery. A snappy sergeant, after careful examination, selected him. He did terrible things to this sergeant. Later, I saw him hitched in as a "wheeler" on a gun. Again he put on his performance and finally threw himself on the ground in a tangle of harness. The gun was drawn by a six horse team, five only functioning. When the battery moved, the team moved forward and dragged the outlaw out of sight. Whether they ever made anything of him I never heard.

Chapter XLIX

ON the 8th of March, 1900, we left for up-country. We marched to the railway station. We had received all sorts of equipment, a good deal of which merely annoyed us. We carried our rifles slung over the right shoulder and secured to the belt by a small strap, which went around the small of the butt. We found room for curry-comb and brush, and had a hay net stuffed with hay. We had two blankets under the saddle and on the saddle we carried an oilsheet and a greatcoat, or cavalry cloak. In the haversack we carried shaving kit, soap, towel and emergency rations, a full water bottle and were so loaded down that we felt helpless and almost grotesque. We began immediately to shed the surplus stuff that we didn't like. As horsemen, we knew that our horses were overloaded. The California stock-saddle weighed thirty-five pounds itself. If a man weighed one hundred and fifty pounds himself it practically meant that every horse was carrying two hundred pounds or upwards. Bit by bit we threw this stuff away in an attempt to give our wretched horses a square deal. In travelling by rail things were not very well arranged. The horses were put in roofless box cars, the saddlery in another car and the men in third class compartments, eight to a compartment. We were greatly overcrowded and could get very little rest. At 11.30 p.m. on the 9th of March we reached Victoria West Road. On the 9th instant I slept in the car with my horse. On the 10th we detrained. We then learned that we were pushing off into the Karoo desert in pursuit of a band of rebels said to be two thousand strong. At two p.m. on the 10th we marched out. "D" and "E" Batteries, Canadian Artillery, had already moved and we joined them in camp in the desert that evening and remained halted for a few days. On the night of the eleventh I was on guard over a convoy of wagons. It was very cold that night and things generally were uncom-

fortable and badly organized. During the night a native wagon boy came into the camp drunk and created a disturbance. The conductor of the convoy was sleeping in a cabin on one of the wagons. He was a Dutchman, or a Boer. He got up in his pyjamas and ordered this native to be tied to a wagon wheel and proceeded to give him a flogging with a rhinoceros-hide whip. It was to me a dreadful sight and I wondered whether I should not interfere. After all, I was a soldier carrying a rifle and bayonet and a revolver on my hip. My legal training, however, suggested a certain lack of status and I wound up by doing nothing at all. The native boy appeared to be not much worse for his licking and later on rolled himself in a blanket beside the fire and went to sleep.

The next incident of that night was amusing. In the mist of the early morning I observed a great object approaching by road. I could not see how it was being moved but it came steadily forward. I didn't like to wake anybody up and yet I feared that it might be something like the Trojan Horse which might at the right moment disgorge a couple of hundred rebels. It turned out to be a cape-wagon piled high with sacks of straw. The motive power was a string of 20 donkeys about as big as Newfoundland dogs and in the half-light and mist they could not be seen at all and when they did take form they consisted of a string of ears. Later on I got used to such sights, especially the flogging of a nigger.

On the morning of the thirteenth reveille was at 4.00 o'clock, but we didn't march until 1.00 p.m., going north about fifteen miles to "Englishman's Farm." We had no tents and slept in the open for the rest of our service in this campaign. One day was pretty much like another except that on the fourteenth we marched all day, halted at 1.00 p.m. until 8.00 p.m. and marched until 4.00 a.m. of the fifteenth—a night march. It was very cold at night although the days were very hot. Men started to fall asleep on horseback which is a curious experience. As long as the horse is moving forward in a straight line one can sleep on a horse but the minute he turns off the straight line one wakes up just in time to prevent falling off. Indeed, a number of the men did fall off, but in any case one gets no rest and in a long night march one simply becomes more and more unhappy.

On the 17th of March we arrived at a veldt town named Carnarvon. There was a reception by the loyal people, tea and cake being served. The Dutch population were largely in revolt and the loyal people were mainly, if not altogether English people. At Carnarvon we were joined by Australians, New Zealanders and Yeomanry, the column being about one thousand strong, under the command of General Sir Charles Parsons.

We reached a wretched little town named Van Wyk's Vlei, on the 30th of March, and there I went down with dysentery. At this point heavy rain set in. Two rivers, one behind us and another in front of us were in flood, preventing us from going forward or going back. Supplies could not be brought to us and all that could be got in the neighbourhood of this little dorp was chopped straw in enormous bags, wheat and mutton-fat. We fed the horses in their nosebags a mixture of chopped straw and wheat for which they didn't care very much. There was no grazing at all. The only vegetation was a sort of sage-brush. We ground up the wheat for ourselves by finding a flat stone with a slight depression and another stone with a rounded side. With this wheat we made porridge or pancakes, fried in mutton-tallow. Tents were finally issued and the rain came down in buckets, sweeping through the tents and wetting everybody. Meanwhile practically everyone had dysentery. Discipline broke down and many foolish things were said and done. Some silly individual got the idea that the horses should be ringed so all the horses of our squadron were formed in a ring and the head collars tied together. When the rain fell, backed by a stiff wind every horse tried to get his tail to the weather, as horses always do in a storm. The whole ring then began to move slowly away and the stable orderlies inside the ring could no longer control the mass. The officers disappeared and everything seemed to go to pot.

Fred Jamieson, now Colonel F. C. Jamieson, and I decided to move out. We got a capecart and loaded our equipment into it, got our two horses out of the ring and moved into the village where we found a blacksmith shop unoccupied. We got our horses under cover, built a fire in the forge and endeavoured to dry our clothes. Meanwhile, I think that a dozen rebels could have ridden into the area and captured the whole kit and boodle. One night about ten o'clock, when Jamieson

and I were luxuriating before our fire, there was a feeble rap on the door. For a while we remained silent but with further rapping we demanded "Who's there?" The answer was, "Corporal Mooney." Mooney was a corporal in the Mounted Police and had tried to stick it out around the camp. He was wet as a drowned rat and so was his horse. We let him in with the distinct understanding that he was a mere visitor. He, too, dried his clothes and his horse perked up considerably. Strange to say I had a letter from Mooney a few days ago about an entirely different matter.

After a few days of complete disorganization the weather cleared and the sun shone again. The officers appeared and a degree of discipline and organization was restored. The tents were re-erected on a dry spot and we dried ourselves out. We still had nothing to eat but wheat and, for the horses, wheat and straw. Practically everyone had dysentery and the men were very weak. Some old soldier pointed out that a sure cure for dysentery was a big drink of whiskey, as much as one could carry. The question was to get the whiskey and here the aforesaid old soldier, whose name was "Yappy" McClelland had some information, namely that the officers had at least one case of whiskey which was in charge of Captain Jack Allen, the Quartermaster. He was a very fine-looking old chap with a typical western face and sat on his horse as a horseman should, having exactly the same seat on a horse that my father had. He was a pretty stout old fellow and had been wounded in a fight between the Mounted Police and the Indian "Almighty Voice" and his friends. Jack Allen slept with his head on this case of whiskey every night and the idea was to crawl up to him when he was asleep, pry the case open and get a bottle out. "Yappy" was willing to do this job provided we supplied him some moral support, so I went with him. We crawled on hands and knees to the spot where Captain Allen was lying. We cautiously raised a board on the case and succeeded in abstracting a bottle of whiskey. Later, we pulled the cork and when my turn came at the bottle I must have drunk a tumblerful. At all events I rolled into my blankets drunk as a lord and slept soundly for eight or ten hours. When I got on my feet next morning I found that my dysentery had disappeared and I felt like a fighting cock. The sick men were very weak. A man named Bradley of the Canadian

Artillery watering his horses at a dam fell in and was unable to get out. Men standing by were unable to give him any assistance. Later, his body was recovered and buried at a military funeral. As a result of the delay at Van Wyk's Vlei, the whole expedition was cancelled, so far as our squadron was concerned and we with two batteries of artillery were ordered to march to De Aar. "D" Squadron which had preceded us got over the river before the flood and finally arrived at Kenhardt.

On this march to De Aar we passed through Britt's Town, a nice little village with white houses, surrounded by gardens, very restful to the eye. We reached De Aar on the 14th of April. There was a large number of troops in De Aar and we really met the "Tommies" of the British Army. Here I met for the first time the curious smell that arises from the burning of camp refuse—in a big Camp, that is. I met it again in Valcartier in 1914. From De Aar we entrained on the 20th for Norvals Pont, which was a crossing of the Orange River, usually fordable, but now in spate. We crossed the Orange River on a pontoon bridge which sank under the weight of our horses until it looked as if the boats would fill. At this point we re-loaded the wagons and got ready for the road. While in Norvals Pont I witnessed a curious thing. My troop was turned out to do an outpost job. We relieved an equal number of, I think it was, New Zealanders. This outpost troop found several Cossack posts which were groups of four men and several patrols. When we relieved the New Zealanders they handed over to us a big baboon which they kept chained up in the sheep kraal in which they kept their horses. They informed us that this baboon was practically indispensable. They had built a platform for him, on which he sat by day and slept by night. He apparently had amazingly good eyesight and the minute he saw any movement he began to babble and point, sometimes with his paw and sometimes with his nose. At night his hearing was so good that he could hear men or horses moving a good three-quarters of a mile away. It was the custom of the New Zealanders to leave the sentry job entirely to the baboon, and everyone took his rest. When the orderly officer came around during the night to see whether we were alert, he was surprised to find that everybody was alert and he would be challenged quite one hundred and fifty yards

away from the outpost. By day anyone riding in the far distance who didn't ride to our outpost to report was fired upon. On the whole I never saw so alert and useful an outpost sentry. We fed our baboon well, and in due course handed him over to the troops who relieved us. He was not a very lovable animal and bit several of our men who tried to pet him. He had a dog-like face but generally he was strangely human. In the wild state, they live in colonies of perhaps a hundred. They will attack a man who is on foot and tear him to pieces. Around their settlements are a ring of sentries. When alarmed they conceal their babies and both males and females turn out to defend their homes. We found something very pathetic about this, since they are not lovable beasts and their human traits do not endear them to their half-brothers.

On April 23rd, we started to march towards Bloemfontein. We halted for the night at Springfontein. We were now marching in rear of Roberts' army with a view to going into the line when we overtook him. The places we passed were Jagersfontein, Edenburg, Bethany, Kari Spruit and we arrived in Bloemfontein, at 12.30 on the 29th of April, camping five miles west of the town at a very pretty place, Fischer's Farm. It was at Bloemfontein that Alex McCauley admitted to a few of us that he was lousy. We were inclined to look down our noses at him, but within the next few days we found that everybody was lousy and most of us remained lousy until we got back to Canada. Some men can take lice quite philosophically. They learn to wriggle and squirm as one fellow said: "To make them break their holds." But other men suffer constantly and cannot sleep at night. I remember a man named McKenna of the Mounted Police, who had spent seven years in the Jesuit College at Rome training for the Jesuit priesthood. This poor fellow used to pray for a hard day so he could sleep at night. He had a very tender skin, I fancy.

On May 1st, we were joined by the Royal Canadian Dragoons and moved northward to go into the line of advance. On the 2nd we joined General Hutton's column and could hear firing towards our front. On the morning of the 3rd of May, we were in the neighbourhood of Brandford, named after the former Orange Free State President, Brand. We could hear firing to the front with occasional gun fire. Pre-

sently a staff officer, who rode very badly on a flatulent horse, galloped up to the head of our regiment and gave some orders. We deployed from "Column of route" to "Line of squadron columns" and began to trot towards our left to get into the position which had been selected for us. It is a very exhilarating experience to move in this formation at some speed into action, and everybody was cock-a-hoop. There was much yelling and shouting. A hare started in front of the regiment and ran wildly away from us; then turned and ran to the rear between the squadrons. Sergeant Justus Willson, paraphrasing a Confederate General in the American Civil War, was heard to say, "Run bunny, run; if I wasn't Sergeant Willson of the Third Troop of "C" Squadron, I would run too."

In due course we arrived at the rear of our position which was a ridge. There the regiment dismounted for "action." Number "3's" in the section held the horses and the remainder doubled forward to form a firing-line. The enemy had seen us and began to pepper us pretty freely. As we breasted the ridge and approached the top, my eye for ground asserted itself. There was a barbed-wire fence running from our position obliquely towards the enemy. The wires were not mounted upon wooden posts but upon flat stones, having a length of some four feet and a width of probably a foot or eighteen inches, due, no doubt, to some fracture in the rock formation in the neighbourhood. I could see that only one man could have the shelter of one of these stones; I, therefore, ran forward ahead of the line, selected what I thought would be a firing-position and got behind a good comfortable stone. The remainder of the firing-line formed on me to the right and left. Behind this stone I was as safe as a church against bullet fire. The enemies' position was in a draw between two kopjes providing the enemy with a line of retreat when necessary. As we came into position, I witnessed a spectacle that strangely moved me.

There was a Kaffir village to the left, situated approximately midway between our firing-line and that of the enemy. The Kaffirs had collected their wives and children, their goats and sheep, a few cows and donkeys and as much of their personal property as they could carry on their backs and were streaming along between the firing-lines seeking for an escape from the fight. As they passed us, the Kaffir men were shouting and urging their livestock forward, and

the women and children were crying out in fear. As they passed between the firing-lines, firing ceased between ourselves and the enemy. This war has been described as "The Last Gentleman's War." Finally, they found a hole in our firing-line to the right, got through there and disappeared into safety. What was troubling me was that I had seen the whole picture before, and yet I knew I hadn't. This incident hung on my mind for a long time. One evening after the war, when I had returned to my father's house, he was talking with some friends about an incident he had witnessed as a boy in the Alps in Switzerland. On approaching a village in Switzerland, he heard strange noises from the top of the mountains. In the village all was confusion, women were gathering their children and their portable goods and were hurrying along a road away from the village. The men were turning the cattle and goats out of the stables and driving them down the same road, filled with excitement and fear. My father spoke of the shouts of the men and the fear of the women and children. What was happening was an avalanche which was getting underway in the mountain-tops and following a well-known path in which this Alpine village stood. I then realized that this scene had so impressed itself upon my father as a boy that I had inherited it from him. I have never been in any doubt upon that point.

Returning to the battle of Brandford, we continued to fire upon the enemy's position and they continued to fire upon us. There were only a few casualties. Our leaders had unconsciously adopted the tactics of Marshal Saxe, that great European commander of the seventeenth century, who believed in winning battles by manoeuvre alone. Our firing-line was extended towards our left by new troops who came up and finally our firing-line overlapped the enemy substantially and threatened the enemy's right flank. The enemy then retired and that was the end of the fight. Attacks in this war were seldom pressed home, and in our advance from Brandford to Pretoria the enemy's retirement was always brought about by an extension of the line to one flank or the other until the point was reached where the enemy's flank was in danger. The Boer was very touchy upon the question of his flanks and his line of retreat.

We had an officer in our battalion who was a very handsome man. His manners were perfect, he was kindly and

considerate to everyone and was extraordinarily well liked; but he turned out to be a coward. He simply could not face the music. I remember looking back over the scene in the rear of our firing-line and seeing this officer riding about in the tall grass a mile or so to the rear. I thought nothing of it at the time, but we soon learned that he simply could not face danger. He paid, I always thought, a terrible price for this weakness. One of our poets, and we seemed to have had quite a few, composed a poem to the tune, "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." The chorus of this song was:

Just tell them that you saw me, a mile or so behind,
With clammy brow and features drawn with pain;
He's heard the Mauser calling, he's gone supports to find,
And when the shooting stops, he'll come again.

This song was sung on the march, and this officer rode along with his men pretending not to hear or to understand. I have known several tragedies of this sort.

In the morning as we were galloping towards our position, there was a certain amount of crowding as we crossed the road. When we emerged on the far side, my horse stumbled and fell. I kicked my feet out of the stirrups and fell forward with the hope of getting out of the way of the Fourth Troop behind. I fell on the ground on my face and my horse fell on me grinding the high cantle of the stock saddle into the small of my back, the horn of the saddle striking me in the back of the neck at the top of the spine. I must have passed out for a moment. At all events, when I came to, the regiment was galloping forward and my horse, still a bit stunned, was lying beside me. I began to wriggle to find out if anything was broken. I had difficulty in breathing, but this difficulty passed as I found that nothing was wrong. I kicked my horse on the rump and he got to his feet and began to graze. As his senses returned to him, the idea of galloping after the regiment entered his mind. I crawled towards him on all fours and got hold of the reins. I lay for a few moments pulling myself together, then got on my feet and led him forward. As our strength returned, I mounted him and rejoined my troop just as they were dismounting for "action."

That night we bivouacked on the veldt. The Royal Canadian Dragoons were about two hundred yards distant

on our right. I decided to walk over and visit my friend D'Arcy Boulton, a St. John's boy serving in the Dragoons. I walked blithely in the darkness, and when about midway stepped off into space. In short, I had fallen into a well that somebody had started to dig. I subsequently calculated that my fall was about twelve feet. I landed at the bottom upon soft sand and gravel. Again, I examined myself for breakages and found none. I began to yell at the top of my voice, as I was mortally scared that I might never be found. After a certain amount of shouting, a head and shoulders crowned with a Stetson hat was silhouetted against the firmament at the top of the well and a voice belonging to this apparition said, "Watcha want?" I told him I wanted to get out. He turned this idea over in his mind for a minute and then said, "Watcha doin' down there?" I explained that I had fallen into the well. I urged him to make his way to my own regiment or the Dragoons and get hold of a couple of men and some rope—I suggested three halter shanks---and come back with this assistance and pull me out. After he had gone, I realized that he was pretty much of a "dimwit" and began to wonder if he would ever come back, or ever be able to find the place. After a delay during which I suffered dreadfully from my fears, I heard some shouting. I began to shout in reply, and presently three or four heads appeared over the side of the well. A rope was lowered which I fastened below my armpits, as I was feeling a bit wobbly, and they pulled me to the surface. They belonged to the Royal Canadian Dragoons; after expressing my gratitude, I found my way back to my own regiment. The events of the day had been sufficiently exciting and harrowing and I crawled into my blankets and slept until reveille, which was sounded at 3.30 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of May.

Chapter L

AT 8.30 we got underway in our northward march. There was a certain amount of rifle and gunfire and we fought again at Vet River on the 5th of May. The regiment was in reserve that day and nothing much happened, to us, at all events. On the night of the 6th of May we bivouacked at Wynburg Junction, where we were able to get vegetables and fuel. I observe, from my diary, that that night I killed and cut up a sheep. The army headquarters was here and some of the men saw General Lord Roberts. We also saw the balloon which was attached to a buck-wagon and occasionally it went aloft carrying staff officers, who examined the country ahead through their glasses.

On the 7th of May we again met the enemy at Sand River. The fight consisted largely of an artillery duel. We were escort to the artillery and came under a good deal of shell-fire. Both ourselves and the enemy were firing over open sights. I observed that our practice was to deploy our batteries in the open, whereas the Boers, using their common-sense, deployed their guns hull-down on the rear slope of a ridge. Nothing of the enemy artillery could be seen except the flash of the gun and a slight puff of smoke. When we brought our guns to bear upon an enemy gun position, they immediately moved the gun elsewhere. In most of these duels the enemy always came off best and occasionally got a shell right on top of our guns.

Next morning we moved on again and on the 10th of May again met the enemy, being under rifle-fire, gunfire and pom-pom fire. There was a ridge on our left front, topped by a Kaffir village over which the wretched Kaffirs had hoisted white flags to indicate their neutrality. There was, however, no indication that the Boers were there. A mixed squadron of the Scots Greys and some Australians were advanced to the foot of this ridge, where some thick-head in command

of the squadron dismounted his men and they advanced towards the top leading their horses. The Boers had posted themselves in the sheep kraals, which provide excellent cover. They lay "doggo" until this squadron leading their horses was well into the village. They then opened fire and killed and wounded a great many of the mixed squadron at short range. We were then ordered to go to the assistance of this lot. We advanced towards the ridge at a trot and at the foot of the ridge slung our rifles and drew our revolvers and galloped the position. By that time the enemy had gone and, as we topped the ridge, he could be seen galloping off about six hundred yards in front of us. Meanwhile, another squadron of the Scots Greys had swept around the base of the ridge and galloped in pursuit of the enemy. The ground was covered with rocks and boulders. For a time the Scots Greys gained rapidly and it looked as though they would get into the enemy with their swords. We saw the "Greys" drawing their swords and heard them shouting, but their horses were not trained to gallop over such ground, whereas the Boer ponies took it in their stride and drew away from their pursuers and the charge which we had hoped to see never came off. We remained in possession of the ridge and tried to do what we could for the wounded men. I counted twelve Scots Greys, officers and men, killed. While we were standing around attending to the wounded and so on, a tall Australian walked in amongst us. He looked a bit like a Boer himself and a number of the men covered him with their revolvers. He explained, however, that he had been one of the mixed squadron referred to, and in the first blast of fire from the enemy he had fallen to the ground and lain perfectly still. The Boers came out of the sheep kraals, looked him over and, assuming that he was dead, left him; and so he lived to fight another day.

There was constant shooting on the 11th, and on the 12th of May we marched into Kroonstad, which was a considerable town in those days. Here we spent several days. Meanwhile, our cooking system had broken down and, from then on, every man cooked for himself. Most of us acquired small frying-pans and made tea-kettles out of tomato cans, with a piece of wire slipped through the top for a handle. We carried the frying-pans inside our nosebags and the billy-can shoved down into the oats we carried for the horses

in the same bag. As we approached a camping place for the night, we began to look around for firewood and as the regiment rode into camp every man was carrying a bit of wood across his saddle. In the absence of wild wood, a fence post served. The getting of a fence post out of the ground was quite a job. It seemed to be the Boer custom to bury fenceposts with the big end in the ground. Meanwhile, in dry seasons the ground hardened to the consistency of cement. One might loosen a fencepost and still be unable to get it out of the ground. The job was very much like trying to pull an old tooth, the roots of which had spread. Thousands of sheep were wandering about the country and a certain number of cattle, and while there was a strict order against looting we found that since there was a break-down in the supply system and that no meat was coming forward, we learned how to shoot a steer, skin it and cut it up in jig-time. A sheep was quite easy to deal with. One rode up to a flock of sheep and rode around them. These animals all crowded to the centre for protection. One rode in a narrowing circle and then dismounted and rushed in and grabbed a sheep by its wool, got it down on the ground and drove a bayonet into its throat and completed the throat-cutting with a jack-knife. It was a simple matter to get the skin off a sheep. One cut around the legs, cut the skin from the throat down to the other end, and started it going. When you could pick the skin up in your fingers, one could do the rest with the flat of the hand. The trick consisted in getting the skin off the sheep and laying it out flat on the grass, and then dismembering the sheep on its own hide. If any piece of the meat touched the ground, sand and some gravel attached itself and could only be got rid of with difficulty. We became artists in this job and at the end of the operation there was the skin on the ground, and the recent owner cut up into roasts and chops and lying in the skin. We also made another curious discovery. One could never get enough mutton. I remember another fellow and I ate a whole sheep one night for the simple reason that we had no hard-tack or anything to go with it. A couple of pounds of mutton would satisfy the ordinary man if he had, to go with it, half a hard-tack. Without this bit of farinaceous food one could simply eat mutton indefinitely. We were able to get coffee, so every morning and every evening we ate the same meal, a billy-

can full of coffee, and fried mutton. About once a week a supply column come up and issued coffee, sugar and hard-tack, which was never quite enough. The result of this system of cooking and feeding was that we became more mobile and more independent of our lines of communication.

Here we began to see a good deal of the British Infantry soldier. They were practically all from the old regular army and usually moved at about 7.00 in the morning and marched until 2.00 or 3.00 in the afternoons on their flat feet. They usually wore their helmets back-side foremost so that the long peak, which was supposed to protect the end of the spine, was forward over their noses. They had found that when going into action and firing from the prone position the back of the helmet projected too far and tipped the whole helmet forward over the eyes. They were very neat and tidy and whenever water was to be had, shaved and bathed. At the conclusion of a gruelling march it was not uncommon to see them playing football for exercise. We formed the opinion that they were very stout fellows.

At night we slept in the two blankets carried under the saddle, our greatcoats and an oil sheet. We learned all sorts of tricks about making ourselves fairly comfortable. We would sometimes arrive in the bivouac in the pouring rain. We unsaddled cautiously and made a pile of our saddle, blankets and greatcoat and put the oil sheet over the top to keep the rain off. Before dossing-down one had to defeat the wet ground. This was done by getting a spade from the ammunition cart and digging up a patch which looked something like the beginning of a grave, digging sufficiently deep to turn up the dry soil underneath, which was never very far away. Having turned up the dry soil one spread one's blankets over it and made a bed putting the oil sheet over the top. The days were very warm but the nights were very cold. Since the seasons are reversed north and south of the equator we were really operating in the winter. We were, therefore, always cold at night. We stood our saddles on end as windbreaks and slept soundly until reveille, only removing our boots.

I have said that we used to stand our saddles on end to act as a wind-break. One night I was pulling a pair of clean socks out of my wallets to make a change, and as I jerked the socks out a small black snake about fourteen inches

long came out with the socks and wriggled away. It was said to be a Viper. Several men jumped on him and trampled him to death. It was a very venomous snake and one bite was said to mean death. What had happened was this: this snake had crawled into my wallets the night, or several nights, before and had found my socks warm and comforting. When I pulled my socks out he came with them. I have always been afraid of snakes and was always on the look-out for snakes thereafter.

On another occasion my group were posted as an examining post in the neighbourhood of Kroonstad. On this occasion three Basutos (Kaffirs) approached our post. They were quite naked except for a very sketchy breech-clout. After showing their passes they were allowed to proceed. Each native was carrying a bundle. Just beyond us and in full view of the men on the post, they stopped, opened their bundles and each negro produced a complete European outfit, suits of clothes of very loud checks, black walking shoes with spats, highly coloured shirts and collars, the latter being very tall, bright neckties and straw hats. They dressed themselves in these garments and strutted off into the town; their gait being very much like the old fashioned cake-walk. They were required by law, when visiting a town to be dressed from the shoulder to the knee. They were not allowed to walk on the side-walks but out on the road or street and were, when visiting the town, great swells. In the evening they again approached our post on the way out and after we had visaed their passes they undressed, bundled up their finery and walked homewards, dressed in nothing but the original sketchy breech-clouts.

Our wretched horses only occasionally received any fodder of any sort. Horses in South Africa are not grazed when the dew is on the grass. It is said to produce a fever. Similarly both men and horses are kept away from water after the sun has set, as a mist covers the water which is said to be fever-laden. All we had for the horses was oats and not a great deal of that, but a steady diet of oats provides no bulk and our wretched horses began to fail. General Alderson insisted on dismounting every other hour and marching for an hour on foot, leading the horses which our cow-punchers thought was a dreadful degradation. It undoubtedly, however, did spare the horses.

Occasionally, we came under the fire of the gun which the enemy and ourselves called the pom-pom. This gun fired a fourteen-ounce shell which burst on impact. The gun was an automatic. The shells were fired in bursts of seven. While the gun was firing the muzzle could be swung laterally, raised or depressed. It had a very fearsome moral effect and scared the lives out of everybody. On the other hand the killing and wounding was negligible.

We had, by this time, taken the measure of all our officers in our squadron. A few were good and the rest were not. I began to witness a phenomenon which has followed me through my military career. After a fight a poor officer would ride in with a few men and a good officer would come in stronger than he went out. What had happened was simply this, that the men get away from the command of a poor officer and attach themselves to an officer whom they can trust. Captain Tommy Chalmers was such a one. I have seen him riding in after a show with practically the whole squadron behind him. Sometimes the poorer officers had ridden in first and told some tall stories about their troops being cut to pieces and so on.

Chapter LI

MY friend Jamieson rode a strawberry roan about fifteen hands high. This horse had a pot-belly and was a great "rustler." He would eat anything and kept himself in fairly good condition. He had one great failing however. He was what is called a "wind-sucker" and when being led hung back and got some satisfaction out of sucking wind. This meant that he had to be towed. When I was acting as Number 3 in the section I had to lead three horses and this brute required me to tow him with the result that he was very difficult to handle. Jamieson, however, had taken a great fancy to him and believed that he was a wonderful horse. When Jamieson was not looking I used to take a half-hitch around his lower jaw with the halter shank and then take the other end of the rope around the horn of my saddle. There was a very surprised look on his face when he hung back to suck wind because the half-hitch around his jaw was very painful. I tried another stunt on him. I put a loose rope around the base of his tail and see-sawed on it until the part became sore. By putting a rope under his tail and giving it a few jerks "Mr. Guts" (which was the horse's name), used to come along quite smartly. Jamieson, of course, knew nothing of this. One day we were moving on foot, leading our horses and Jamieson was towing him by main strength. He soon dropped out of our troop back into the fourth troop and, in due course, dropped out of the fourth troop and well to the rear. I had dropped out of the squadron and was galloping back to take my position when I came on Jamieson who was taking a bit of a rest. He was standing addressing his horse, with his rifle held over his head as if to brain him. What he was saying was this, "Guts, if I could do you a terrible injury without impairing your usefulness I'd do it." This proviso was important since if he had brained the horse it simply meant that he would

be on foot till he could get another horse. In the end poor old "Guts" was unable to go further and Jamieson had to get another horse.

At Kroonstad, the differences between Colonel Herchmer and his officers came to a head. It was thought that the Colonel had had a pretty free hand in the selection of his officers. There were probably a few gentlemen pushed on to him as there usually are and there may have been other circumstances which limited the freeness of his hand. In any case, he undoubtedly had a number of quite worthless officers under his command. Colonel Herchmer was a man of intense energy, a bit tyrannical and sometimes abusive. On the whole the men thought that he was a pretty good man. He knew all about horses and tried to look after them. He looked after his men in much the same way and for the same reasons. When he had occasion to reprimand his transport officer or quartermaster he did it in a loud voice within the hearing of everybody. When an officer failed in any job that had been given him the Colonel certainly let him know about it. At Kroonstad, the officers, in a sort of "round robin," complained to higher authority that Herchmer was medically unfit; secondly, that he was a lunatic and thirdly, that he was so unpopular with his men that some of them might shoot him. The latter allegation was distinctly untrue. The "round-robiners" were in much more danger of being shot by their men than Herchmer was. Possibly the medical officer, who was an outsider, provided the information for the other two charges. At Kroonstad higher authority relieved Herchmer of his command and when we rode away from that place he was left in a tent without a horse, or without a servant, which by common agreement was a pretty shabby thing to do. Major T. D. B. Evans from the Royal Canadian Dragoons was appointed to the command of our regiment. He was a very good looking man of soldierly appearance and that, I think, was as much as could be said for him. He was very pleasant to everybody but had not a great deal of iron in his make-up.

We reached the Vaal River and crossed it on the 25th of May. I observe that in my diary I speak of capturing a turkey on the 27th instant. He was quite a big bird. I plucked him on the march and on arrival in the bivouac degutted him which was quite a nasty job. My method

was to slit a big hole in his rear-end and jerk him up and down by the neck until all his innards were out. I had to take in several partners on the deal, one of whom was O. G. Dennis, brother of Colonel J. S. Dennis of the C.P.R. We had to dismember the turkey to some extent and cooked him between the lids of two dixies.

On the 28th of May we approached the outskirts of Johannesburg, Klip River, where the enemy made quite a determined stand. In the afternoon my squadron was detailed as escort to the artillery. We were on foot with our horses under cover a mile or so in rear being held by the number "threes" in sections. The Johannesburg area is a high plateau some six thousand feet high, if my memory serves me. This date was about the middle of the winter period. The days were quite warm but the nights extremely cold. Without our horses we had no blankets or great-coats. We spent the night tramping up and down trying to keep warm. Four of us tried to get some sleep by lying on the ground spoon fashion, that is to say, four men sitting in each others laps so to speak and trying to get some warmth from the neighbour's body. O. G. Dennis was one of this party and every once in a while he would issue an order for everybody to turn. We thereupon all turned and got a change of position which at the moment seemed beneficial. The water froze in our water bottles. Wanting a drink in the early hours of the morning I thawed my bottle out by putting it inside by breeches over my abdomen, or perhaps I might as well say, my belly. After an hour of this the warmth of my body made it possible to get a drink. Our rifles were oily and possibly dirty and the bolts froze with the result that it was not until about eleven o'clock next morning that they had sufficiently thawed to permit us to open fire. About daybreak a party of infantry came up and relieved us. We walked back to where we had left our horses and each man retrieved his own horse. We then moved to a rally point to try and get some breakfast. The only water available was such water as we might have in our water bottles and the only fuel to be had was sage brush which burned like a newspaper. While we were discussing in our own minds how we would grapple with this situation a discarded ox walked in amongst us. He was very thin and very tired. The great thing about an ox is that he refuses to

work some time before he is prepared to die, unlike a thoroughbred horse who will go till he drops dead. Somebody shot this ox and we fell upon him like a swarm of bees. The bigger and stronger men were working on the choice cuts when I arrived and all I was able to get was some scrapings of flesh off the hind legs of this ox. I recollect thinking that the personal habits of this ox were not all that they should have been and there was a good deal of manure on the hind legs. However, I did get something. I had collected a lot of sage brush and got such meat as I had into my fry pan. I had emptied my water bottle into my billy-can, put in the coffee and started my sage brush fire. I succeeded in scorching the meat to some extent but never got the coffee more than lukewarm.

Meanwhile, the enemy had spotted us and had moved two pom-poms into range and opened fire on us. The shells lit right into us. The Boers traversed the gun and covered our mob laterally and then raised the muzzles and gave as a doing longitudinally. There was the utmost confusion. Officers were shouting various orders and directions to which nobody paid very much attention. In the midst of this terrible scene of surprise, lack of discipline and confusion, General Alderson rode into the mess. He carried an English hunting-horn in operations to draw attention to himself before giving an order. His order was very simple. "Get out of here as best you can." He sat on his horse tootling his horn and shouting this order. His calmness and the appropriateness of the order restored a degree of confidence. I succeeded in getting the bit into my horse's mouth and rode to a flank, knowing that the Boers would shoot at the greatest concentration of victims. Later on, we gathered up and the troops reformed. Curiously enough, only a few men were wounded and a mule on our machine guns lost his hind leg.

In the afternoon we lined a ridge. The enemy had set fire to the grass and come at us under the protection of the smoke. We opened a hot fire which stopped them about five hundred yards away. Later, we were ordered to retire and did so. The enemy soon gained the ridge which we had occupied and fired into us as we got away at a walk. This latter pace being ordered to prevent a panic. There were four black horses in my section—mine being one. As we were getting mounted for the get-a-way, I was throwing my

leg over the cantle of my saddle when I discovered that "Bogus" Clark, a St. John's boy, was trying to mount my horse from the "off" side under the impression that it was his own horse. My leg was a bit higher than his and I succeeded in kicking him in the face. He fell to the ground and later on got his own horse and fell in with the troop. He had a number of unpleasant things to say to me but I was on strong ground and he knew it. We fell back to a river which was behind us just as one of Sir Percy Scott's 4.7 naval guns was taking up a position. It was drawn by, I think, thirty oxen, and in order to swing into action the draught animals had to describe a circle about three hundred yards in diameter. The gun presently opened fire, taking for its target the enemy "long-tom" gun on the distant heights. I afterwards met a young Boer who had served the enemy long-gun and he told me that parties of Boers were sent to the right and left with bags of powder each two to three hundred yards from the gun position. As the enemy long-gun was fired these lads on the flanks touched off a bag of powder. Although smokeless powder was used in this war there was always a slight haze or a discernible puff of smoke from the firing. The naval gunners spotted this puff of smoke and laid their 4.7 gun upon it. It may be gravely doubted whether their shells ever came very near the enemy gun. Later on, we could see with the naked eye the erection of the sheers with which it was the practice of the Boers to dismount their gun from the carriage and place the barrel in an ox wagon for movement.

Chapter LII

ON the afternoon of the 29th of May, we went off to our left flank to outflank the enemy on his right. We were apparently moving around the south of Johannesburg and we saw many of the Rand mines. By the 31st of May we were to the north of Johannesburg and halted for a day or so at a suburb known as Florida. We moved on again on June 3rd and joined General French's column which was in touch with the enemy. We had a sharp fight at Crocodile River Pass. Apparently we had again turned the enemy's flank and he began his retreat to and through Pretoria.

At this fight an incident of major importance occurred. As we rode along in the forenoon I was able to purchase a loaf of rye bread; it was neatly shaped and covered with a nice brown crust. I remember paying a shilling for it. I put it in my haversack, and throughout the march resisted manfully the temptation that constantly assailed me to tear off pieces of the crust and consume it as we moved, which I could easily have done as I was very hungry. However, I persisted in the intention of eating it in a decent and orderly manner at the evening meal, if, as, and when.

The horse holder in my section for that day was a gentleman named Dean. He had allowed his hair and beard to grow unrestrained and was a fearsome spectacle. When I dismounted I transferred my loaf of bread from the haversack to my saddle-wallet. Leaving the horses under cover we doubled forward into action, which lasted four or five hours. Throughout I loaded and fired my rifle, altered my sights as new targets appeared, my mind always on my loaf of bread.

As the day wore on the outcome of the fight became of less and less importance, and the loaf of bread occupied the whole picture. Towards evening the enemy faded away and firing ceased. The officers' whistles sounded "Stand

to your horses" and we moved back to get mounted. Immediately, I opened my saddle-wallet and found that the loaf was gone. Coldly I inquired of Dean what had become of it. He professed complete ignorance. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial but I think, to this day, very strong. I then called him everything I could lay my tongue to and offered to kick his head off. He maintained his innocence stoutly. There is, I suppose, amongst all men a fundamental sense of justice. A denial of guilt in the absence of direct evidence is fairly impressive between man and man. X-rays were unknown of in those days but I could—in fancy—see my loaf of bread in Dean's belly, not—you will understand—chewed up into a conglomerate mass but neatly squared in its brown crust as I had last seen it. I did a number of things to provoke Dean into some sort of fight which would enable me to wreak vengeance upon him but he refused to help in any way, and finally escaped scot free with my loaf of bread inside him "as sure as hell's a man trap" as Jack Lindsay used to put it.

On the 6th we rode through Pretoria. The town was full of Boers who were still carrying their arms. It was explained to us that they were seeking to surrender. When they had surrendered they would turn in their arms and would be given passes with which they could live upon their farms in the neighbourhood. We thought Pretoria was a pretty little town. The Union Jack was flying over the legislative buildings. We passed Kruger's house which was an unpretentious place and saw the stone lions which decorated the front of the house. A certain number of British soldiers who were prisoners of the Boers had escaped and mingled with the crowds in Pretoria. Food was very scarce but a few things could be purchased in the shops. We were ragged, dirty and lousy. The civilians we saw seemed to be well-dressed and clean and were probably not lousy. We bivouacked to the north of the town on the 6th and spent several days there. One of the amusing developments noticed here was the growth of all sorts of funny hirsute appendages. The fact of the matter was that we had not bathed for about three months and were covered with lice. Some men had not had their hair cut for months and others had allowed their beards to grow straight out all round. Others trimmed their beards with nail scissors which made a fairly ragged job. There was, I recollect,

one pair of barber's clippers in the squadron. Some of the younger men shaved every week or ten days. Others, however, grew terrific beards and moustaches. Some fellows shaved their chins and grew "dundrearies." Others had pointed beards. Others grew goatees, some with moustaches, and others without. Some devil-may-care fellows affected full beards which they learned to stroke affectionately, looking like church elders of the old type and other simple-minded, harmless fellows had waxed moustaches and full goatees. At this place we had an opportunity of boiling our clothes and for a few days could describe ourselves as free of lice.

On the morning of the 11th of June we had reveille at 3 o'clock and pulled out at five. We struck the enemy at Diamond Hill and spent the 11th and 12th closely engaged with him. The private soldier, of course, has only a worm's eye view of military operations. We thought then that with the fall of Pretoria, the war would come to an end and that the fighting on the 11th and 12th was a last stand of some sort. The situation actually was that the enemy were covering the retreat of large wagon trains containing the loot of Johannesburg and Pretoria. We occupied a ridge and the enemy occupied another ridge facing us. Between these ridges in the valley there was a growth of trees, the tops of which gave ourselves and the enemy some cover from the view. Enemy guns were firing over the enemy firing-line, undoubtedly by indirect fire and with fair accuracy. It is to be remembered that indirect fire was not known to professional armies at that time. The Boers, however, were making it work. An enemy pom-pom had been advanced over the slope and was in plain view and we had succeeded in driving the enemy gunners away from it. We watched it carefully and frustrated several attempts to retire it. Perhaps the rifles of one hundred men on our side could be brought to bear. Suddenly we were astounded to see the gun itself without any assistance from anybody, moving slowly backwards. We learned subsequently that what was happening was simply this—a number of picket-lines had been joined together and a Boer had crept forward and fastened the end of the line to the trail of the gun. Then the Boers under cover simply drew it in. For a little trick of this sort the Boer was always ready. I rather fancy that too much drill and discipline might

have ruined his natural aptitude for war. Left to himself he was a courageous and quick-thinking individual.

On the night of the 12th I was doing something on our left flank, I cannot recall now what it was, probably a patrol, when I heard some people coming through the underbrush and lay in wait for them. Finally, a figure took shape. I challenged: "Halt, who goes there." A nice English voice replied: "8th Hussars." I think that was the number of his regiment. Feeling a bit facetious, I replied: "Art thou officer or art thou base, common and popular?" To which he replied with agreeable readiness: "I am a gentleman of company." Getting down to brass tacks I said: "Come over here until I have a look at you." He was a young man about my own age, very good looking, a Lieutenant I think in the 8th Hussars. I guided him on his way. Next morning I saw him lying on his back in a grotesque position. He had been shot somehow on the road which we followed on the morning of the 13th.

On that day we were again at our old trick of endeavouring to ride around the right flank of the enemy. Throughout the day he opposed us, no doubt moving parallel with us. Towards evening we came to a small river and across the valley we could see the tail end of a convoy of wagons disappearing over the horizon. Our horses were pretty well done in, although I think we might have pushed on in the face of the slight opposition which there was. That night an amusing thing occurred. We had in our ranks a number of expert horse-thieves. These gentlemen had made a sortie against a squadron of Australians nearby, the Queensland Mounted Infantry. Their horses were branded Q.M.I. Among the horses which they brought back was a fine big chestnut horse with a flowing mane and tail, obviously an officer's charger. Getting back to our lines they went to work on the brand with nail scissors, which curiously enough were an issue in our regiment. They changed the "Q" into a "C" and the "I" into an "R" C.M.R.—Canadian Mounted Rifles. A very delicate job remarkably well done. They banged his tail (cut the tail squarely across) and "roached" his mane. Later on, the over-suspicious Australians walked solemnly through our lines in quest of missing horses. They looked at this horse for some time and finally walked on. This job was done by Jim Fisher of "ours."

We marched back to Pretoria arriving there on June 15th. On the night of the 14th I was endeavouring to kick down a partition in an outhouse to get some firewood. The soles of my boots were quite wornout and I was going around on the uppers. I stepped on a board with a spike in it and ran the same into my foot just below the base of the toes. It was very painful and the nail was very rusty. I knew that not a moment was to be lost, so I took my breeches off and got the sole of my foot to my mouth and sucked it vigorously, so vigorously in fact that my foot, which was black with dirt, finally disclosed a pink patch that I had sucked clean. Later, I was able to get some iodine and a bandage.

Chapter LIII

ON the 15th of June we entrained for the Free State. I bought a pair of boots in a shop in one of the little towns we passed through. I think these boots were made of black paper and I paid fifty-five shillings for them second-hand. We finally settled down at a place called Krom Elm Bourg Spruit in the neighbourhood of Fredeford Weg and Viljeon's Drift. This was a post established to protect the line of the railway and to furnish fighting patrols to deal with de Wet who was raiding the line of railway very successfully at that time. There were three hundred North of England militia stationed here and four Imperial Mounted Infantrymen who had been there for a long time. They believed themselves to have been forgotten. There were also two fifteen-pounder field-guns served by the Infantry.

On arrival, we made ourselves comfortable building shelters out of corrugated iron and blankets and the like. We made cooking places in the ditch beside the railway. We got a cart with a yoke of oxen from a negro. The negro himself drove the same and went out in the surrounding country and brought in fence-posts for fuel. We got water from the spruit or the creek nearby. We brought in from somewhere a hand mill in which we ground corn, which we found in the fields, husking it by hand. With this cornmeal we made porridge, very fattening stuff. I went up to one hundred and seventy pounds. We lived on mutton, which we killed ourselves from the flocks wandering about in the neighbourhood. Every day or every second day a train-load of coal passed us from Natal to Johannesburg. We needed the coal for our cooking places. The Negroes, who had dug the coal, apparently came along to shovel it off as required. The method of getting this coal was interesting. We armed ourselves with stones and turned out to meet the train. The Negroes were riding on top of the coal-

trucks and when they approached we threw stones at them. They replied with volleys of coal and when the train had passed we would gather up the spent ammunition and put it in our stockpile. We were very happy there. We supplied patrols north and south, east and west, and mounted a fairly heavy guard at night. There were alarms which required the whole garrison to stand to. On the whole we had quite a pleasant time and stayed there about a month. On patrol one day I happened to be in charge as a group leader. From the top of a high hill we saw two men ride in from the enemy country and stop at a farmhouse below us. They tied their horses to a tree outside. We knew that the farm was occupied by a Boer family. It looked like fairly easy pickings, so we descended cautiously, keeping ourselves under cover until we got to the farmhouse. As we crept around to the front, we discovered two Martini Enfield rifles leaning up against the doorpost of the house. I was a bit suspicious at that as no Boer ever lets his rifle out of his hand. Drawing our revolvers, we kicked the door open and jumped into the house to find that the men who had ridden up to the house were two young mounted infantrymen. Both were sitting in easy chairs, each with a Boer maiden on his lap. We apologized and withdrew.

On July 3rd I had a trip to Johannesburg. In one of our forays we had captured a couple of Boers. They were enormously big men wearing full beards, black broad-brimmed hats, corduroy trousers and *veldtschoens* (these are sort of moccasin made of soft leather). They could speak no English and apparently did not think very much of us. The escort consisted of a Corporal of the South Wales Borders, named Kimber, and myself. Kimber was a stout, solid, stocky individual who had been called up from the Reserve. In civil life he worked in a factory in Birmingham. In this factory they made heathen idols of iron for the Nigger trade in Africa. The idols were painted black and a certain amount of red paint was no doubt used to improve the appearance of the idols. Kimber told me that the management held out certain financial inducements to the workers to think up attractive types of idols.

We arrived in Johannesburg in due course and handed our prisoners over to the Provost Marshal or one of his satellites. The place of imprisonment was a Boer fort, principally

of sandbag work on the top of a small kopje. This was quite an interesting place since the British were using it as a prison camp for all the foreigners, who had been serving with the Boers up to date. The S.A.R. Police and the Staats Artillerie were largely manned by foreigners and since many foreign officers had come out to get experience with the Boers, they had in this fort quite a collection of these military adventurers. They wore various types of beards and moustaches and looked just what they were. They were wearing bits of uniform of various types and were walking up and down vigorously to get exercise. My Stetson hat attracted a good deal of attention and some of them were anxious to hear what sort of language I spoke. There was nothing very remarkable about this because, later on, when I was sent to a rest-camp waiting for a train back to my unit, a Tommy N.C.O., gave me an order of some sort in a county dialect which I could not understand. He was quite indignant and was about to take forceful measures when Corporal Kimber spoke up and explained that I was a Canadian and could not speak English. Everything was all right after that.

Chapter LIV

THE operation of the railways was quite amusing. The Boers were constantly attacking the line and spent a great deal of time destroying the telegraph-wires beside the tracks. This meant that trains could not be dispatched in the usual way. The situation was met by directing that on the main line trains would run south from daylight until twelve noon and would run north from twelve noon until dark. Trains were not operated in the darkness. These railways were of 36" gauge, if my memory serves me, and ran over a country which was by no means flat. There were hills and valleys, high ground and low ground to be negotiated.

In those days the principle was said to exist known as compensation of grades. This meant that a train running down a slope put on full speed, using the momentum thus gained to climb the opposite slope. The C.P.R., as originally built across the Prairies, used much the same idea. It followed that if a train now climbing a slope and of course losing momentum was brought to a dead stop, it might not get out of its difficulty without having another engine brought up to push. It sometimes happened, notwithstanding the arrangement I have referred to, that two trains might meet. The trains' crews got off and met midway and tried to bluff the other fellows into backing up. The trains being employed in military work, the idea was soon developed that the train carrying the senior officer should have the right of way, so the train crews failing to bluff each other then began to produce their senior officers. Many a woosey old general was wakened out of his sleep and led up to the front of his train to order the other train to retire. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't.

Quite frequently, as darkness drew on, a train crew sought to reach a favoured town for the night. At stations people came out and waved lanterns at the approaching train. The train proceeded on at top speed, ran through all signals and finally reached the desired stopping place for the night. What the considerations were that made one place more desirable than another for an all night stop may well be left to the imagination.

Chapter LV

I RETURNED to Krom Elm Bourg on the 6th of July, where I found the Squadron getting ready to march out for the north to rejoin the Regiment.

On the 7th of July I was on baggage guard. If I learned anything about soldiering in the South African War it consisted practically of negative facts, such as how not to do things. We were strung along the flanks of the baggage train about a half mile from it on either side, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards between each man. It was more like what the French call a *cordon sanitaire*. We were so spread over the country that we could not effectively interfere in any attempt on the convoy. About two o'clock in the afternoon the oxen, which were drawing the wagons, played out. They needed water and none was available. When an ox gets thirsty, hungry or tired he simply lies down. A thoroughbred horse will go until he drops and any horse has more courage than an ox, but a horse without any thoroughbred blood at all will also lie down when he has had enough. One by one these oxen lay down and in conversation with one of the conductors I learned that since they could not be watered where they were, they would not get up and draw the wagons until an hour after sundown. This is exactly what they did and we arrived in camp about midnight. The baggage escort amused themselves in various ways. My old friend, Lance Sharpe, and I got together and became greatly interested in an ant-hill. With us an ant-hill in Western Canada consists of loose earth in which the ants run in and out through doorways which they seem to know. A South African ant-hill is a very different proposition. For a large colony a South African ant-hill may be six feet tall and eight feet across the base. The ants cover it with a sort of mortar which they make themselves forming a thick covering or

crust. The entrances to the ant-hills are little holes in the ground some five or six feet away from the ant-hill and no doubt passages lead from these holes to the interior of the hill. The ants appear to spend most of their time cutting down blades of grass and cutting them into lengths of about that of a small match, probably for fodder. These blades of grass are stored in the ant-hill. If one wants a quick fire to boil a kettle of coffee, we could and did open small ant-hills at the top with our bayonets. We drove another hole in close to the base and then set fire to the contents, including the ants. This gave a hot fire with adequate ventilation for several pots of coffee which could be boiled in succession. After, it could be improved and made into sort of a stove. We watched these ants at work. I forget now whether the colony were black ants or red ants quite a half inch long. If it was a black ant colony they had a number of red ants working for them. I was subsequently told that these were prisoners of war got in a battle between red ants and black ants. The prisoners were worked in gangs under an overseer, an N.C.O. We soon saw the whole picture assuming that it was a black ant-hill. The grass had been completely cleared off for a space of twenty feet around the ant-hill. The ground was bare. Parties of ants were working at the circumference of this circle cutting down the grass as it stood and then cutting it into suitable lengths, about two and a half inches long. Ants were constantly arriving at the holes which were the entrances to the ant-hill, each carrying a length of grass. These were dropped in the immediate neighbourhood of the entrance and the workers hurried back for more grass. Meanwhile at the entrance another party working under supervision, either the local boys or their prisoners, had lengths of grass brought to the edge of the hole which they up-ended and dropped into the hole. We could see the grass wriggling as other workers in the tunnel below seized the grass and carried it off to the interior in the ant-hill. We could pick out the workers who obeyed orders and we could spot the Officers or N.C.O.'s, who were in charge. The work did not cease until darkness and probably began at daylight in the morning. It was a scene of ordered activity, such as only can be seen in a big well organized military or civil enterprise. We watched it all afternoon and fortunately later on met a man who was able to give us a lot of informa-

tion about the South African ants and their habits. Occasionally, one could see several ants who appeared to be policemen pile onto some offender and give him a severe beating up.

On the night of the 7th we bivouacked at Viljeon's Drift, a ford of the Vaal River. On the 11th of July we reached Irene Camp. Here we stayed for several days and got a complete issue of clothing. The method of issuing clothing was typical of the old army. There were a number of piles of clothing—a pile of jackets, another pile of riding-breeches, underclothing, shirts, boots and the like. A squadron was marched up in single file and under N.C.O.'s constantly urging us to hurry, one grabbed a jacket, a pair of breeches, a shirt, socks, boots and hurried on. When one got an opportunity one tried his clothing on and then looked for someone with whom to make trades to get something suitable in size.

I remember that I got a forty-two inch chest measurement jacket which overlapped in the front with nearly a foot to spare. It was at this point that I parted with my own horse, as I have told the story elsewhere. In its place I got an Argentine horse. In those days horse-breeding in the Argentine was in a pretty primitive condition. The method was to turn loose in their herds of horses, horse stallions and jackass stallions. Where the jackass stallion mated with a horse mare, the progeny was a mule. Under this system, however, it was possible and indeed frequently happened, that a horse mare which had on one occasion given birth to a mule, might subsequently mate with a horse stallion—in which case the progeny was a horse but there was unmistakable evidence of its previous mating. Consequently, one got a horse with ears that looked much like a mule and might even have the mule tail and head, and none of the virtues of either ancestor. Most of these Argentine horses were fat and soft. Many of them were unbroken but were not difficult to ride since they did very little bucking. They lacked spirit, courage and intelligence and were objectionable animals in every way and the men distinctly did not like them. In addition, some of them were mentally deficient and did amazing things. I had known a mentally deficient dog but up until that time had never met a mentally deficient horse. Some of these horses when mounted would bolt, run a couple of hundred yards, stop and lie down. Others would refuse

to eat or drink but would still bolt when they got a chance. They were unlovable animals. Many of them had mule heads, in addition to mule ears and mule tails. I finally rode three or four of them and never liked any of them. They carried us unwillingly from day to day. We tried to water them and feed and keep them afoot. Irene Camp was somewhere north and west of Pretoria.

On the 15th of July we reached a camp which apparently had no name at the time. We rejoined "D" Squadron and were all pleased to see that Major Sanders, now Colonel Sanders, C.M.G., D.S.O., was commanding "D" Squadron. Colonel Evans was commanding the Regiment. One of the jobs we had to do at this camp was to distribute proclamations, issued by General Roberts, promising the Boers that if they would surrender, return to their farms and carry passes, they would not be disturbed. One of the Boer commandoes hereabouts was commanded by an Englishman who was apparently much of a Boer. A party of our men went out under a white flag to distribute these proclamations and met this Englishman at his headquarters in the veldt. The proclamations were handed to him and he felt the texture of the paper between his thumb and finger and solemnly returned them to the officer in charge complaining that the paper was much too thick and stiff for the purposes to which they intended to put it.

On the 16th of July there was a hot fight in the neighbourhood, in which Lieutenants Borden and Birch of the Dragoons were killed. Both these officers were promising young men and were killed at the head of their troops. They were buried by lantern light very impressively on the night of the 17th of July.

On the 19th I found time to do a bit of tailoring on my oversized jacket. I cut a gore out of the back beginning at the tail and ending at the back of the neck, then proceeded to sew it up. I had got about as far as the waist when my Troop Sergeant came up and informed me that I had been selected as a dispatch rider to a Colonel Reeves, who commanded a column. This column consisted of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and I think the Suffolk Regiment. The 66th Field Battery, R.A., a squadron of the 7th Dragoon Guards and a pair of howitzers, called cow-guns because they were drawn by oxen. As I could not leave the tails

of my jacket flying loose, I tucked them inside my breeches as a shirt. Apparently Colonel Reeves was expecting to be surprised by me and he was. He observed it was a funny way to wear a jacket. I explained as soon as I had a chance to complete my tailoring job I would have my coat outside my breeches.

Riding behind the Colonel that evening after a round of the outposts, he called me to him and asked me whether I was a regular soldier or a volunteer. I told him I was a volunteer. He then asked me what my trade was. I explained that I had no trade, that I was a barrister. This seemed to impress him and later on he put it to some practical use. He had had a couple of dispatch riders from the 7th Dragoon Guards and he and the Brigade Major had found that they had to be given notes and orders in writing. In fact everything they carried was written and he found that I could carry a verbal message. It was, therefore, not uncommon for me to ride up to a Company Commander or a Battalion Commander and explain that the Colonel wanted a certain ridge to be made good, or some other movement executed. This enabled me to see a good deal of what was going on and how things were done. I found that these wretched footmen treated me as the man on horseback is always treated, namely with a good deal of respect. There were several other minor instances that improved my standing and prestige. I remember one day a prairie fire, or a grass fire as they call them there, had been burning and as we topped a ridge we could see that the fire had gone out following a certain irregular line. Both the Colonel and Brigade Major Hill, thought this a curious phenomenon and asked me for an explanation. I replied that I thought that when we got to that place we would find that there was a well-beaten path or a roadway there on which the grass did not grow. There being not much wind the fire had died out when it reached that point. We found that this was the explanation and both these gentlemen commented upon the cleverness of their Canadian acquisition. A few days later the Colonel thought he discovered his "cow-guns" to be off to a flank and out of reach of the column. He issued a series of orders, moving out a company of Infantry as fast as it could be done and sending for the squadron of the 7th Dragoons to push out and cover these guns. Having

seen the water carts moving out in that direction to fill up in a lake in the neighbourhood, I ventured the opinion that what he saw was the water carts and not the guns. He had glasses and I had none. My explanation ultimately proved to be correct and the guns appeared behind us around a hill. Both officers commented upon the keenness of my eyesight. I tried to look as much like Kit Carson or Buffalo Bill as I could.

Chapter LVI

ON the 27th of July we entered Middelburg, a clean little Boer town built in the traditional fashion, namely a square in the centre, a court house at one end, the post-office at the other, a church and other public buildings on the sides. Water was brought in from the neighbouring hills in open ditches and ran down the sides of the streets.

The Colonel and Brigade Major billeted themselves in the house of Dr. Van Erkum. I stayed at the next house which was occupied by a Mrs. Lydes, sister-in-law to the Boer agent in Europe. I forget how I got into this house. Someone must have told me to stay there to be close to the Colonel. At all events, after rapping on the front door, I entered and heard a woman talking in Dutch in a voice in which there was a good deal of alarm. I walked through the sitting-room and dining-room into the kitchen and found a lady in distress and showing a good deal of fear. She was superintending the moving of a cookstove out of the kitchen into a back shed. The workers were two Kaffir boys, who were being cheeky to her and explained to her that now that the British had arrived, the days of subservience of the Kaffir were over and that in future she would have to treat them with a certain amount of respect, or words to that affect. I think Mrs. Lydes was surprised to see me and felt herself between two fires. However, I was a white man, or looked like one, and she told me in frightened tones of their insubordination. I threatened to shoot them both if I heard any more such talk from them and Mrs. Lydes was to report to me every day how they were behaving. Mrs. Lydes was very grateful and asked me to write my name in her autograph album. Later in the day she gave me a pat of butter. I had not seen any butter since leaving Canada. She insisted upon me "dossing-down" in the drawing-room. I explained to her with much shame that my blankets were lousy and so

was I. She apparently preferred a lousy white man in the drawing room to a couple of dark gentlemen wandering about the house. She became very friendly. I remember that she urged me to read *John Halifax, Gentleman*, which I did as soon as I could.

On the 29th of July, our column moved out about seven miles north of Middelburg to a place called Bank Fontein, where a camp was established and some trenches dug. We were joined here by Alderson's Mounted Brigade which included the R.C.D.'s and my own regiment. I was on duty from twelve mid-day until twelve midnight, which might, however, be extended another twelve hours. There was a good deal of skirmishing going on every day. We could have a fight any time by going out beyond the outposts. I carried dispatches from this camp to Middelburg or to Pan Station lying to the east. I ran into a very amusing thing one day. The outposts supplied by my squadron of the C.M.R. were posted one night so far out as to be within the Boer outpost line. When morning came both sides discovered each other and a fight broke out on the whole of our front.

One of our men from Strathcona, an old soldier named Flynn, was wounded and his horse killed. The horse fell on Flynn and pinned him to the ground. The Boer, who had shot him, stepped out from behind a rock, pulled him out from under his horse and tied up his wound, making a pretty good job of it. He was a comparatively small man, wore a pair of breeches of a cut worn in those days by bicyclists. He had a cloth peak-cap, a clean white waistcoat and a checked jacket. He was carrying his ammunition in his waistcoat pockets and had a Mauser sporting rifle. Later on, in the galloping hither and thither of the combatants, Flynn's assailant was captured and brought into camp. He turned out to be Dr. Van Erkum, whose house my Colonel and Adjutant had stayed in at Middelburg. The Doctor had apparently got out into the country for a few days shooting, probably carrying with him all the information he had picked up from his guests. He was not a very soldierly-looking man but I thought him a stout fellow and no doubt but for the unhappy ending of the affair, had enjoyed his visits to his friends in the surrounding kopjes.

One day I was riding behind my boss, who was accompany-

ing General Hutton on a visit to the area. We came on one of the cow-guns commanded by a pimply faced English boy of perhaps eighteen. Hutton rode up to the lad and said: "I suppose you have taken all the ranges around here." The Lieutenant said that he had, without batting an eye. The General then said: "What is the range to that white rock on the side of the hill." The boy immediately replied "4—300 Sir." "What is the range to that tree standing in a certain position"—"5—700 Sir," etc. The General seemed to be quite pleased and rode off. I lingered behind for a moment and discovered from the conversation of the men that the young Lieutenant had taken no ranges at all and had bluffed the General to a standstill.

Chapter LVII

MEANWHILE, there was a constant movement of troops in and out of our camp at Bank Fontein. One wondered why; the men certainly did, and one tried to comfort oneself with the thought that somewhere there was a directing intelligence and that nothing was done in vain, although I have my doubts about it now.

My regiment, the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles, seemed to be always leaving or arriving, their movements being confined to the triangle Middelburg, Pan Station and Bank Fontein. The enemy roamed through this area in parties of a few men up to a commando of one thousand men, and fights were constantly taking place, which all began in the same way and ended much in the same way. If the enemy had any advantage, he pressed it home. If he found himself at some disadvantage, he simply faded away and scattered.

I had a ring-side seat for one of these encounters, which explained many things which had previously been obscure. The Boer throughout the fighting in the South African War observed two general ideas in tactics. If he was strong, he pretended to be weak. If he was weak, he pretended to be strong. These two ideas will be found in practically all the fighting.

I was sent one day with a dispatch from Colonel Reeves at Bank Fontein to a General Dickson in Middelburg. I rode through to Middelburg without much difficulty. I was fired at several times but at long range. Making enquiries at Middelburg, I located the house in which the general lived. Dismounting, I threw the reins over my horse's head and allowed it to crop the green grass on what we would call the boulevard. I rapped on the front door and a side-door opened and a general emerged. I gave him a snappy salute and asked for General Dickson. In a moment I

formed the opinion that he was an empty-headed gentleman. His first question was, "Why did you not go around to the back door?" Still standing to "Attention" and trying to wear a perfectly innocent face, I said: "Why?" Getting no immediate answer, I added: "Is General Dickson to be found at the back door, sir?" The general appeared to be stumped.

My instructions were to wait for a reply, so, having handed my dispatch to a servant at the back door, I loosened my cinches, got my horse a bucket of water and hung his nosebag on him. I think that Reeves' message contained something to the effect that the General might supplement his reply with a verbal message given to me, with probably a description of my ability and capacity to carry a verbal message. When General Dickson looked at me again, his eyes contained the suggestion that I was some sort of a revolutionary, or as we would say nowadays, a communist.

I started out on the return journey to Bank Fontein about 1 p.m. and as soon as I got outside of our outpost line, I found myself shot at from different directions, the bullets coming uncomfortably close. For that state of affairs there was but one answer, namely to get on higher ground. I, therefore, headed for a kopje that seemed to be the tallest in the neighbourhood and finally reached the top, where I could see the gentlemen who had been shooting at me. I opened up on them and most of them disappeared.

There was in front of me, i.e., to the northeast, a ridge and I saw seven or eight men, obviously Boers, sitting on their horses and looking towards Middelburg. They might have been and probably were youths of 15 and 16. As I watched them, they dispersed, rode forward to firing positions, dismounted and handed their horses over to black boys, who were accompanying them for that purpose. The interval between these young Boers was about 100 yards and in this way they lined the ridge for a distance of about 600 yards. This induced me to look back towards Middelburg to see what they were preparing for. I could see a force advancing, apparently consisting of three or four squadrons, four field-guns and a small wagon-train. Closer examination disclosed that one of the squadrons was wearing the Stetson hat and I concluded that this squadron was from either the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles or the Royal

Canadian Dragoons. This force was preceded by a line of men riding 10 or 15 yards apart as an advance guard, probably half a mile in front of the main body. The Boers on the ridge allowed this advance guard to come within a couple of hundred yards of them, then opened a rapid fire. It is to be remembered that the Boers carried the Mauser rifle with clips or chargers, carrying five rounds each, thus they could deliver a very rapid fire.

Even though I knew precisely the strength of the Boer party, I am bound to say that the volume of fire sounded quite serious. Some of our advance party galloped back to cover; others, having some cover at the moment, halted. In fact, the whole force halted. Then I could see amongst the officers much pointing and gesticulating and the guns came up and deployed as usual in the open and began to fire upon the ridge.

From my point of observation I could see that the burst of the shells was well over the crest, leaving the actual enemy firing party quite unscathed; shells falling some five or six hundred yards to their rear.

I thought that the time had come for me to ride down and give the commander of this force the information I had. I did so and found that the commander was Lieutenant-Colonel T. B. D. Evans of my own regiment and that the force consisted of a mixed squadron of the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles, Australians, New Zealanders and Yeomanry. Evans was wearing a troubled look on his face. He knew that he was approaching the point when he must make a decision and still he didn't know whether the enemy was weak and pretending to be strong, or strong and pretending to be weak. He no doubt could recall all the disastrous and regrettable incidents that had befallen our troops in this war, due to errors of this particular sort. I reported to Evans, who was surprised to see me and asked me where I had come from. I pointed out the kopje upon which I had taken refuge and told him that as far as I could see the enemy consisted of some seven—not more than eight—men. He was anxious to know from me whether there might not be a strong force of the enemy in the neighbourhood. All I could tell him was what I had actually seen. He decided to take a chance and ordered the advance party to gallop the position and the whole of the remainder to advance at a trot.

The enemy, sensing our commander's intentions, called up their horses and rode off. When our men reached the top of the ridge there was no enemy in sight, but they subsequently discovered little piles of empty cartridge cases where the Boers had been loosing off at a rapid rate. Evans' command was heading for Bank Fontein and I rode the rest of the way with them.

Chapter LVIII

I REMEMBER one day I was joined in my dispatch riding job by a man named McDonald from my own regiment. He was a cow-puncher by profession and opposed all forms of propriety, discipline, good military behaviour and the like. At a distance of a few miles from our headquarters lay the Ceylon Mounted Infantry. This regiment was raised in Ceylon among tea planters— all being well-off men. They arrived in South Africa, each man with five ponies and a large number of Indian servants and very expensive equipment, which all ranks had paid for. They almost immediately lost their colonel and were given instead a hard-bitten officer of the British Regular Army. He reduced them to one pony each, got rid of all the native servants and required the men to care for their own horses and themselves as ordinary soldiers do.

One day the enemy advanced threateningly towards our outpost line and shelled our camp with artillery. McDonald and I were ordered to gallop down to the Ceylon Mounted Infantry and turn them out for action at once. I rode up to the colonel of this outfit, "carried" my rifle and gave the Commanding Officer Colonel Reeves' compliments and desired him to turn out his Unit immediately ready for action. I gave him a brief résumé of the situation.

The regiment turned out with commendable smartness. A few days later McDonald was returned to his regiment as not being quite the type that Colonel Reeves required. Too much zeal probably.

One night I left Pan Station after dark with a dispatch for my colonel. In South Africa there is no twilight as we know it in Canada. In the morning it is dark, the sun comes up and it is daylight. In the evening it is daylight, the sun goes down and it is dark and can be very dark. When I passed through the outposts at Pan Station I knew that I

might run into the enemy at any time. As I rode along at a walk I kept my eyes and ears very much open. I became conscious of the fact that someone was riding parallel to me at a distance of 60 or 70 yards. I slung my rifle and drew my revolver and continued on my course.

The distance between the Pan Station outposts and the Bank Fontein outposts would probably be about five miles. I can quite understand that just as I didn't know who my fellow traveller was, he didn't know who I was, but I knew that ultimately we should run into the Bank Fontein outposts, with luck.

Occasionally, I could see the outlines of a man and a horse on my left, but generally speaking I relied upon my ears. I could hear the footsteps of his horse, the occasional squeak of his saddlery, and once or twice his horse coughed or sneezed. It was beginning to get on my nerves when a voice challenged from the front, as I had expected, "'alt, oo goes there?'" Now was the time to declare ourselves. I paused for the fraction of a second and no sound came from my fellow traveller. At the top of my voice I shouted, "Friend" and the answer was, "Advance one and be reckernized." Thereupon my companion of the evening fired at me with his rifle. I knew it was a rifle because of the long flame of the explosion. I wheeled my horse to the left and fired six shots at him with my revolver. I knew then that the outposts would open fire. I dismounted hurriedly and threw myself flat on the ground. The outpost consisted of four infantry soldiers. They emptied their magazines in our general direction. My fellow traveller turned and galloped off to his left rear. Whether he was hurt or not, I never knew. A revolver is a much better weapon for night shooting, as one fires more or less by instinct, whereas one cannot see the sights of a rifle and the bullets may go anywhere.

I then sought to establish friendly relations with the outposts by shouting to them that I was a Canadian and that I was alone. I suggested they come forward to me as I was decidedly averse to going forward to them. After some talk two men came out cautiously with fixed bayonets; I convinced them that I had a right to proceed and walked into the outpost with them, leading my horse. They felt me all over in the darkness with their hands; my hat appeared to convince them. I gave them my name and duty and was

allowed to proceed. I consider that I had had a fairly narrow squeak.

It is quite possible that somewhere in South Africa there is an old chap with a long white beard who can think after this lapse of time of how he might have done things better. Possibly he may have some interesting information to give to his sons and grandsons who may be fighting with us in North Africa, or Italy at this precise moment.

There is a clash of races in South Africa; the Dutch and the English-speaking people there are contending with each other for the mastery and for leadership or, perhaps, for mere equality. They may regard each other as enemies, but one thing is certain, neither despise the other, both have a healthy respect for each other as fighting men and in this may lie, let us hope, the ultimate basis of reconciliation for which General Smuts has struggled these many years.

While on this job I accumulated several Boer ponies and some saddlery. The men from The Royal Irish Fusiliers were constantly hanging around and trying to make friends with the horses. In fact, they offered to groom them, water them and feed them. I apportioned the work among them very much as Tom Sawyer did with neighbouring boys when painting his aunt's fence. Thus, I would say to one: "No Larry it is not your turn tonight, it's Nigger's turn to groom the horses." In this way I got my horses well cared for under my supervision. One day the Quartermaster-Sergeant of The Royal Irish Fusiliers, always known as the "Quarter Bloke," asked me if I could get him a pony. The next day I led in a small Boer pony with saddle and bridle complete. He was not much more than fourteen hands, of a good conformation and disclosed traces of blood. The story was that horses in South Africa were the descendants of Arabian horses brought there by the Arabs. I let the "Quarter Bloke" in on the secret of having his horses and saddlery looked after on the Tom Sawyer basis and daily he rode out cautiously not being much of a horseman. However, he was very grateful to me and invited me to put my spare gear in his wagon and to ask for anything that I needed. Thus, instead of getting a pot of jam once a week for four men, which meant that a pot of jam should last me four weeks, I got a pot of jam whenever I felt like it. I joined the "Quarter Bloke's" mess and lived well. I slept

under his wagon at night and was content. I bathed and shaved in some nearby water every morning and killed fifty big lice which were to be found on my shirt and in the seams of my breeches. I allowed the little fellows to grow up and to some extent live their lives. I felt that this effort at cleanliness was in some way a contribution to the dignity of my job.

One day the Colonel called me into his tent and told me that he had received a communication from my Regiment in effect asking that I be sent back. I was quite happy where I was and had made a number of friends but I had been brought up in the Mounted Police and the 2nd C.M.R. was a Mounted Police Regiment. I was filled with a spirit of loyalty which dominated the police. I felt that if I were needed back in my regiment, I should go, and there lurked somewhere further back in my mind the thought that they might have in mind a promotion. The Colonel sensed this and told me that he would like me to stay with him and, if I would, he could get me a commission in a colonial outfit and keep me on his staff as an officer. This would have ultimately made a vast difference to me in my military career but at the time I had not sense enough to see it. I told the Colonel that I thought if they wanted me back in my own regiment, I should go. He agreed that this was a fine spirit and in due course I reported back to the 2nd C.M.R.'s. There I found that many of them did not know that I had been away and most of them did not give a damn if they never saw me again. The enquiry sent to Colonel Reeves, I learned at the Orderly Room, was a mere routine enquiry which went out once a month and had Reeves written back to say he wanted to keep me that would have been the end of the discussion. Here was a conflict between my conception of loyalty and my best interests.

Chapter LIX

I LEARN from my diary that on the 17th of August I helped to dig a grave for a man named Smith. Smith, in fact, was a French Canadian who had been seasick for the whole time on the voyage out and had sworn a mighty oath that he would not return to Canada unless he could travel by land. After much study of maps he discovered that he could walk up the coast of Africa, across the Suez Canal on a bridge, walk across Asia and cross on the ice into Alaska, and walk the rest of the way home. He came to his end in a curious way. We were somewhere on the march and Smith felt ill. He visited an ambulance wagon and found that we had not brought the Medical Officer with us. The medical chests of those days were made of wicker-work covered with canvas. On the inside of the lid was a printed list of the diseases which the soldier could have and preceded by a diagnosis and ending with a remedy which had a number. Thus, if a soldier diagnosed his case as constipation, he found that he took a number nine pill. On the other hand, if he thought he had incipient smallpox or black plague he took another number. Poor old Smith with his stubby finger spelt his way through the diagnosis. Then he turned to the remedy and found that he should take a number seven. On examining the number seven bottle, he found it empty. Some friend who was with him suggested that if he took a number five and a number two he would be all right. He opened two and got a powder of some sort, and opened five and got a capsule. He took both. Mathematically he seemed to be deadright but as I said we buried him that night.

I remember that we struck bedrock at between twelve and eighteen inches and moved to a more promising spot. Again we struck bedrock. Finally, we brought an officer to the spot who suggested that we should use one of the holes we had already dug, put Smith into it and subsequently

build a cairn over the spot to keep the wild animals from getting at him.

The body was brought out on a stretcher and meanwhile in the Orderly Room tent they had been constructing a Funeral Service from what they could remember of any kind of a religious service. I remember one of the things solemnly repeated by the Officer who read the service, with someone holding a lantern over his shoulder, was: "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." I remember also the phrase, "In the midst of life we are in death" and it ended with: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." Nevertheless, there was something very moving as a hundred men stood around the grave, nearly all wearing beards of some sort, with their heads bowed. There was no volley firing and as soon as the Service was over we went to work collecting boulders to build a cairn.

"D" Squadron was occupying a treed position (eucalyptus) at a place called Nooit Gedacht. A small detachment from "C" Squadron was sent up with remounts. The place lay some seven or ten miles north and west of Pan Station. The enemy were quite active in the neighbourhood and the camp was frequently shelled and the outposts attacked. Subsequently, quite a serious attack was made on this place.

In riding over the ground occupied by the enemy afterwards I observed a small ant-hill behind which a Boer had laid and fired his rifle. There was a sizable pile of empty cartridge cases at the spot. I dismounted and laid down in his firing position and observed that he could have just seen the tops of the trees in our position. This meant that among the Boers was one man who had decided to take very good care of himself and at the same time to fire off a lot of ammunition, since he could not be reached by any bullet fired by us and all his bullets went clear over our position.

In almost all military organizations men of this type are to be found. Good discipline and good organization will probably take care of them. Their mothers probably did not raise them to be soldiers.

Old soldiers are curious birds with strange fancies about many things. One of our men, "an old hand," acquired in some fashion a light glass goblet, very fragile in appearance. How he carried it and kept it intact I do not know. On the infrequent occasions when rum was issued he drew his

rum ration in this glass and drank it as he said like a gentleman. The rest of us attached more importance to getting it under our belts without delay and would drink it out of anything. Another chap I knew could not eat sitting down with his legs crossed. He got a spade from the ammunition tool-wagon and dug himself a hole in the ground to put his legs and feet in while he ate his fried mutton in an erect position.

We had an old chap in my Squadron whose name was Miles. It was said that he had served on the Northern side in the American Civil War. This would be thirty-five years after the last shot was fired in that war and it was possible that the story was true. His hair and moustache were grizzly gray. When we came into a standing camp or spent a few days at any place, Miles went out by himself and after an absence of an hour or so, returned—his hair and moustache would be blue-black and curiously enough with its transformation his outlook on life was much younger than it had been before the painting job had been done. Miles had acquired in some fashion an ostrich egg which he had blown and carried it in a Christie biscuit box encased in grass and attached to his rifle bucket. I fancy that he had it in mind to get it home and display it with other knick-knacks in the family parlour.

One day there was an alarm and the squadron was ordered to get mounted. Miles' horse was at the forge being shod. He appealed to the Sergeant who probably told him to throw his saddle on any horse he could get. When I hurried up I found Miles in the middle of the process of saddling up my horse with his saddle. I ordered him to desist and he quoted the authority of the Sergeant. I then went to the offside and uncinched his saddle from that side and threw it over the horse's rump. Then we both seized the horse's head collar with one hand while we pushed and struck at each other. Miles' saddle lay on the ground and with it the precious ostrich egg. The wretched horse, an Argentine, seeking to escape from a row, began to back up. Slowly he raised his off hind foot and slowly placed it as he hoped on the ground. In point of fact he put it precisely in the biscuit box and crushed the ostrich egg to fragments. Miles emitted an agonized scream like a wounded animal and gave up the struggle.

Chapter LX

OUR detachment then returned to Pan Station and stayed there a day or so. A party, consisting of eight men under the orders of a Corporal, was instructed to proceed to Middelburg. We rode out of Pan Station in the general direction of Middelburg and then struck off into the veldt for a bit of a holiday. I forget whether the Corporal acquiesced or did not. At all events by that time discipline had got very bad and officers were not supporting N.C.O.'s as they should have done; consequently the authority of Corporals amounted to almost nothing. We ran into the Boers almost immediately and had a pleasant skirmish with them. We came upon a deserted farm house where we decided to stay for the night. We got into a sheep kraal in which we put ourselves and our horses and our gear. The kraal was on high ground and the position was a good defensive one. We loopholed the walls by knocking out some of the rocks and having lots of ammunition considered ourselves quite secure. We moved the piano out of the drawing room into the kraal and one of the men played quite well on it. I think it was Alex McCauley who in civil life was organist of the Presbyterian Church in Edmonton.

There were lots of sheep around so we had an abundance of fresh mutton. A small creek or spruit ran nearby. We got buckets and cans out of the house and kept a supply of water on hand. We spent three or four days there quite pleasantly. Some Boers approached the farmhouse one day with the usual precautions. We allowed them to come quite close and then let them have it. However, we did observe that we were being watched and concluded that we ought to move on.

After quite a pleasant holiday we emerged and rode into Middelburg several days later. Out from Middelburg the whole of the 3rd Troop of "C" Squadron was on outpost

duty on a big feature called Aas Vogel's Krantz. Here, there was a certain amount of feed for the horses and a good spring of water. By day we sent out three or four patrols to the north and west and occasionally some patrols at night. We built schanzes, or small stone defences suitable for four men, covering all the approaches.

Every night a wagon came out from Middelburg with oats, rations and ammunition. It was quite a risky job in any case and the teamster, a man called Campbell, was in no doubt about the risk involved. It was a pretty difficult matter to sneak out silently with a team of heavy horses and a wagon. Campbell's technique seemed to be effective and it was certainly amusing. He was a big fat man with a loud clear voice and as he rumbled along the road from Middelburg to our position, he addressed all sorts of remarks to an imaginary force protecting a substantial wagon train. At a certain point he would shout in a loud voice: "Bring your troop in a bit closer Mr. Jones." Later on he would say: "Dismount your troop Mr. Smith and line the crest of the ridge." "Close those wagons up Sergeant Brown." The night air was filled with Campbell's commands and all the time he had our best wishes since he might have some jam and some rum in his cargo. When he finally reached us he was sweating profusely. We crowded round him and patted him on the back and assured him he had the voice and the capacity to command of a General. After unloading his wagon, he drove back to Middelburg and as far as we could hear him he was still directing his imaginary troops.

We made fishhooks out of bent pins and bits of wire and caught small fish in a small creek nearby and one of the men reported that he had seen a small crocodile which put us off bathing in that particular pool. I shot an antelope, one day with my revolver, a very pretty little creature, not much more than two feet high. There was not an ounce of fat on him. We found him very difficult to cook.

One night a man named Kelly and myself went out to endeavour to gain merit by capturing some Boers. There was a large native settlement immediately below the krantz which the Boers were said to visit at night to get information from their agents amongst the natives. We put our horses in a kraal and walked through the village on foot. We watched all night but saw no Boers. I was nearly knifed

by a woman who suddenly appeared from behind a bee-hive native house. She looked like a perfect fury and gave me quite a fright.

The Aas Vogel is a carrion bird that moves motionlessly through the air at great heights and has extraordinarily keen eyesight. They can apparently spot a sick horse or a sick ox from a tremendous distance. They fly over him until he lies down to die. Then they alight in the neighbourhood and walk around waiting for death to come to their victim. It is a repulsive sight and I often thought that the wretched horses in particular knew that the birds were waiting for them to stretch out.

The War had now degenerated into a guerilla war. The Boers knew their country like the backs of their own hands. They moved about in small parties and apparently had the means of calling considerable forces together for a big job. They excelled in this sort of fighting and distinctly out-pointed us at every move. They raided the railway, captured and destroyed convoys, surprised and cut up substantial parties of our people up to the strength of a regiment. They had begun to wear our uniform for lack of clothing and as their Mauser rifles wore out they used our rifles and ammunition. The Boers I met and talked with would have thoroughly enjoyed the war but for the fact that we were killing and eating their sheep and cattle, taking their horses and destroying their farms.

The policy of the Government changed several times about Boer women and children. At first it was proposed that the Boer who surrendered might return to his farm with his family and resume a peaceful existence, showing his pass to anyone who asked for it. This, of course, was impossible. The Boer authorities on the other hand refused to recognize this condition and impressed any of their people that they could find. The result was that one would be fired on from the farm of a man who had surrendered and had a pass. Quite frequently the owner himself was captured, rifle in hand. On searching the premises, rifles, ammunition and saddlery were frequently discovered. Then it was proposed to bring women and children into convenient centres and establish concentration camps for them. Owing to scarcity of milk there was a high death-rate among the children and, of course, much bitterness among the Boers. It

was then decided to ship all the Boer women and children out to the Boer Commandoes. This, of course, was an absurd policy since our armed forces were actually harrying these people wherever we could find them. The result of this was that we continually ran into frightened women and children. The natives had also got ugly and were making it unpleasant for the women when the men were away. I think I can say that there was no intentional cruelty on the part of the British but a good deal of hardship resulted which was inherent in the whole situation. The Boers were then a pastoral people and needed to have their wives and children around them. The nature of the war made this quite impossible.

With Middelburg as our centre, we operated in the neighbouring country outposts, patrols, reconnaissance in force, occasional fights and the like. On one of these occasions a Squadron of the Epping Forest "Rough Riders" trotted past. They were a Yeomanry squadron from England. They had received little or no training and were a mere mob. They were followed by a small party of New Zealanders who were picking up articles that had been dropped as they moved along. It was not uncommon for the saddle blanket to slip out from under the saddle without the knowledge of the rider. This fell into the net of the New Zealanders. I remember that the Farrier-Sergeant carried a fifty-pound anvil on his saddle. This I considered was a terrible offence in a horse soldier. This outfit was perfectly useless. They were largely townsmen who knew nothing about horses, could not care for them nor ride them. They only swelled the grand total of British troops in the field, and were a source of anxiety to anyone who had anything to do with them. Something might have been made of them if they had been given good officers and say six months of good training. I remember two other Yeomanry outfits who had been captured twice by the enemy and had been completely stripped and walked into the nearest garrison in their shirt tails. The Commandant at Kroonstad refused to give them clothing or equipment on the ground that the Boers would take it away from them. The Infantry of the British Army were the best trained soldiers of the lot and were stout and resolute, but being on foot were much too slow for the Boers. They could not overtake the enemy nor could they escape from them. After a certain amount of training they could turn

out good Mounted Infantry. Towards the end of 1900 this fact was recognized. The British Government then thought to make mounted troops out of artillery drivers, leaving the guns in position at selected points. It was the British mounted troops who finally brought the war to a successful conclusion. The Infantry could only be used advantageously in holding positions, posts and the like.

I think it is safe to say at this distance that the Boer war was mismanaged from start to finish. At the conclusion of the war this fact was thoroughly realized by all real soldiers and there then began the reorganization and training which produced the "contemptible" army of 1914. Under this change much more was demanded of the officers. Up to that time it was only required of an officer that he should be a man of birth and breeding and that when the time came for the assault, he should put himself at the front of his troops and advance fearlessly on the enemy. In matters of training, interior economy and the like, the watchword was "Carry on Sergeant." After the South African War it was required of the officer that he should be able to train, discipline and care for his men. This in turn produced the very excellent type of officer who led his men in France in 1914-15 and the following years. The besetting sin of the regular British Officer was then and still is a certain formalism, the doing of things that "are done" and the refraining from doing things that "are not done" and casualness in the performance of military duty. I remember an officer of Alderson's staff named MacMicken. He was a tall, thin Scotsman who had gained our profound respect. As he rode along he could read flag signals and heliograph signals. He could select positions, supervise the construction of trenches and so on. He was a good soldier and a good officer and every private soldier that he dealt with had a warm feeling for him. I have often wondered what became of him.

Chapter LXI

AS usual, the Guards were outstanding in the army in South Africa. They were, of course, all men over six feet tall in those days. The outstanding thing about the Guards—which is not very well understood generally—is that they are a force apart with certain rights and privileges of which they make the greatest use. If, for instance, an officer in the Guards discloses that he is unsuitable, he is quietly got rid of. They are not bedevilled by higher authority in the matter of training. Their officers are drawn from the best families in the British Isles and the knightly tradition of *noblesse oblige* prevails. Somewhere in the Scripture I think it is written “Whosoever would be the greatest among you let him be the servant of all.” A young man of good birth, breeding, and wealth becoming an officer in the Guards lives up to this ideal terrifically. I have seen Guards officers treating their men suffering from ingrown toenails. No Guardsman has any troubles of a domestic character which he ultimately does not lay upon his officer. The idea is that the Guards officer on active service must undergo precisely the same hardships as his men and still be the best man in the lot when it comes to that further effort which completes an arduous march or wins a desperate fight.

To produce this type of officer the senior officers of the Guards do not appear to be hampered or interfered with by higher authority. They set a standard and insist upon it. Those who fail to measure up to that standard quietly disappear. Notwithstanding this, the Guards never seem to be short of the type which they require. With such leadership the men become a strong, hardy, proud, and courageous lot. Normally, they keep their mouths very tightly closed, but occasionally a Guardsman is caught off-balance and drops a remark which discloses the whole pattern and framework of the structure. The meticulous performance of every duty

—no matter how seemingly unimportant—is the foundation upon which these men advance in the attack and die to the last man in defence. No soldier who has ever served with or near the Guards can be otherwise than profoundly impressed by them.

In the South African War the Guards were a bit upset, I think, by the informality of the Boers and their unexpected reactions. This, the Guards officers noticed, and in the peace training which followed between the end of the South African War and the outbreak of the War of 1914-18, they provided for. Most Guards officers are original thinkers, and normally their thinking is in advance of the pamphlets and training manuals turned out by the War Office in peacetime. Canadian soldiers, with their natural instincts and talents for war, have much to learn from the Guards and something to contribute to the Guards as well.

On the 21st of September, the squadron moved out to take up a position to cover the railway crossing at the Elephant's River. This we succeeded in doing without difficulty, and in several skirmishes in the neighbourhood drove the enemy away. Some of our people were posted on the high ground in trenches, and I amongst others was down at the water's edge where every night we were enveloped in a mist. I had been taking quinine pills whenever I was out in the mist, which I think kept me in pretty good shape, but here my supply ran out and I knew that I had a fever of some sort. My condition could be described as "seedy," never being fit for hospital but never feeling quite 100 per cent.

On the 11th of October, we marched out from Pan Station and had a typical South African war battle with the enemy. Before starting the medical sergeant took my temperature and found that it was 105. We were lining a rocky ridge in the afternoon, and a trumpeter named "Mutchy" King, who had done three months in jail for some offence, rejoined us. He had not fired a shot so far in the war, and arrived bareback on a Boer pony carrying one hundred rounds of ammunition in a red woollen toque, and his rifle in the other hand. He found a suitable rock on my left rear and proceeded to shoot off all his ammunition. When we moved off I was quite deaf.

From this point we moved back to Pan, and from there to Nooitgedacht. I was in the early stages of enteric

fever. On the 16th of October I drove in in an ambulance, with two or three wounded men and eight fever patients, to Pan; and from there took the train to Middelburg. One of our teamsters mixed up a brew of rum and condensed milk which we said would be good for us. We arrived in hospital at Middelburg as drunk as lords. The hospital was an old public school building, surrounded by marquee tents. There were seven men in my room and four of them died. In the middle of my fever an ostrich stuck its head through the top window-frame and looked over the room, turning its head first to one side, then to the other. I thought I had the "willies" and screamed with fright because the head of the ostrich looked just like a snake. It turned out, however, to be an ostrich that was more or less of a pet around the hospital and called usually for the purpose of being given exhausted sparklets—a small metal container containing the gas to make soda water. Having been given his sparklets he went off. This hospital was served by nurses; some of them pretty severe looking old battle-axes, but some of them young and pretty. The orderlies were merely convalescents and had received no hospital training. I remember one of them, with a long nose and a snuffle, who used to put the screens around a bad case and announced to the rest of us: "Ere's a bloke as'll snuff it afore morning." This was not very cheering either for the man behind the screens or the rest of us.

Gradually, however, I began to feel better and was discharged on November 11th, proceeding by train from Middelburg to No. 2 General Hospital in Pretoria. Upon approaching this place, doctors came through the car and put a ticket upon me which I was informed signified that I was to be carried on a stretcher from the train to my cot in the tent hospital, and this was done. When I reached the hospital I found that my jack-knife was missing. Going back over the events of the day I remembered that I had been carving my name on the windowsill in the hospital car so I trotted back to the train to get it, passing on the way the stretcher bearers who had carried me so carefully from the train to the hospital tent. They gave me rather a curious look but had apparently seen many strange things in their job and said no more about it.

On the 12th of November, Harold M. Daly, now of

Ottawa, and "Buck" Dunsford—both St. John's boys and then serving in Strathcona's Horse—called to see me. I was in a tent with six Imperial soldiers. Our tableware was substantial tin: cups and plates. The British soldier believes that anything that shines is clean. The tents were inspected every day at ten o'clock, and the dishes were all arranged on the table in fancy pyramids and figures. They were washed in dishwater first and then polished with Sapolio. As these soldiers polished the dishes and cups they spat upon them, and polished them until they looked like silver. The inspecting officer seemed to be greatly impressed. One poor fellow who was dying of wounds and T.B., and knew that he would never see his wife and children again, used to call me on one side and in a very weak voice would say: "Canadian, don't let them spit on my plate."

It was about this time that we, in this hospital, heard the volley of the firing-party that executed a young Boer Staats artillery officer, named Cordua, who had been granted a parole and then sent out information to the Boer forces in the neighbourhood. He was shot as a spy. I remember that there was a good deal of sympathy amongst the men for him.

On November 20th, I was transferred to a nearby rest-camp. This camp, on the first morning, supplied a large fatigue party to whitewash the stones marking the streets and lanes in No. 2 General Hospital adjoining. This large party was in charge of a sergeant wearing a Stetson hat. I knew that he didn't belong to "ours" or to the Dragoons, so I spoke to him and he told me that he belonged to Strathcona's Horse and his name was Symons. I asked him if he was Jack Symons, and he said "Yes." He had quite a reputation in the West in the old days and was a great fighting man. In the fall of 1884 he had deserted from the Mounted Police with another man. They had ridden across the boundary in uniform with their arms, and after many adventures had gone down the Mississippi in a small boat and were in New Orleans when the Rebellion of 1885 broke out. They wired the Commissioner asking if they might come back, and received a reply in the affirmative. They returned under their own steam and turned up in Regina just as the large police party was pulling out for Duck Lake, as I have described previously. The Commissioner held

orderly-room and sentenced them each to twelve months imprisonment and dismissal from the Force on the charge of desertion, but included them in the party which went north. Knowing Symons' record, his boldness and dash generally, I asked him if he was a sergeant in Strathcona's Horse. He was wearing his stripes wrapped around his right shoulder strap as the custom was in those days. He replied that he was as good a sergeant as anybody I was likely to see, from which I formed the opinion that on finding himself in that rest camp he had just made himself a sergeant. In any case he was a good sergeant for he told me to go and lie down in the shade of a tree until the whitewashing job was over.

That evening I heard the regimental call of my regiment, which by the way was the regimental call of the Mounted Police, in the far distance and decided to leave the rest camp and get back to the regiment. For this I received fourteen days C.B. I was turned out in the morning to assist an Irish gentleman named Milly who was also doing his stretch. He had a cart and a team of small mules and was going about picking up bits of paper, cigarette boxes, match boxes and the like. I joined him in these industrious futilities, and he immediately confined himself to the driving of the mules; I had to do the picking up. I urged him to drive over to the hospital where there seemed to be a lot of stuff to be picked up. When I got there I went into the tent and consulted with my old friend "Doc" Howden, the hospital sergeant. After a few words of conversation Howden put me on the sick list which had the effect of nullifying my sentence of fourteen days.

Chapter LXII

WE then learned that we were being gathered up to be returned to Canada. On December 3rd, we set off for the South by train and came to a place where the track had been destroyed by the enemy for some seven miles. We had to foot it past this stretch. We drew into a large station one day where there were several carloads of beer going up the line for canteens. The old army game was worked here very effectively. Some old soldier turned out a party of fifty men, numbered them off, told them off, and marched them off in a soldierly manner in fours. Arrived at the beer cars he dispersed them hither and thither to get trucks, wheelbarrows and the like, and we transferred the contents of the beer cars to the trucks in which we were travelling. Since we didn't know how long we would escape the arm of the law we proceeded to drink up this beer in short order. There were threats of inquiry, threats of stoppage of pay and the like, but with the beer inside us we didn't care what happened. We were deflected in our journey to a nice little Boer town in Cape Colony called Worcester. A convention had recently been held there by the Dutch sympathizers of the Boers in which resolutions had been carried, urging Cape Colony to join with the Boers. We were given to understand that our arrival there would overawe the town. We proceeded to overawe everybody in sight, and with difficulty were loaded on another train which took us to Cape Town on the 12th of December.

Two troops of my regiment were sent down to the docks to do various fatigues and find guards for guns and equipment, and at this we spent the rest of the day.

In the evening we began to hear rumours of high jinks in the town. We applied for leave which was refused, and most of us decided to break out. There were armed guards

and military police all over the place, and getting out was quite difficult. I remember one party signalled to a horse cab which drove in and took out a party of about eight. One of the men mounted the horse, another man took the reins on the box, and the rest crowded in behind. Getting up speed they approached the sentries at the gate at a gallop. Being foot-soldiers this charge of cavalry was too much for them; they made way for the cab and its load. At the end of the pier there were two Nova Scotia sailing ships, and a Norwegian ship in a slip. I jumped from our pier onto the deck of one of them, and jumping from ship to ship emerged on the far side to freedom. When we got uptown we found a riot going on. A Dutch newspaper had made the statement that the Australians were the descendants of convicts. This was one of those statements which fits into the alleged legal quip, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel." The Australians had visited this newspaper and had wrecked the plant and were now marching about the city looking for trouble in general. Canadians had arrived and had seized all the saloons and drinking places, putting their own men behind the bars, handing out liquor free of charge. The fun was fast and furious. The police appeared to be quite helpless.

In the midst of all this I saw a party of mounted men ride into the square. Most of them wore beards or heavy moustaches. They were tall, lean men on tall, lean horses in a drab sort of uniform. They formed in line and drew their swords, and then I recognized them to be my father's old Regiment, the Cape Mounted Rifles. Selecting as their target the most solid looking body of rioters in sight they advanced at a walk, broke into a trot, and finally a gallop. They used the flats and the backs of their swords and cracked many heads. The mob fled for their lives. I moved off at a right angle and had a good view of the encounter. The military mob numbered about 8,000 men. They had been put to flight by 30 Cape Mounted Rifles. The C.M.R. was supported by infantry patrols with fixed bayonets. The mob had no real grievance and were merely looking for excitement, stimulated by free drinks. With one accord we decided that the place was unhealthy and everyone set out for the place from which he had come. I think that I ran into D'Arcy Boulton of the Dragoons, and he and I between us endeavoured to carry off a drunken Dragoon.

We found ourselves in the Malay section of the town where there were a lot of very ugly-looking customers, carrying long wavy bladed knives, who threatened us frequently. Fortunately, I was carrying my revolver and was able to stand them off. Ultimately, we reached the dock safely with my two Dragoons who really belonged at Maitland Camp many miles away. The whole business was an interesting demonstration of rioting soldiers who had got out-of-hand, and the vigorous action of the comparatively small party of Cape Mounted Rifles numbering about 30. There is nothing to be feared from a military mob unless they are suffering from some injustice, always assuming that they are real fighting soldiers. Hesitation and vacillation can usually be found at the bottom of serious disturbances of this nature.

For this illegal jaunt into the city I was brought before the "Beak" next morning and sentenced to seven days detention.

Chapter LXIII

AT 4 p.m. on the 13th we sailed for Canada on the *Roslyn Castle*. I was, however, still a convalescent, and my old friend "Doc" Howden came to my rescue and put me on the sick-list. My enteric fever threatened a relapse, and I was taken into hospital for a few days.

Several prize fights were got up amongst the sailors. We made up a purse of \$50 for one of them, and a couple of well-matched sailors fought with bare fists to a knock-out.

Roslyn Castle had been fitted out as a troopship in England and was in all respects a well-found ship. We had on board the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Second C.M.R., and three batteries of the Royal Canadian Field Artillery. Many of the men boarding the ship at Cape Town brought on board South African apes. We stopped at the Cape Verde Islands and took on a further consignment of monkeys and parrots. As we got across the equator these wretched animals had to be provided with clothing. The apes wore brown sweaters, red woollen toques, and fragments of trousers. The little fellows wore sweaters.

On January 8th, 1901, we sailed into Halifax Harbour. We received practically a year's pay in Canadian money and transportation to our homes. Every man carried a rifle, bayonet, and revolver; some with ammunition and some without. I never could understand why this was done although it was suggested that some of the men had refused to give up their weapons. We disembarked on the 9th and set out for our homes. The demobilization was very much of a "hit or miss" business because discipline had become very bad, due almost entirely to the fact that the officers had not supported their N.C.O.'s in handling the men.

On the train we formed a party of about ten who decided to stop off in Ottawa and blow in our pay. On reaching Ottawa we went to the Cecil Hotel, near the corner of Sparks

and Bank Streets, which I think was on its last legs then. The proprietor was a man named Genslinger. Staying at this hotel at the same time was the Opera Company playing "The Runaway Girl." We took a block of seats in the front row for every night for a week, and arranged with a florist to send down bouquets of flowers to the principals. In fact, we did everything that young men do who have been away from civilization for some time and have lots of money to spend.

I left Ottawa, finally with fifteen cents in my pocket, and reached Edmonton in due course with precisely the same amount. As we travelled westward, all sorts of stories reached us of the behaviour of other parties of our regiment involving the shooting up of some peaceful eastern towns and of bloody battles with the police. At Rat Portage a large body of civil police met me at the station and warned me not to get off the train. Later on, while the train was standing in the station, the Chief of Police informed me that they had succeeded in locating one of our bad men who was armed with a rifle and revolver and had been sniping at the police. I was invited to go and talk to him and get him to travel on the train with me. I finally agreed to do this and "contacted"—as we say nowadays, an old comrade named Wally McCall, I think it was. Wally's grievance was that he had been misunderstood, that the police had tried to push him around in a manner inconsistent with his dignity. I induced him to come with me and we travelled together to Winnipeg. We were again met by the police who induced Wally and myself to leave our rifles with them for safe-keeping on the understanding that they would be handed to us as we left Winnipeg. These men were not criminals but their idea of a good time was to raise hell and fire off their weapons indiscriminately. Many of them were real cowpunchers, and others were merely the synthetic variety. Men of this type require a rigid discipline and good deal of fighting with casualties to reduce them to a proper state of mind. This we had never had. In addition, men of this sort will do anything for an officer whom they can respect. The officers required for this type of men must be capable, courageous, and generous-spirited. They must be able to stand all the hardships their men are required to undergo and still be the best man about. A. C. Macdonnell, sub-

sequently Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald; G. E. Sanders, now Colonel, C.M.G., D.S.O.; and Tommy Chalmers were such men. More men of this type could have made the regiment a great success, but unfortunately we didn't have them.

At the opening of hostilities the British had suffered some very severe reverses, mainly due to getting too close to the enemy in close order. These experiences determined the tactics of the whole war. Attacks were seldom pressed home, and the Boers were past-masters in misleading and mystifying their enemy. I have already referred to their frequent use of a simple expedient, namely, to pretend to be strong when they were weak and to pretend that they were weak when they were strong. This expedient played the devil with our senior officers who sometimes attacked and got a good "doing," and failed to attack when resistance would have amounted to very little. When it was realized that the enemy were all mounted, an attempt was made to increase our numbers of mounted men. These mainly were synthetic yeomen who were pitch-forked into the War without training. They were neither horsemen nor horse masters. Had these horsemen been properly trained and properly led the War would have been over in a few months. The Boers never numbered more than 80,000 men, but they utilized their knowledge of the country and always rode light. We carried enormous weights on our wretched horses, stood them on lines at night and gave them only oats which burned them out. The wastage in horse flesh must have been terrific. As I have said, most of the lessons one learned were negative in quality—what not to do—but that has a definite military value. We never hated the Boers and never ceased to have a profound respect for them as fighting men.

Chapter LXIV

FOLLOWING my return to Edmonton there were, of course, a series of receptions and parties. At all these receptions I was asked to speak, and discovered that I had quite a "gift of the gab." I had the outstanding advantage of discussing my adventures in South Africa, which I knew by heart and was able to "despise" my audience, as I think Dickens puts it. That is to say, my audience knew nothing about the subject, whereas I had just returned from seeing a good deal. This is a very important consideration in making a speech to any audience; unless one feels oneself master of the subject and also feels that the audience know very little about it, one will not make a very good speech.

Finally, I came to the conclusion that this field was more or less exhausted and I should settle down to the serious business of making a living. From a strictly legal point of view I was qualified to practise law, but as I have not hesitated to explain, my legal training had been of a pretty sketchy character.

My father thought that I should set myself up in the little town of Wetaskiwin, which gave promise of growing into a large-sized country town. On the other hand, I thought that I should start in Edmonton, where at least there were more people and a bit more life. My father's argument was reinforced by a very sound Yorkshire wisecrack. He said: "If you go to Wetaskiwin you will be a king amongst monkeys, whereas if you start up in Edmonton, you will be a monkey amongst kings." I nevertheless did start up in Edmonton, practising alone.

There was a world of wisdom in my father's observation. Many parents give no thought whatever in launching their sons to the element of competition. Apparently, they all assume that their sons are so clever that in the fiercest competition they will emerge successfully. This is only true

occasionally and the wise parent will do well in giving some consideration to the question of the kind of competition the son will meet as he travels along the path which the parent and the son have decided upon. One of the reasons why I should have stayed with Colonel Reeves in Africa was the absence of competition. There I would have had the field largely to myself.

A few years ago a young Englishman came to see me in Ottawa. He was a handsome fellow, six feet tall and with a good head on his shoulders. He had an English public-school education and was the son and the grandson of a Mounted Police officer and he had it in mind to join the Mounted Police. I told him in the circumstances he would probably be accepted for the Force, but throughout his career would meet the fiercest competition. I told him that the Mounted Police had a waiting list of six thousand applicants, that the men then being taken on were much of his own type. Most of them had university matriculation and were fine physical specimens. I suggested, moreover, that after twenty years' service he might have attained to the rank of corporal. I advised him not to join the Mounted Police but to return to England and make a careful survey of the situation there. I told him that if he could find a British Regiment of Infantry which looked a bit rundown, which had a large proportion of young officers with large noses, no chins and buck teeth, he should join that outfit as a private soldier, where he would be very welcome. I went on to predict that at the end of twenty years he would probably be a Major and might retire on pension with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Youth, however, never takes advice very readily, and he did join the Mounted Police but things turned out fairly well for him after all. He had completed his first engagement of three years just about the time the present war broke out. He had found out that what I had told him was very true. So he returned to England post-haste, joined the British army as a private soldier and today, by reason of the war, is now a Major. I fancy that most of the men who joined the Police with him and were in the same recruit class are still constables.

Returning to my own experiences of an attempt to establish myself in a law practice in Edmonton. Weeks passed and nobody came to see me except people selling law books,

legal forms and the like, although the first month I did make enough money to pay the rent of my office.

Edmonton was then a pretty primitive place, but growing rapidly. One of the things I discovered was this, that starting up in the home town is not the certainty that it might seem to be. My father had many friends in Edmonton who had a good deal of law business to dispense but, as I had grown up in the town, they still considered that I was a mere boy and took their legal business elsewhere. In the end, my father's friends and my old acquaintances were of very little use to me in building up a law practice.

As I look back upon those days I am certain, but for the influx of new people, I probably would have starved to death. This was in the year 1901. Later on that year I formed a partnership with Charles de Wolfe Macdonald, a lawyer from Nova Scotia. He was an extremely clever man who could speak seven languages. As a matter of fact, he learned to speak a language in from three weeks to a month. He picked up enough Polish, Russian and Ukrainian to take instructions from clients of those races. He could make himself understood in all the Scandinavian languages and spoke Spanish and French. He was inclined to be a bit eccentric but was, generally speaking, a very sound lawyer. One of his weaknesses was his criticism of the judges, a thing that seldom pays, since ultimately one has to go before a judge to plead a case. There are very few judges who can forget that the lawyer addressing them at that moment has announced in a loud voice to a fairly large gathering that the judge in question is a damn fool. De Wolfe Macdonald, in addition to other activities, was a chicken fancier and a good deal of his chicken business passed through the office. He was always shipping out cockerels to other chicken fanciers and receiving cocks from them. He also had a curious way of dealing with clients. I remember one day a man came in setting out how he had endorsed a note and later on signed a mortgage and was now in difficulties. The man finished his story by saying, "What do you think of that, Mr. Macdonald?" Mr. Macdonald's reply was brief and to the point: "I think you are a damn fool, since you ask me."

He subsequently became Crown Prosecutor, which in those days was an office in the gift of the Federal Government.

We both used to write letters to the papers under a *nom de plume*. Later we attacked each other and carried on a newspaper controversy with a certain amount of heat and violence and subsequently discovered who the other fellow was. This invariably got out and caused a good deal of amusement to our friends.

I seldom or never went into court, as I was sensitive about my lack of legal knowledge. This used to surprise de Wolfe Macdonald. I remember him saying to me one day, "You amaze me. You speak very well, have more cheek than any man I ever knew." But what I was really thinking about was the fate of the wretched clients who might entrust their cases to me.

In 1904 I dissolved my partnership with Macdonald, and in 1906 formed the firm of Griesbach, O'Connor and Company; the Honourable Mr. Justice O'Connor being my partner.

In retrospect I can say that George O'Connor was the very man I needed. He had a very sound knowledge of law, loads of commonsense, always knew what was going on and had an amazing sense of humour. These are the qualities which make him the good Judge that he is. When we first formed our connection the arrangement was wholly verbal and throughout the whole period of our association, which terminated when I became Inspector General in June of 1940, we never had a written agreement.

We had from time to time a number of young partners who came into the firm and subsequently branched out for themselves. These young men were always striving to put things right, and they frequently prepared partnership agreements which set out the duties of everyone and the proper division of labour and profits. They all signed up in due course with red seals opposite their names, and when the document was finally laid on George's desk or mine, we postponed the execution of the same or offered so many objections that our young partners became worn out and finally gave up the job as hopeless. Shortly after I left the firm George O'Connor was appointed Justice in the Supreme Court of Alberta.

Chapter LXV

I THINK it was in 1903 or 1904 that I decided to interest myself in municipal affairs and to run for the City Council. It was customary in those days to issue an election address, which always began with an assertion to this effect: "At the request of a large number of ratepayers, I have decided to enter the forthcoming municipal elections as a candidate for the Town Council." This suggested that there was a terrific demand for the candidate to come forward. The persons referred to in my election address were exactly two, A. Bruce Powley, the jeweller, and John I. Mills, the clothier. These two gentlemen signed my nomination papers. The election address then went on to set out the candidates' proposals for the better government of the town. These proposals my address set out in suitable detail. I attended meetings all over the city and in those days had a good deal to say for myself. The result of the election was that, while I was not elected, I stood at the head of those who were unsuccessful. In those days there were no movies and very little to interest the people. Consequently, election meetings drew a large attendance and a heavy vote was polled on election-day. Today, of course, it is quite otherwise. The next year I actually had supporting me a certain number of electors who could be truthfully alleged as interested in my candidature. The result of that election was that I was elected, but at the bottom of the list of the elected. At the first meeting, committees for the year were struck, and I found myself chairman of the Fire Committee, the Police Committee and the Public Buildings Committee. I was a very new broom and decided to sweep very clean with the least possible delay. I had observed that the stairway from the front door of the Town Hall to the Council Chamber was littered with cigar and cigarette butts and a lot of mud had been tracked in from the unpaved streets. The Town Council at its weekly

meetings was a place of amusement and the Council Meetings were well attended. I found that the Chief of Police was responsible for keeping the stairway clean. I had the Chief of Police meet me and we examined the premises. He was an old Imperial soldier and had served in the Mounted Police and these were his qualifications for the job. He had worked under superior officers all his life and as Chief of Police on his own was a bit out of his element. When I pointed out the filthy condition of the stairway, he appeared to be greatly impressed but explained that the job of cleaning the stairs was usually done by prisoners whom he might happen to have in the lock-up. I brushed this explanation aside and explained to him that the job of keeping the stairway clean was his and he might put some of his constables to work in their spare time. This, of course, he didn't like to do, and he finally turned to his sergeant, Tom McCallum, who has recently retired from his job as Licence Inspector, and said: "Tom, go out and arrest Billy Childs." Childs was a quarter-breed, with some education, who had gone to seed. He drank a good deal and was not above picking up any loose property that might be around and selling it. I fancy that poor Billy Childs could be arrested almost any time for almost anything. As a matter of fact, ten minutes later, Billy Childs was sweeping down the main stairway of the Town Hall and doing a very good job.

About this time some children had been bitten and somewhat mauled by dogs. The editor of the *Edmonton Bulletin* seemed to be firmly of the opinion that the dogs who had done the biting were dogs that were running at large and upon whom no licence had been paid. There was consequently a hot editorial in the *Bulletin* complaining that the City Government was at fault in not requiring the pound-keeper to round up all these dogs and destroy those who had no licence tags. In other words, to enforce the dog licence by-law.

Charlie Bremner was a Scotsman who had a farm in the Clover Bar area to the east of Edmonton. He was a big man, stood about six feet three and weighed well over two hundred pounds. He was physically a strong man and intellectually of bold and independent spirit. He had licked a number of "good men" and was, in short, a dangerous man to meddle with. He drove into town one day on business

and "hung up" his team at the hitching post in front of the Alberta Hotel. He was accompanied that day by two of his famous deerhounds, a breed which he imported from Scotland. These dogs seated themselves in the sleigh and were more or less on guard.

The Town Council, "needled" by the editorials appearing in the *Bulletin*, had issued a pretty "snooty" direction to the poundkeeper to vigorously enforce the dog by-law and compel citizens to take out licences for their dogs. The poundkeeper was the modern type of business man who had studied the economy of effort. He had found that chasing individual dogs and finally getting them into the pound was a difficult and arduous job. He decided upon a more ambitious scheme. So it was his practice to walk through the town having a lady-dog in a certain condition on a leash. He finally wended his way back to the pound, followed by a large assortment of gentlemen dogs. These he led into the pound, those wearing licence tags were released and the others remained in custody. Then he went out again. In this way he was able to fill the dog-pound with unlicensed dogs. Citizens who missed their dogs went down to the pound, paid the fee and retrieved their four-legged friends. As the poundkeeper, in one of his sorties, passed Charlie Bremner's sleigh in which the deerhounds were sitting, they, apparently forgetting their pedigrees, their ancient lineage and their intimate association with Charlie Bremner, hopped out of the sleigh and joined the procession. Charlie Bremner, not being a resident of Edmonton, had not taken out licence tags. These dogs, therefore, were impounded awaiting due process of law. When Charlie came out of the hotel his dogs were missing. He soon learned what had happened to them, drove down to the dog-pound, kicked the door open, let out all the dogs in custody, got his own and drove homeward.

The poundkeeper made his report of the incident and the new Council were confronted with the situation. It was indeed a grave situation. Charlie Bremner could lick the whole Police Force of the City of Edmonton whether individually or collectively. He had many friends in Edmonton and had a good deal to say for himself. The Council was distinctly "on the spot." Edmonton was anxious to attract farmers to Edmonton, having Strathcona in mind, the merchants did not want any possible customers to be offended and there

was the outstanding legal question as to whether a mere visitor should run the danger of having his unlicensed dogs impounded and so on and so forth. The Aldermen stared at each other rather helplessly. We had to support our officials if we could. We cursed the editor of the *Bulletin* under our breaths and wondered what we could do. Finally, Alderman K. A. McLeod moved that the report of the poundkeeper be filed and the poundkeeper be informed that in future he must, in impounding dogs, use only mechanical means.

One of my first attempts at legislation failed dismally although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that I was right then and am right still.

As a fireman I had learned that the vast majority of fires in a town were due to the neglect, indifference or carelessness of the householder in leaving inflammable litter about their warehouses and premises, failure to have their electrical connections periodically seen to, broken stoves, insecure places to put hot ashes and the like. It cost the city a certain amount of money to put out each fire; even a false alarm cost money. I proposed a by-law under the terms of which the householder would be summoned before the police magistrate, charged with having a fire on his premises; that if the evidence disclosed carelessness or neglect of any kind, the accused could be found guilty of having a fire on his premises and fined at least the cost of putting out the fire. If the carelessness or neglect was very gross, the fine might be substantially increased. I was satisfied then, and am still, that if such a by-law existed it would not be long before there would be a substantial lessening of fires. The aldermen voted solidly against my proposal; most of them had had fires at one time or another, and most of them knew perfectly well that they were responsible for the same.

Chapter LXVI

IN 1905, by legislation of the Parliament of Canada, the old North-West Territories consisting of three districts, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, were erected into two new provinces within the Confederation. The district of Alberta with the addition of all territory up to the sixtieth parallel was made into the Province of Alberta. Saskatchewan and Assiniboia were made into the Province of Saskatchewan and their northern boundary likewise was extended to the sixtieth parallel. Some people had thought that the two new provinces should have been made up in a different fashion, with the south province along the American frontier and the north province lying to the north. The argument was that with respect to climate, soil, tree growth and the like, two provinces so constructed would have had a certain similarity from east to west. The proposed southern province would have been a prairie country, suitable for ranching, while the northern provinces would have been more suitable for mixed farming.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to have held the view that both the new provinces should have their southern boundaries on the American frontier, thus giving each province a greater sense of responsibility within the confederation. That view in the end prevailed and the two new provinces were set up as they now are.

Inauguration Day was set for September 1st, 1905, in Alberta, and a few days later for Saskatchewan, since the Mounted Police and all the "big shots" had to attend on both occasions. I suggested in the council that the aldermen should turn out with top hats and frock coats, which were then worn. Some of the aldermen bucked and declared with oaths and curses that they would not wear such a contraption. However, a certain amount of pressure was applied and

J. I. Mills, the clothier, came up to the next council meeting and measured everybody for top hats and frock coats.

W. G. Ibbotson, who had been an officer in the militia, was Grand Marshal of the parade and had several assistants. The procession through the city was led by the Grand Marshal, followed by the Mayor and Council. Each had a carriage to himself and each had with him a distinguished visitor. There were bands, floats from patriotic societies and contingents from various sporting clubs marching in the procession. This part of the procession was concluded by a very excellent float advertising Ochsner's Beer. Bottles of cold beer were handed out to any thirsty individual who held up his hand in the crowd.

In those days all orders or announcements for processions concluded with the words "citizens in carriages." I observed, however, that for this procession the closing words were "citizens on foot, on horseback and in carriages."

These citizens in a few cases were citizens of Edmonton but for the most part they were farmers who came in for the day and joined the tail-end of the procession as it moved along. The horses were taken out of the plow and the vehicles were democrat wagons or ordinary farm wagons. The farmer and his wife sat in the front seat and the horses with their bewhiskered fetlocks trotted along, occasionally becoming sufficiently interested to shy at a banner or some unusual sight. The farmer's wife held the last child in her arms; the remainder were in the wagon box to the rear. Little girls wore starched pinnies and hats which had by this time come off and were hanging on their backs by the elastic chin-strap which was around the little girls' necks. In the wagon were sheaves of greenfeed for the horses, half a sack of oats, several pails of feed for the family, while behind the wagon rode the half-grown sons of the family on half-broken horses, some with saddles and some without. Between the hind wheels of each wagon trotted the family dog. The farmer is said to have a fear of city slickers, and the farm dog, who is largely a vegetarian, fears town dogs, who have a habit of ganging up on him, so he places himself between the hind wheels of the wagon, his rear to some extent covered by the boys on horseback immediately behind, and supported by the love and loyalty which he has for the family in his charge.

The Governor-General took his position in front of the

Edmonton Club. As the Mayor and Council passed, they raised their new silk hats with a flourish, and when the citizens in carriages began to pass they did not recognize the Governor-General, never having seen him before and not knowing that he was there. A few flourished their whips and the odd half-breed raised his hat. So the procession trundled on down McDougall Hill to the exhibition grounds, which were then located near the Edmonton Power Plant; in fact, the sedimentation basin now occupies a piece of the old race track. Here in front of the grandstand another stand had been erected with a canvas canopy. There were carpets on the floor and a certain number of chairs for distinguished visitors. Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke, easily and fluently. I must confess that our local speakers hummed and hawed and appeared to be distinctly uncomfortable.

At twelve o'clock noon the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable G. H. V. Bulyea, was sworn in. The Mounted Police, some two hundred strong, were present to put on a review and march-past, and did so. At twelve o'clock noon their battery fired a twenty-one-gun salute and the Province of Alberta was away to a good start. One remembers that at that moment the Province did not owe a single dollar, but in the intervening years has managed to get itself into debt to the tune of many millions of dollars, and has now repudiated most of it.

In the afternoon there were horse races and foot races. Dancing pavilions had been built, roofed with recently cut trees still wearing their foliage. The floor was ordinary one-inch boards, planed on one side, and the music might consist of a small organ and one or two fiddles. In every case there was a Master of Ceremonies who called off the dances. There were the usual number of fights, which were really only the finishing up of a fight that had been interrupted at the last sports meeting. The Ladies' Aids of various churches also had booths at which meals were served. These devoted women worked themselves to a frazzle and sweated profusely to turn in an amazingly small amount for the assistance of their churches.

There was a Grand Ball in the Thistle Rink, at which all the men wore tails and the women wore imported costumes. This Ball was designed to be the very latest thing in entertainments of that sort. There were programmes with

rendezvous stations; both men and women wore gloves and there was a state set of Lancers. In fact, nothing was left undone that anybody had ever heard of as being done in the most fashionable centres of the east. Supper was served at midnight which looked more like a square meal than a cold collation. The orchestra was a local outfit with some imported players. The rink was lavishly decorated and everyone voted the Ball a bang-up show.

On the night after the Ball there was a grand concert, at which Vernon Barford was the conductor. The orchestra played selections of high-class music and a chorus of mixed voices performed. This also was voted a first-class performance.

We felt that we had definitely been launched as a social centre.

The Dominion Parliament passed identical legislation for the creation of these provinces. This legislation became in effect the Constitution of the two Provinces. Common to each were two provisions which were strongly objected to by the people of the two Provinces as far as one could see. These sections were, firstly, provision for the continuance of Separate Schools. In effect these were Roman Catholic Schools. The opposite contention was that there should be no Separate Schools but a uniform system of education throughout each Province. The second provision provided for the retention by the Dominion Government of the natural resources of each of the proposed Provinces, or as we then called it, the public domain.

Upon these two provisions the Liberal party took its stand. Curiously enough, when the Province of Manitoba was set up in the 'eighteen-seventies, the two parties took exactly opposite views; views which were supported by Blake, then leader of the Liberal party, David Mills, a Minister of Justice, and other outstanding Liberals of that day, all of whom made remarkably learned and powerful speeches on their side of the case.

I was at that time secretary of the Young Men's Conservative Association of the North-West Territories. We met in Moose Jaw shortly before this election and expressed the view that the Conservative party within these two Provinces should oppose these two sections.

In the summer of 1905 there was a Conservative conven-

tion in the proposed Province of Alberta at Red Deer. Under the leadership of R. B. Bennett and Senator Sir James Lougheed this convention was made to soft-pedal the opposition of the Conservative party to Separate Schools. In its resolutions the party merely proposed to carry the question of the validity of these sections in the grandiloquent language of Mr. Bennett to the "foot of the Throne," in plain English to have both questions in some way brought before the Privy Council. The young Conservatives did not approve of this view. We knew—or we thought we knew—that in any case we would lose the Roman Catholic vote and the French-Canadian vote, such as it was, and we might as well go the "whole hog" by a direct and positive statement.

In due course a convention was called at Edmonton to select a Conservative candidate. The proposal of the young Conservatives, about which I am bound to admit I had a great deal to say, was that the convention should not select a candidate but would adjourn *sine die*; that the persons attending the convention should thereupon resolve themselves into an independent convention for the purpose of selecting an independent candidate, who would subscribe to such resolutions as the independent convention might adopt. This was accordingly done. The convention of independents then proceeded to business. The first resolution was to the effect that the gentlemen present were opposed to the creation or the continuation of the Separate School system in Alberta and would at the first suitable opportunity take the necessary steps to get rid of it, and secondly, that the convention believed that the Dominion Parliament had no right to withhold from the people of Alberta the ownership and control of their natural resources, and thirdly, that the candidate selected by this convention would publicly declare his adherence to these two propositions. Thereupon, nearly all Roman Catholics and a few French Canadians left the convention hall. The convention proceeded to select me as their candidate under the terms above mentioned. I was twenty-seven years of age at the time. I firmly believe that the course which we had adopted was honest and free from hazards and skulduggery. When we settled down to take stock of the situation, we found that we had no money. I certainly had none. We rented a small wooden dwelling-house, then standing on the site of the present C.P.R. building

and known as the "Pagerie House," as campaign headquarters. The whole of our staff were volunteers and the campaign began.

The Liberal Government at Ottawa led off by appointing two lieutenant-governors for the two Provinces, each of whom called upon the most prominent Liberal they could find to assume the responsibility of forming a provincial government, which was of course to be a Liberal government. In Alberta, A. C. Rutherford was so selected. He formed a government consisting of four cabinet ministers plus himself, who declared Edmonton to be the temporary capital of the new Province of Alberta until such time as the Legislative Assembly might select the permanent capital. This formation of a Liberal Government gave the Liberal party in the Province an outstanding advantage in the first election and, since Edmonton was extremely anxious to become the capital, it put the Liberal candidate in Edmonton in an unbeatable position. He was the Attorney-General.

The Government proceeded to appoint a great number of public officers within the Province, whose qualifications for their jobs appeared to be their capacity and ability to round up votes for the Liberal party. In this atmosphere the election campaign began. Calgary was then much the larger and more up-to-date city in the Province and had been known as a Conservative stronghold. The constituencies in the neighbourhood of Calgary were opposed to Edmonton being selected as the capital and all polled a large Conservative vote.

I was a stout believer in the offensive, both in war and politics. Since we had no money to hire halls, I introduced and practised for the first and, I think, the last time the policy of holding open-air meetings. I had amongst my followers an English Labour Socialist who had done a lot of open-air public speaking. He had a strong but hoarse voice and his name was Brown. Another supporter was Frank Jackson. He was a stout fellow and a very handy man in a rough-and-tumble fight, so we would set out to the place of meeting. Jackson carried a common chair. We walked west on Jasper Avenue and discovered that the corner of 102nd Street and Jasper Avenue looked like a likely place. There, Jackson planted the chair and Brown opened the meeting. Possibly twenty passers-by and loafers were in the

neighbourhood. Brown began by inviting all those who were free and independent electors to draw near to the chair and they would shortly hear a speech from the independent Conservative candidate that would settle all their doubts, allay all their fears and give them a clear-cut picture of their duty.

Meanwhile, Jackson mingled with the crowd and if, as there usually were, some hecklers present, Jackson proposed to make a personal matter of it. One look at Jackson apparently was enough for them. Meanwhile, the crowd had grown to several hundreds and I mounted the chair.

In preparing my address I had read with care Blake's and Mills' speeches in the Parliament of Canada on the bill which created the Province of Manitoba, adapting the same to the type of audience that confronted me. I belaboured the Liberal candidate and all his friends, and as I went along with these meetings I caught something of the rough-and-tumble atmosphere of the open-air forum.

I invited my opponent, the Attorney-General, to come to my open-air meetings to discuss the issues of the day with me. I recollect that he did not even reply to my invitation, in which I think perhaps he was wise. I found that the open-air meetings were getting me many supporters, in particular a number of young ruffians who looked forward hopefully to a row. I observed that my opponents had also accumulated a certain number of ruffians who attended my open-air meetings and sought to break them up. When this became clear, I used to refer to them as thugs who had been hired by the Liberal party to break up the meeting and thereby destroy free speech. Undoubtedly, I gained a good deal of sympathy from the crowd. My husky young men used to move closer to the objectors and sometimes some quite bloody fights resulted. I learned then that in any community there are a large number of husky young men who look forward to a fight with a great deal of pleasurable anticipation. These are the young men who are the first to volunteer to go to war when war comes. I have never been at a loss in handling this type of individual. These gentlemen used to assemble at my headquarters before a meeting and march solemnly behind Brown, Jackson and myself, to the place of the meeting. Thanks to their efforts and their presence, I got very good hearings.

The Liberals decided to open their campaign in a grand manner. They hired the Thistle Skating Rink, which upon chairs and benches could seat six thousand people. They had a brass band and no expense was spared. They proposed to have the Premier and all his Cabinet sitting upon the platform, together with the officers of the Liberal Association and neighbouring candidates. To cap the whole thing, the Honourable Frank Oliver was to come from Ottawa and deliver the main speech. When all these preparations had been announced, I wrote to the Secretary of the Liberal Association, more in sorrow than in anger, pointing out that they had not done me the usual courtesy of inviting me to attend and speak, which was the custom in those days. I received a letter from the Liberal Association pointing out that they very much regretted that they were unable to invite me, but that they had so many important speakers, including the Honourable Frank Oliver, who was then the Minister of the Interior, that they simply had no place for me on the programme. I replied, advising that, under the circumstances, I would accept the invitation extended to the general public, and would be there with my friends. The Liberal meeting was to open at eight-thirty p.m. I decided to have my open-air meeting in the neighbourhood of the Thistle Skating Rink at seven o'clock that night. Any Liberals on their way to their meeting paused for a while to hear me. I informed my audience that I had not been invited to the Liberal meeting, and complained of the departure from the old-established custom by the Liberal Committee. I brought my meeting to a close with the suggestion that we should attend the Liberal meeting, which was to be held in the skating rink near-by. This idea was enthusiastically adopted and, at a moment I judged to be appropriate, we filed into the hall and formed a solid block on the left side of the main gangway. There was much singing and a faint suggestion of rowdyism on the part of my supporters. In due course, the platform party took their appointed seats on the platform and the Chairman invited me to a seat on the platform, and an opportunity would be given to me to state my views during the course of the meeting. The Cabinet Ministers were a group of amiable nobodies. Premier Rutherford was, I think, a pretty sound man, somewhat out of his depth. The other members of the platform party

were distinctly of the pee-wee type. I then learned that it was proposed to give me fifteen minutes to present my views. Frank Oliver was the noblest Roman of them all. He spoke slowly but precisely, as though composing an editorial. He had a good voice and a good appearance, and as a pioneer deserved well of his fellow citizens.

When I arose to speak, I knew that the Chairman would never have the intestinal fortitude to cut me off in fifteen minutes and, as a matter of fact, he did not even try. With Blake and Mills as a basis, I considered that I had the best of the argument. In the course of my speech I had compared myself to little David as he went out with his sling, and a few small stones, to confront the giant Goliath. This went over well. When Frank Oliver arose to conclude the debate, he began by congratulating me upon the excellence of my speech and referred to our long acquaintance. He went on to say, however, that he was surprised that, instead of using upon him the weapon which David had used so successfully on Goliath, I preferred rather to use the weapon which Sampson had used so destructively on the Philistines (the jawbone of an ass). This was a devastating blow, and the audience howled with delight. I was greatly impressed by the aptness of this paragraph. In any case, I liked the old boy and had a sneaking regard for him. At the conclusion of the meeting, I shook hands with him, and congratulated him upon his speech. He was good enough to return the compliment. I thought at the time that it was one of those political stories that would never die. Curiously enough, it seems to have been completely forgotten.

In the end I was defeated in this election and lost my deposit. A number of men who had supported the Liberal candidate set on foot a movement to repay the amount of this deposit to me, and some money was actually collected. I let it be known that, under no circumstances, could I permit this to be done, at the same time thanking all those who supported the idea. What had defeated me, of course, was the prospect of having Edmonton selected as the Capital of the Province if the Liberal candidate was returned.

The general result of the election was the return of the Liberal party to power by an overwhelming majority so far as seats in the legislature were concerned, but not quite so large a majority so far as the popular vote was concerned. Follow-

ing the War 1914-18, the Liberal party then in power at Ottawa did give to the two western Provinces the ownership and control of their natural resources, putting the two Provinces on an equality with other Provinces of Canada.

In the matter of Separate Schools the real test probably is whether the quality of education given by Separate Schools is equal to that given by the Public Schools. This aspect of the matter is probably covered sufficiently by standardized syllabus and examinations. In two outstanding respects Roman Catholic Separate Schools have two admirable features. The sexes are separated in these schools, and boys are taught by men and girls are taught by women. Many Protestants holding strong views on this subject send their children—particularly girls—to Roman Catholic Separate Schools and switch a portion of their taxes to the support of these schools. Since I entirely agree with the separation of the sexes—the teaching of girls by women and of boys by men—I find myself more or less a supporter of this system. This, however, does not prevent certain elderly Roman Catholic priests, and particularly nuns, from looking at me as though they detected a slight emanation of the odour of brimstone.

In the municipal election which took place in December, 1905, I was returned at the head of the poll to the City Council, and polled more votes than the Mayor who was elected at the same election.

Chapter LXVII

THE most important event in 1906, which took place on January 6th, was my marriage to Janet Scott McDonald Lauder, whose parents were Scottish and came from Glasgow to Canada. Their first stop was Winnipeg, probably in 1878 or 1879. They then came on to Edmonton overland by wagons and carts. The distance now by rail is eight hundred miles, and the journey is done in approximately twenty-four hours, but before the railway was built it was by wagons and carts a three months' journey. There was a large family of them. I first noticed my wife in 1885, a plump little girl with a white pinny.

My wife excelled as a skater, a hockey player and a curler and subsequently became a very good golfer. She also performed in Little Theatre plays. Having to give up most of these activities, she works all day long in the garden in the summer and makes quilts in the winter for bombed-out Britons. She knows how to fix burnt-out fuses and has quite a good understanding of mechanics. I remember when I first got a car—I succeeded in getting the front bumper hooked into the gate post and could go neither forward or back. I could think of nothing better to do than get a saw and saw the gate post down. My wife suggested getting a wrench and unscrewing a few bolts which held the bumper in place. This I did and was able to move the car back without further difficulty. She also manages such things as dinners and luncheons extraordinarily well.

In the brave new world, which is to follow this War, I suggest that some consideration be given to the idea of rewarding in some substantial way the faithful and efficient wives who, for so many years, bear with the idiosyncracies and evil humours of more or less worthless husbands. In anticipation of this, I nominate my wife for the most valuable award there may be.

Getting ready for our marriage, I had built a house on the corner of 106th Street and Saskatchewan Avenue, as it was then known. I think it is now known as 97th Avenue. We had there a front lawn; behind the house a garden and a stableyard. I kept at different times one or more horses, one or more dogs and chickens, until we found that one of the dogs was killing and eating the chickens.

It is curious how some simple things stick in one's mind after the lapse of many years and more important things have to be groped for. I had an excellent groom formerly of the 7th Dragoon Guards. He was killed in the War of 1914-18. What he lacked in moral qualities he made up abundantly in his care of the horses, my saddlery and so forth. Every morning he sat under a tree on an outspread blanket and polished everything that would take a shine, and cleaned all leather work, meanwhile whistling and singing with happiness. On soft summer mornings I walked out in my dressing-gown to visit the horses, who stuck their heads out of their box-stalls to receive me. My dogs accompanied me. One felt oneself surrounded by the love and loyalty of the dogs and the gentle condescension of the horses as I tickled their ears and played with them. The little bull-terrier bitch, "Skipper," was insanely jealous of the horses and suffered agonies of jealous rage. Strange to say, I look back upon this morning rite as moments of great happiness.

All sorts of interesting people were passing through Edmonton in those days and they dined or luncheoned with us or spent the evening. I remember best the visit of Baden-Powell, who was just getting his Boy Scout Movement under way. He was invited to luncheon at one o'clock and was twenty minutes late. However, we began the luncheon without him and he arrived full of apologies. He liked to have a siesta after luncheon, so he occupied my bedroom for an hour or so. After this we had tea and went for a walk. He stayed for dinner and we found him very interesting. He was, however, a bit of an advertiser, which I suppose was necessary in the work he was then doing.

The story was that at the siege of Mafeking he had issued a set of postage stamps with his own head on the same. They were not, I fancy, of much use in carrying a letter anywhere, but the old Queen was very resentful of his action, since the only postage stamps ever issued bore her own image

and superscription. The result was that Baden-Powell did not get his peerage until long after the Great Lady had been gathered to her fathers.

The Right Honourable L. S. Amery was another visitor. He was short but very sturdy, and upon one of his visits to Canada had climbed Mount Robson and was, I think, the first man to accomplish this feat.

In the South African War he had been one of the *London Times* correspondents. I had succeeded in stealing a cooked ham out of his wagon.

On this visit to Canada he had travelled overland from Battleford to Edmonton. He kept himself in very good physical condition and used to run in front of his transport. He shed most of his clothing and ran in his bare feet. He ran through Fort Saskatchewan wearing only a longish shirt with a belt around his waist.

He subsequently served in a number of British Cabinets and was rather remarkable for having engaged in several fist fights within the precincts of the House of Commons.

Later we sold this house and bought a new property on 102nd Avenue, across the avenue from Government House, where we now live.

The second major event of 1906 was the determination of the Government to establish a militia cavalry regiment in the Edmonton district. For many years following the South African War I had done something to bring to the attention of the Government the desirability of such a course. On several occasions I had forwarded, as either chairman or secretary of committees, petitions urging the extension of the militia system to Edmonton and district, at the same time forwarding a list of names of those willing to serve. The Government, having come to a decision in the matter, selected three squadron commanders in Edmonton, Strathcona, and Fort Saskatchewan, respectively. These gentlemen were given the temporary rank of major, and authorized to recruit each a squadron.

In due course, I was invited to take a commission in the Edmonton squadron and accepted the offer. Four years later—when I succeeded to the command of the squadron—I came across an interesting correspondence in the files in the squadron office. A provincial Liberal politician had written to the Honourable Frank Oliver, pointing out that I had been

given a commission and that local Liberals were much displeased, and that if nothing could be done about it now, at least steps should be taken by the Government to see that I would not be allowed to become too prominent.

One of the curious things about our defence arrangements has been the ignorance of our so-called public men of the conditions under which our local defence forces are raised and do their military service. Frank Oliver's correspondent seemed to think that I had been given a job with the salary attached, which in his opinion should have been given to a member of the Liberal party. Strange to say, this view has prevailed at different times in many different parts of Canada. In any case, the result was this: that when the regiment was finally formed I was the fourth ranking officer in the Edmonton squadron, and the fourteenth ranking officer in the regiment, there being six officers in a squadron. I proceeded to raise my troop, endeavouring to select men who had permanent jobs and either owned, or would own, their own horses.

We devoted Sunday afternoon to practice with sword and lance, scouting, reconnaissance work and the writing properly of field reports and messages. Meanwhile the officers took various courses. Each officer had to equip himself with a horse, uniform, arms and accoutrements, and each officer was required to spend a good deal of time and money on the work which he undertook. The first training-camp of the regiment was held in Edmonton in June of 1906. The training of the squadron finally fell to me, for the main reason that I could do the job. I got my captaincy in 1908 and my majority in 1910. I had many other interests and made a division of my time to permit me to give some six hours a day to my military job. I brought my squadron up to strength and continued the training in our own time. The squadron acquired a stable where the men kept their horses. I constantly sought to improve the calibre of the men enlisted so that ultimately nearly all my men who went to the War of 1914-18 won their commissions in the field. Our summer camps were held thereafter in Calgary.

About 1909 the late Brigadier-General Cruickshank came to District 13 as District Officer Commanding. He was a stern and resolute man, a reader and a student. He had specialized in the Franco-German War and had taught himself French and German so that he might read military

books in both these languages. He was also a student of the American Civil War. In all his training schemes he never drew up anything fictitious but took an incident of the American Civil War or the Franco-German War, 1870, which had to be worked out by the troops under his command. I frequently found myself carrying out one of "Jeb" Stuart's raids with time and distance allotted to correspond with Stuart's raids behind the federal lines. I learned a great deal from General Cruickshank and had a profound respect for him. I once heard him say, "For a man with a swelled head there is but one cure." When I asked what the cure was, he said, "Cut it off." Sometimes we were troubled with officers who had too much zeal which was badly directed. His reply to that was, "He would soon tire himself out. That will be the end of him." I found this to be very true. When I was commanding a battalion of infantry I asked him one day what he thought of my band. He didn't like bands or bandsmen. His reply was, "Well, it makes a loud and cheerful noise." He had a grim sense of humour. One day a young officer was demonstrating at the blackboard in triangulation for finding distance. He drew a line on the board and said: "Here we have a parallel line." The General intervened with the question, "Parallel to what, Mr. Jones?" But Jones outfaced him with a reply, "Parallel to nothing. Just parallel." The General allowed him to proceed. I was tremendously interested in this military work and was much benefited by it. Meanwhile I continued with my military reading, and I think I may say this much for myself that subsequently I was never confronted with a military situation for which my mind had not been prepared.

Chapter LXVIII

THE municipal elections were held in December of 1906. At this election I was a candidate for the mayoralty. I had two opponents, both good men, but I was elected by more votes than the two of my opponents polled together.

For the first time in our history, 1907, we had substantial unemployment, and we were at the same time receiving a large number of immigrants. We had to make some provision for the feeding and housing of these people. They accepted relief gratefully. With the coming of spring the problem more or less disappeared. We were doing a good deal of construction work that year in waterworks and sewerage to meet the needs of the rapidly growing population. The commission system had been introduced a few years before and there were two full-time commissioners. The mayor was *ex officio* a commissioner and chairman of the Board of Commissioners. This system still prevails, except that the mayor receives a salary in these days, which I did not. However, I devoted my full time to the job, and at the end of the year was voted an honorarium of twelve hundred dollars. A few years previously the volunteer fire department had passed out of the picture and we now had a permanent fire-fighting department. It was my policy to buy the best type of fire-fighting equipment, and we have had few fires in Edmonton which were not finally brought under control by our fire-fighting department. Our police force was as good as it could be. Strange to say, the ratepayers in Canadian cities are not very insistent upon a rigid discipline. When their friends get into trouble they like to go down to police headquarters and have a friendly chat with the chief constable and settle matters in that way. They are inclined to resent the rigid enforcement of their own by-laws. The chief constable must, therefore, be a man of strong character. If

he yields or bends an inch he is heading for trouble which overtakes him sooner or later.

In 1907, we were laying the rails for our municipal street-railway system, the first cars operating in the early days of January, 1908. As my term of office drew to a conclusion, I decided that my financial position was not strong enough to permit me to take so great an interest in political matters, so I decided to retire from political activity at the end of 1907. x

In 1908, I devoted myself largely to my own affairs and to military work. In the following years I made a curious discovery: the man known to be ambitious politically is astonished to find that he has made a number of enemies in his own political party. When in office he must disappoint some of his political friends. He must frequently refuse to lend himself to proposals which could only end in disaster. There are, as well, all sorts of jealousies which find expression in many ways. This, at all events, was my experience.

The next few years passed quite happily without acrimonious discussion and without responsibility of a political character.

In 1911, when the federal election of that year came suddenly upon us, the Conservative party found itself in difficulties in the matter of getting a suitable candidate. My retirement from active politics in 1907 had resulted in 1911 in the situation that nearly all my political enemies and critics had forgotten their grievances, and my position politically after three years of retirement was very much stronger than it had been—due, I think, to the political holiday which I had taken. At all events, a committee of seventeen men waited upon me and asked me to accept the Conservative nomination. Among them were men who had opposed me in 1905, Roman Catholics and French Canadians and others whose corns I had stepped upon when I was in office. All these gentlemen agreed to support me, not only at the convention but at the election. I took the precaution of asking them to write me and all to sign a letter to that effect. When the convention came off I was selected as the candidate by a unanimous vote. My opponent was the Honourable Frank Oliver, then Minister of the Interior. My candidature was pretty much of a forlorn hope since Frank Oliver was well entrenched, was a strong man and, as I

have said elsewhere, deserved well of the people of the West. However, I had a good organization.

I was defeated in Edmonton by nine votes only, but quite heavily defeated in the country districts. The party, however, was returned to power at Ottawa, the result of which was that I controlled the patronage of a large part of the Province of Alberta. In short, I became the sole representative of the Government in that area. This, of course, was a pernicious system and has largely disappeared with the establishment of the Civil Service Commission and the enlargement of its powers. I found it a full-time job. I was, of course, not paid for doing it. I had frequently to reject proposals made to me for the appointment of individuals to public office and had to advise against courses which could only end in graft, and as I saw it, the ultimate destruction of the party. Unfortunately, I was like the man who had a bear by the tail. I was loathe to carry on but I dare not let go. I was not relieved of the job until I finally went off to the War in 1914. I was, however, able to do some things that subsequently proved to be beneficial. I would not recommend the appointment of a young man to a civil service job unless he belonged to the active militia, and in such matters consulted with the officer commanding the unit in which he was serving. This, of course, annoyed my political friends but it certainly strengthened the militia. I gave a certain preference in government employment to ex-members of the British army, and when I was called upon to raise a battalion in Edmonton for overseas service I could put my hands upon useful non-commissioned officers who played a very important part in building a well-disciplined battalion (Forty-ninth Battalion), Edmonton Regiment, now the Loyal Edmonton Regiment.

/ Sometime in 1911 I went to England on business. It is obvious to me now that we were approaching the end of the golden age of Queen Victoria. One got amazing value for one's money. I think my cabin fare cost me one hundred and twenty dollars, which included everything. The menu on one of the C.P.R. *Empress* boats was like a small book. Liquor was very good and very reasonable in price, all drinks being about sixpence. Soup was served at eleven a.m., tea at four p.m. Before going to bed at night there was another light meal and one was awakened in the morning

by the steward with tea and fruit, all in addition to the three terrific meals served at the usual times.

In due course, I arrived in London and proceeded to visit all places of interest and see the sights generally. I went to a music hall every night and had coffee and cigars served to me in my seat. Curiously enough, I did not go to see my relatives, but I was loaded down with letters of introduction. To the Englishman a letter of introduction is a solemn document. If you have a letter of introduction to an Englishman, he may offer you some financial assistance. If you do not pay up, he calls upon the man who gave you the letter of introduction to settle.

My letters of introduction were nearly all to titled people who did not particularly want to be bothered by me, and I found most of them a bit stuffy.

I remember one old chap, a Lord, who was quite distinguished as a naturalist. He gave me a couple of tickets to the zoo. I remember thinking at the time that he looked not unlike a not-too-amiable chimpanzee. When I came to the chimpanzee in the zoo I immediately thought of my friend, the Lord.

Another gentleman to whom I had a letter was a Baronet. His butler was a smug-looking individual with a full brown beard that covered his chest down to his waist. The Baronet was quite pleased to see me. He had a deer forest in Scotland, which, as everyone knows, is not a forest at all but a tract of hilly or mountainous country. He had several hundred surplus stags and he invited me to go up to Scotland and shoot them off. I think he expected me to be wearing moccasins and a buckskin suit in the Fennimore Cooper tradition. I hastily explained that I did not think I would have the time for that.

I visited at a big house in the country where no smoking was done except in the smoking-room. At the completion of dinner the ladies went up to the drawing-room and the men sat about the table and smoked. Later they adjourned to the smoking-room and finished their smoking, and then we joined the ladies in polite conversation in the drawing-room. The first morning after my arrival I awoke to find a man I had never seen before emptying the contents of my pockets on the dressing-table. I assumed at once that he was a burglar. I raised myself on my elbow and asked him

what the hell he was up to, in a distinctly threatening voice. He explained that he was a footman and was taking my clothes away to press them. When I left, maids of all ages and descriptions were on every stairway landing. They all said, "Good-bye, sir, and a safe journey." The men-servants were mostly congregated in the hall downstairs. The maid-servants took all my shillings and the men-servants all my money of larger denomination.

Chapter LXIX

THE Conservative party came to power in 1911. The Minister of National Defence was Sam Hughes. In a general way Sam Hughes was an old-fashioned Ontario Militia Officer. He liked parades and ceremonials and I think looked well in full-dress scarlet. His military reading was largely, if not wholly, confined to the Peninsular Campaign. Sam Hughes could recite whole passages from Napier. It will be remembered that this writer wrote eloquently and it was always suspected that in straining for a resounding paragraph he sometimes skimmed on the facts. Hughes was, as well, a man of curious mentality. He was just as likely to be wrong as right and was very susceptible to flattery in its grossest forms. He had little or no idea of the proper functioning of staff and was despotic, if not tyrannical. He believed that his appointment as Minister made him a commander. In 1920 I heard him say in the House of Commons, "When I commanded the Canadian Militia." He would on occasions exercise all the functions of the general staff and the heads of branches, producing thereby a good deal of confusion. On the other hand, he certainly did get things done. He turned up at Valcartier one day in 1914 and, brushing aside all plans and specifications, directed the construction of a rifle-range one mile wide, having fifteen hundred targets in position. This made possible a firing party of two thousand men firing at the same time. How the wretched staff at National Defence Headquarters carried on, I do not know. I suspect that they did not carry on at all.

Sam Hughes had done a good deal of rifle shooting and was himself a good shot, so that in the matter of building rifle-ranges he was probably on strong ground. With his coming into office, many changes in the Militia took place; establishments were increased, the skeleton cavalry squadron

of 69 all ranks was increased to 104, with 96 horses, other arms were correspondingly increased in strength. Up to that time we had worn scarlet. Under Sam Hughes we were issued with Bedford cord riding-breeches and a khaki shirt, and later on received khaki jackets. Generally speaking, the Militia realized that they were receiving support now that they had never received before and this had a beneficial effect in itself. No other members of the cabinet knew anything about the army and Hughes apparently had a pretty free hand.

At a large gathering of officers held in Ottawa in 1912 or so, a dinner-party in fact, at the end of an exhaustive programme, I was called upon to speak. I forget now upon what subject. At all events, I made a place for the following story: "Some weeks ago I met an old fellow in my part of the country who told me that he had learned to shoot while serving in Sam Hughes' Battalion of Infantry a good many years ago. He said that one day when the men were shooting badly, Sam Hughes, who was then a sergeant, picked up one of the rifles and lay down on the mound. He fired and missed the target. Turning to one of the men, he said, 'That's the way you shoot'; firing again, he again missed the target and turned to another man and said, 'That's the way you shoot'; firing for the third time, he scored a bull's-eye. Speaking to the men, he said: 'That's the way I shoot,' and walked on."

There was nothing very funny in the story except that everyone recognized that there was a good example of Sam Hughes' methods, in fact, smacked of Sam Hughes from beginning to end. There was prolonged laughter and I considered that my story was a success. When the party broke up and we were getting dressed for the street, a number of officers suggested to me that I had probably offended Hughes, who didn't like to be laughed at; that Hughes would lay for me and that some day I would find myself definitely in his black books. This disturbed me not a little, because I could readily understand that just that very thing might happen to me.

When I came down to breakfast next morning at the Château Laurier, Sam Hughes was standing in the centre of a group of officers. Sam, as usual, was doing the talking. I approached the group somewhat apprehensively. Sam

turned to me and said, "That was a good story you told last night. What did you say the name of that old chap was?" Since I had largely invented the story or adapted it from something else, I hastily had to give the old man a name, so I replied, "Sam Livingstone, sir," to which Sam replied, "Well, well, you don't say, so Sam is still alive and out in your country." "Yes, sir." "Very well, when you see him give him my kindest regards and tell him I recollect him very well."

I think the great tragedy of his life came after he ceased to be Minister of National Defence, but was still a member of the House of Commons. Obviously he was ill. He had many grouses and grievances and was inclined to make sensational and bitter statements about those whom he thought had injured him. Newspapers quoted him fully, notwithstanding the fact that everyone knew that he was ill. The result was that many people suffered under his ill-founded allegations and Hughes himself became discredited.

I always thought that the newspapers behaved badly in the matter and should have ceased quoting him when they knew, as well as everybody else did, that the poor old fellow was ill.

With the increases of strength, to which I have referred, it was possible to do better training and a very fine type of man was attracted to the service. In addition to the twelve days' training under canvas annually, there were a large number of courses always being held. These courses were given at district headquarters, others in the neighbourhood of Ottawa. Many useful courses were conducted at unit headquarters. There were on loan to Canada from the British Army a large number of excellent officers, who made a magnificent contribution to training during their tour of attachment. In District 13, with headquarters in Calgary, we had the late Brigadier-General Cruickshank. He was the author of a number of books and pamphlets on military historical subjects and had a great store of wisdom on things in general. He had, more or less, patterned himself upon Stonewall Jackson and had followed the advice of R. L. Stevenson, being rigid in important matters and more or less flexible in unimportant matters. He was not a professional soldier. His first permanent employment was his appointment as district officer commanding. He was an infantryman.

Nearly all his troops in Alberta were horsemen, and there were clashes between the district officer commanding and these horsemen when it came to the question of the use of horses.

Cruickshank was inclined to treat a horse as a means of locomotion and transport and was a poor judge of pace. He was a stern and resolute man with much of Stonewall Jackson's austerity. Nevertheless, I think it is safe to say that he was highly respected, trusted and I believe beloved by officers and men.

Early in his career as Minister of National Defence, indeed before taking office, Sam Hughes became acquainted with Ross, the owner of the Ross rifle factory and said to be the inventor of the Ross rifle. Hughes became an ardent supporter of the Ross rifle. This rifle was very accurate and, as a rifleman, Sam Hughes believed completely in the rifle, and would listen to no criticism (of it). We had, however, discovered that in rapid fire it had a tendency to jam.

In 1910, I was president of a court of enquiry to investigate the jamming of two Ross rifles out of fifty, which was four per cent. Extractors apparently were too weak to withdraw the exploded shell-case after firing. The original fault seemed to be in the chamber. Ross seemed to be able to explain these things satisfactorily to Sam Hughes. The actual situation was that when the first contingent left Canada for the War of 1914, great numbers of officers and men had no confidence in the weapon at all as a military arm. Criticism of the rifle got to mean that the critic was attacking Sam Hughes, whereas the man who praised the rifle extravagantly attracted such favourable attention from the Minister that it sometimes resulted in promotions and appointments for which the individual was not fitted. I considered the situation highly unhealthy.

Finally, after combat experience in the War with this rifle, I found that it was impossible, that men distrusted it and their morale was distinctly affected by that fact. There was in the situation the possibility of disaster. As a result, I conducted tests of the rifle in rapid fire and submitted the results to higher authority. The rifle was discarded.

In Alberta, we were definitely preparing for the War which we knew was coming. When I say "we," I mean men who had devoted a good deal of time to the study of international

affairs, history and military history. Sam Hughes, for instance, believed that the War might break out at any time. Admiral Lord Fisher published, I think it was in 1913, a book in which he stated that Germany would go to war as soon as the Kiel Canal was completed. This was an expansion programme to enable the Kiel Canal to handle Germany's largest warships. When the canal was completed, the whole of the German fleet might be moved freely and safely between the North Sea and the Baltic. This would have the effect of making Germany supreme in the Baltic and so strong in the North Sea as to disturb the Naval equilibrium in Europe. Fisher knew that the canal would be completed in 1914 and named that year as the year of the outbreak of the War. There were, of course, many other evidences of the intentions of Germany to go to war to gain her "place in the Sun" as a world power. The target for such an attack must be Great Britain. In the cavalry we gave a great deal of thought to the proper use of our force, such as it was. We knew that we had in our ranks a very high-class body of men who were very keen and quick to understand and to learn. In the 19th Alberta Dragoons we carried an Infantry rifle and a sword. We were, therefore, rated as Cavalry, although we knew that we were really Mounted Infantry or Mounted Rifles. In the discussions of those days the difference between a Cavalryman and a Mounted Rifleman was this: The Cavalryman was a horseman and his weapon was the horse. When he charged, the charge was the maximum and final effort, the horse was really the weapon, but to give the soldier some confidence in himself it was necessary that he should have a weapon in his hand. This was either the sword or the lance. In the Mounted Infantry the soldier's weapon was the rifle, and the horse was merely a means of transport or locomotion. We believed that there were distinct possibilities in this latter fact and strove to exploit them. Professional soldiers took the view that a mounted man was either a Cavalryman or a Mounted Rifleman and that there could be no compromise between them. This view came to us from the British army. There was adherence to the view that if you trained the horseman to be a Cavalryman and filled him up with the idea that he must close with the enemy at a gallop, sword in hand, then it was impossible to teach him to be a Mounted Rifleman at the same time, that is to say,

using his horse to get around the battlefield and using his rifle appropriately. We considered that this view grew out of the fact that the type of recruit for the British regular army was probably a man of limited intelligence, education and imagination, and he had to be specifically trained for the particular job he was to do. We thought that a man who was a good horseman and of a superior intellectual type could be taught to be both a Cavalryman and Mounted Infantryman at the same time, and I think we were right. We, therefore, trained our men to seek for the opportunity of a cavalry charge, such an opportunity presenting itself, the men slung their rifles, drew their swords and rode at a top speed to strike the enemy when he was shocked by artillery fire or surprised by our action, and when he presented to us a favourable target. On the other hand, we endeavoured to train our men for mounted rifle action and practised, in particular, rapid changes of position to enable us to escape shell-fire and to confuse the enemy as to where we were or what we were going to do next. My father's dictum on the subject had been rapidity of action with a general objective. Thus, one of our frequent practices was to seek first a covered position for our horsemen and then a rapid advance over open ground, usually at a gallop towards a good firing position or a position from which we could deliver an infantry assault, always keeping the horses as close to the men as possible. The foothills in the Sarcee Camp, at Calgary, are very suitable for this form of training. When confronting an infantry position we aimed to gallop forward by troops, and then, on reaching dead ground in front of the enemy position, to attack frontally with the rifle or ride to a flank, always moving at high speed. By this method we were frequently able to appear on the flanks of the enemy. We also practised concealment and evasive action against aeroplanes. We dismounted our squadrons, having first taken a wide extension. When dismounted, the men hugged their horses closely and allowed them to graze, putting their hats on the shiny seat of the saddle to eliminate sun flash. Someone then recollected that horses always graze up the wind to avoid the flies. Consequently, on dismounting, the men turned their horses' heads up-wind and endeavoured to convey the impression of a herd of horses grazing. The men were taught not to look up, since a man's face is noticed from the air.

We also taught the men to open fire with their rifles at an aeroplane. There were distinct possibilities in this since, with a hundred men so extended firing, there were likely to be ugly concentration of bullets in the air in the neighbourhood of the enemy plane.

We went to Valcartier in 1914, and then to Salisbury Plain in England and thereafter to France, with very little more training than we had at the outbreak of the War. Of course, it may be said now that our training was designed for open warfare in which troops moved freely over the terrain; that there would be open warfare was generally the opinion of all soldiers. So far as I can remember, there was only one man who envisaged exactly what happened. He was a Russian banker, not a soldier, named Bloch, who predicted in a book, which appeared in 1912 or 1913, that in the next Great War which was coming soon armies would take refuge in trenches, and the fight would be from trench to trench. In point of fact, that is what happened. A line of trenches stretched from the North Sea to Switzerland. These trenches were protected with barbed-wire and progress forward called for a frontal attack from our trench to the enemy trench. Where the enemy garrisons were unshocked by artillery fire or surprised in some way, these attacks failed, thus mobility came to an end, and trench warfare, as we had it from 1914 to 1918, ruled the battlefield. British military authorities, who were our instructors, failed to foresee this condition and they also failed to foresee the value of machine-guns. At the outbreak of the War in 1914, each British battalion, ourselves included, had but two machine-guns to a battalion. From the beginning the Germans had many more. As the War progressed machine-guns were counted by many thousands on both sides. When the tank came, it answered and solved the problem of the trench position protected by barbed-wire and machine-guns, and finally gave us a degree of mobility.

It was, of course, obvious to the Canadian people that we were preparing for war and the Government was attacked for doing so. There will, I suppose, always be found in the Canadian Parliament members who believe it to be profitable politically and not particularly unpatriotic to attack the Government when it attempts to prepare for war, although such men are usually the first to complain of disaster and heavy casualty lists, which are normally the results of lack

of preparation. Preparation does not only include the supply of weapons and manpower, but also includes well-conducted and expensive experiments, which are commonly called "manœuvres," in which ability to command is tested and weapons and equipment and methods tried out. This, of course, we never had. In attacking the Government for military preparation, one of the favourite tactics of the objectors is to demand to be told against whom we are preparing. Our Defence Ministers are usually individuals who know very little of military matters. Standing on their feet in Parliament without technical advice, they are "sitting ducks" for this form of interrogation. If the Minister says he does not know against whom they are preparing, he is attacked vigorously. If, on the other hand, he ventures to name the possible or likely enemy, he is accused of being a war-monger and usually winds up by making a mess of his parliamentary job. If anyone should doubt this, I invite them to read *Hansard* of the House of Commons in the periods immediately preceding the Rebellion of 1885, the South African War, the Great War of 1914-18, and the present War. It was fear of this form of attack that probably induced the Prime Minister, the Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King, to build his defence on the assurance that the increased expenditures in the years 1937-38 were for the defence of "Canada alone," although he must have known we were confronting at that time another World War in which we would become involved and would be required to make a contribution consistent with our wealth, population, geographical position and resources. The "Yokel" vote in Canada is not only articulate but numerous. If given a courageous and well-informed reply it would, I think, re-act generously and justly.

In the years immediately preceding the War, we, so far as we in the Province of Alberta were concerned, endeavoured to give realistic training. Discipline was tightened, officers were required to read and reflect and many conferences were held to induce discussion. In 1914, we had in Calgary five mounted regiments in camp, a battery of field artillery and two infantry battalions. Although only twelve days were spent in camp, we endeavoured to bring our troops into camp with a good deal of the syllabus of training completed before arrival. Therefore, we were able to get on with manœuvres

in the field without loss of time. The men rode well and took good care of their horses. Under General Cruickshank there was no skimping of effort—marches and bivouacs were carried out regardless of the weather, and the men liked it because they knew that in war the weather must be faced and overcome. At five-thirty in the morning the morning gun was fired in the artillery lines, fifteen squadron trumpeters blew reveille, the artillery trumpets and the infantry bugles joined in. The air throbbed with the sweetest music that a soldier can hear. When the trumpets had finally ceased, brass bands of the infantry then marched through the camp and the pipers made their contribution of "Hi! Johnny Cope." Then began the sounds inseparable from a Cavalry camp. Sergeants went through the lines inviting all concerned to "show a leg" and presently the morning roll-call was under-way. The men broke off to "stables" and the horses greeted them with snickering and neighing. Then one heard fearful and ferocious threats of the men addressed to their horses; such as "Get off my foot or I'll brain you." It invariably ended with tickling the offending horse between the hind legs. These men were the cream of our population. Many of them, alas, found their graves in Flander's Field, not, however, before they had set the pace and determined the type of man that the Canadian soldier was to be for many a long day to come.

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